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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SEPTEMBER 1999

NO. 196



**TIME
TO
DIE**

EpICENTER ZONE

1990—1999

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:

Back issues 146, 149-151pt 1, 155-175, 177-196 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:

Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In: by 15th of previous month—
NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:

1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") \$25
1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") \$60
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") \$70
1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") \$100

AD CRITERIA:

Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classifieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost \$3/60 words max for \$4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Jeff Heermann

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at \$1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

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Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP

For what it's worth (not much),
here's some of the MRR crew's
current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

10

ROB COONS

DECREPIT-Tired Of Licking-LP

TALK IS POISON-Control-EP

SMASH YOUR FACE-Loose Times, Fast Times-EP

HELLNATION-Fucked Up Mess-LP

SKIT SYSTEM-Gra varld/Svarta Tankar-CD

DEVIATE-State Of Grace-CD

97A-Society's Running On Empty-LP

SANGRAAL-Wolves Of Armageddon-LP

FORCE-CD

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT-Hollow Victory-10"

JEFF HEERMANN

PIRANHAS-Garbage Can-EP

SMASH YOUR FACE-Loose Times-EP

NO-TALENTS-Want Some More-LP

PUT-DOWNS-No Sleep-EP

TALK IS POISON-Control-EP

HOLLYWOOD BRATS-LP

CANDY SNATCHERS-Ugly On The Inside-EP

CLONE DEFECTS-Bottled Women-EP

BELL RAYS-live

DISAPPOINTMENTS-Let's Die-EP

TOM HOPKINS

C.W.V/ORCHID-split-6"/SMASH YOUR FACE-EP

D.S. 13/BLOOD OF OTHERS-split-EP/CRESS-EP

ANTI-DOGMATIKKS-EP/MARILYN'S VITAMINS-EP

END OF THE CENTURY PARTY-LP/GERMS-EP

HOLLYWOOD BRATS-LP/NO TALENTS-LP

BREAD AND CIRCUITS-LP/TALK IS POISON-EP

PIRANHAS-EP/ORCHID-LP/JANITOR-EP

DISSAPOINTMENTS-EP/HELLNATION-LP

V/A-Where Birdmen Flew Revisited Vol 1 & 2-LP's

BREACH-EP/CLONE DEFECTS-EP/AXIOM-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

NO-TALENTS-Want Some More-LP

CANDY SNATCHERS-Ugly On The Inside-EP

LOOKERS-We Killed Rock 'N' Roll-EP

STOMPIN' HARVEY & THE FAST WRECKERS-EP

RECUCERS SF-Backing The Longshot-LP

STRYCHNINE-Born Too Loose-LP

DISAPPOINTMENTS-Let's Die-EP

PUT DOWNS-No Sleep-EP

HOLLYWOOD BRATS-LP

V/A-Where Birdmen Flew...Vol 1&2-LP's

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

CANDY SNATCHERS-Ugly On The Inside-EP

HOLLYWOOD BRATS-LP

DEAD MOON-Destination X-LP

STUPID BABIES GO MAD-Turbo, Trash, Frenzy-EP

PIRANHAS-Garbage Can EP

B-MOVIE RATS/HELLBENDERS-LP

THE BOYS-Alternative Chartbusters-LP

GEE STRINGS-Alttrnative Losers-LP

WEBELOS - Megadiez-EP

BELL RAYS-live

RAY LUJAN

DILLINGER FOUR-This Shit-CD

SONS OF HERCULES-Get Lost-LP

SHAM 69-Listen Up-45/HEARTDROPS-CD

REDUCERS SF-CD/SWINGIN UTTERS-CD

KUNG FU MONKEYS-45/KENMORES-CD

LEATHERFACE/HOT WATER MUSIC-split-LP

KID DYNAMITE/88 FINGERS LOUIE-split-10"

BONE CRUSHER-Sights On Today-EP

CANDYGIRL-45/SANDIEST-45/YUM YUMS-45

LILLINGTONS/PLUS ONES-live/ANNALISE-45

TIMOJHEN MARK

ABRASIVE WHEELS-When The Punks-LP

DS13/BLOOD OF OTHERS-split-EP

END OF THE CENTURY PARTY-Isn't It-LP

LIBERATE/SELFISH-split-EP/NO-TALENTS-LP

SEEIN' RED/JUDAS ISCARIOT-split-LP

DIE YOU BASTARD-EP

FORCE-CD/WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-10"

HELLNATION-LP/UNIFORM PANTS-EP

PAINTBOX-CD/SANGRAAL-LP

SWARRRM/FUGAKU-split-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

ANNALISE-Signpost And Alleyways-EP

LEATHERFACE/HOT WATER MUSIC-split-LP

REAL ENEMY-Attack-EP

SHANK/MINUTE MANIFESTO-split-EP

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-10"/97A-LP

BREAD ADN CIRCUITS-LP

MACHINE GUN ETIQUETTE-Self Respect-EP

SEEIN' RED/JUDAS ISCARIOT-split-LP

TALK IS POISON-Control-EP

END OF THE CENTURY PARTY-Isn't It-LP

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TOP Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—**10** one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

SHAM 69-Listen Up-45	PIRANHAS-Garbage Can-EP
THE WARRIORS-Made In England-EP	V/A-Where Birdmen...Vol 1 & 2-LP's
SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS-Do It Dog Style-LP	V/A-Larry On Oi-LP
CANDY SNATCHERS-Ugly On The Inside-EP	THE DISAPPOINTMENTS-Let's Die-EP
THE PUSHERS-The Junkie Son-EP	LOWER CLASS BRATS-Glam Bastard-EP

JAH NELL

THE PROBLEMS-live	ANGRY SAMOANS-Play Songs Of VOM-EP
ELECTROLETES-Octane Lies-EP	WEBELOS - Megadiez-EP
THE B-SIDES-LP	V/A-Alright, This Time Just The Girls...-2xLP
SMASH YOUR FACE-Loose TimesEP	THE DICTATORS-Blood Brothers-LP
THE PIRANHAS-EP/THE DISAPPOINTMENTS-EP	THE REGUSON FIVE-EP/THE LOOKERS-EP

JACQUELINE PRICHARD / SEAN SULLIVAN

CREEPS ON CANDY-LP/TALK IS POISON-EP	WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-10"/SANGRAAL-LP
MESSY HAIRS-LP/E.O.A.T./KUISATZ-split-EP	BREAD & CIRCUITS-LP/SMASH YOUR FACE-EP
OI POLLOI-EP/END OF THE CENTURY PARTY-LP	V/A-Where Birdmen Flew Revisited Vol 1 & 2-LP's
ORCHID-LP/D.S.-13/BLOOD OF OTHERS-split-EP	ORCHID/COMBATWOUNDEDVETEREN-split-6"
SEEIN' RED/JUDAS ISCARIOT-split-LP	SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS-Do It Dog Style-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

THE WARRIORS-Made In England-EP	REDUCERS SF-Backing The Longshot-CD
THE OI SCOUTS-Collection-CD	V/A-Four Bands From Jersey-CD
THE BLOODY MUTANTS-EP	V/A-Kill The Boy Scouts Vol 1-EP
SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS-Do It Dog Style-LP	V/A-Secret Records, The Best And The Rest-LP
THE DISAPPOINTMENTS-EP/THE EJECTED-CD	PIRANHAS-EP/CLONE DEFECTS-EP

MAX WARD

SMASH YOUR FACE-Fast Times-EP	WARHEAD-Drive-EP/V/A-America Es Bella-LP
THE REAL ENEMY-Attack!-EP	REINFORCE-One Life Thug Free-EP
MINUTE MANIFESTO/SHANK-split-EP	TERRIVLE HEADACHE-Terribly Insane-EP
HELLNATION-Fucked Up Mess-LP	SANGRAAL-Wolves Of Armageddon-LP
JUDAS ISCARIOT/SEEIN' RED-split-LP	ORCHID/COMBATWOUNDEDVETEREN-split-6"

RYAN WELLS

CLONE DEFECTS-Bottled Women-EP	NOCTURNAL PROJECTIONS-Worldview-EP
MIKE REP & QUOTAS/SCREAMIN' MEE MEE'S-EP	PELCINSKA PATKA-Plitka Poezija-LP
DEAD MOOM-Destination X-LP	NO-TALENTS-Want Some More-LP
HOLLYWOOD BRATS-LP	STILLETO BOYS-Rockets And Bombs-LP
SMASH YOU FACE-Loose Times, Fast Times-EP	FELLS-Count Me Out-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

B-MOVIE RATS/HELLBENDERS-Distilled-LP	DEMONICS-Coastline Craze-45
NO-TALENTS-Want Some More-LP	ANGRY SAMOANS-Play Songs Of VOM-EP
CANDY SNATCHERS-Ugly On The Inside-45	YUM YUMS-Pop For Yummies-EP
HIGH RISE-live-CD	THE FELLS-Count Me Out-45
QUADRAJETS-Hole In The Sky-45	LOOKERS-We Killed Rock 'N' Roll-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Sty #29/Action #3	Impact Press #21
Harbinger #2	Take Action #1
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#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, Y.A.P.O., 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Campus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak, Chumpsap, The Humpers, No Violence, Diferentes Actitudes, Juveniles, Richard the Roadie, "Roots Of Punk--The Sixties Pt 2".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots Of Punk--The Essential 1950's".

#151/Dec '95. Padded Cell, Supersnazz, Pleasure Fuckers, Discordance Axis, 100,000 Bodybags, Squirtgun, Diaboliks, The Titans, "The Return Of The Misfits".

#155/Apr '96. Third Degree, Russey Crush, Surfin' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots of Punk--Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, T.M.T., H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsnell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/Jun '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Seab, "Roots of Punk--Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter \$ The Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots of Punk--The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. The Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes of Very Small Records, Man Agraad, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots of Punk--The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. The Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, The Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, teh Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots of Punk--Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers of Punk--Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Gaurd, Torchies To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Foots of Punk--Los Angeles '77".

#163/Dec '96. The Last Sons of Krypton, The Prostitutes, Wig Hat, The Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, vulcaners, Half Empty, The Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#164/Jan '97. Naked Aggression, Lil' Bun-nies, Sparkle Moore, Tab Hunter, Bar Feeders, Jabberwocky, Auto Control, the Hookers, Epileptix, Acrid, "Roots of Punk--The Vibrators", "Ten Years Of Gilman".

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Teh Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding & Other People's Music, Defiance, The Real MacKenzie's, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots of Punk--Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Linguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers of Punk--Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. No Fraud, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, The Forgotten, Thee Viceroy's, Brian of Gmard Theft Audio, Gauze, Danko Jones, "Roots of Punk--Kuro".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, Uk Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots of Punk--SLF, Undertones".

#169/Jun '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots of Punk--Clach, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneers of Punk--The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Patrick Grindstaff of Pelado Records, Misanthropists, Racetractor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, The Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, The Bristols, My 3 Scum, The Space Shits, Chris of Pessimiser Records, The Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers of Punk--GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/ Humanity, "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers of Punk: The Henchmen", Filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNT's, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless I.D., Quarantine, "Roots of Punk--Generation X".

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirty's, Josh Collins, The Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, "Economics theme issue".

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kiders, Idyls, Spat & The Gutterners, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers of Punk--Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, T.V. Killers, Slack Action, The Eyliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, The Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers of Punk--Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, The Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Block 5, D.D.I., The Normals,

"Pioneers of Punk--999", "Pirate Radio" theme issue.

#182/July '98. Thee Headcoatees, Vapids, Manchurian Candidates, Squiggy, Nema, Traffic Violation Records, Jumpin' Land Mines, B-Movie Rats, Budget Girls, The Bruisers, Discount, Dead End Kids, "Pioneers of Punk--Adverts".

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers of Punk--X-Ray Specs", Article on Chianpas.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers of Punk--Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Whimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites, "Pioneers of Punk--Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-article on homeless punks, "Pioneers of Punk--Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawm Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily and Lance's Holiday in the Sun, "Pioneers of Punk--Dead Kennedy's".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers of Punk--DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Mauraunders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Records, Halfways, Hot Rod Hon- eys, DeRita and Sister.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers of Punk--Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers of Punk--Minor Threat" Part one of Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Records, Willy Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers of Punk--Vice Squad", Part two of Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind".

#193/June '99. Munster Records, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Prolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets and Part three of Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind".

#194/July '99. Deathreath, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers of Punk--Elvis Costello".

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry and the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Records, "Pioneers of Punk--Silver Chalice" adn Mike Tait's article on MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Records, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Time To Die--Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! Hi! My name is Jenn and I input and edit the scene reports that come in. MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff: We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks **Records/zines:** See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

1871 items found for the search "punk"

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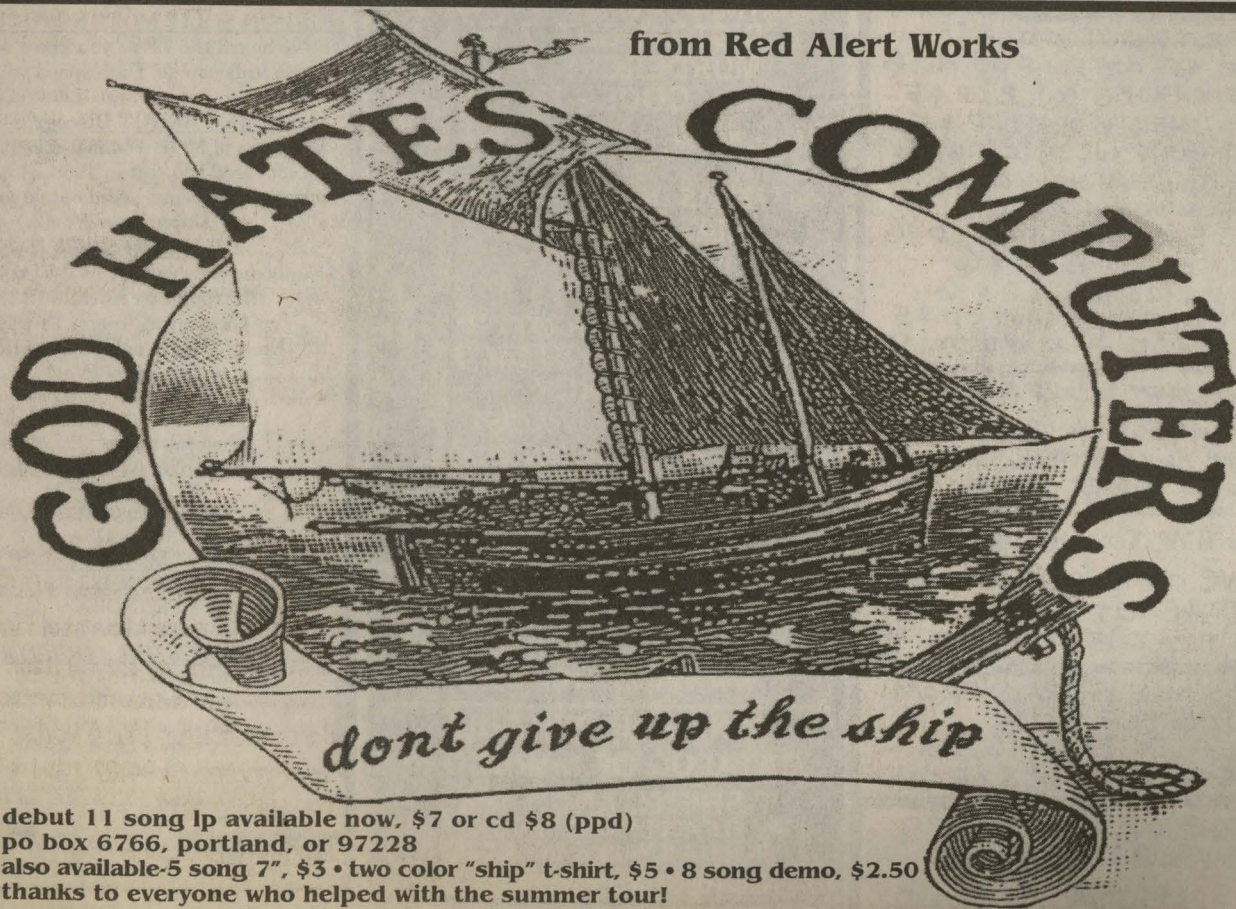
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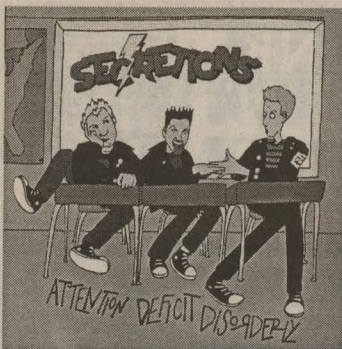
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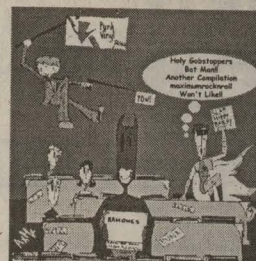
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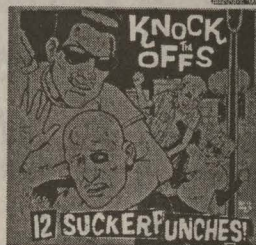
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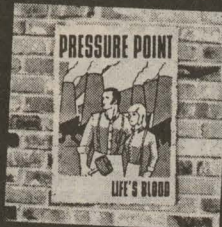
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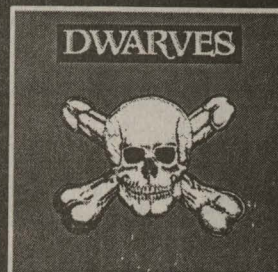
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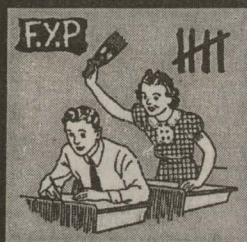
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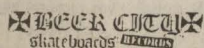
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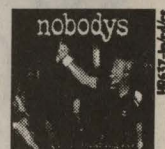
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Dear MRR:
Re: 194 issue.
Surely MRR has the choice of many, many other

columnists than "Christian's Corner" which lacks enough journalistic integrity to be even published by the Christian Science Monitor. Christ is an old hippy fart and the Bible proselytizes racism and sexism. The movie "The Ten Commandments" is a one dimensional, scripted movie. There isn't one black, there isn't one Latino or Asian actor in the film and furthermore, all of the women, instead of being equal to men, are portrayed subordinate to men. Echoing from your trashy script "woman should serve man." I suppose she's supposed to do that after working a week of a 40 hour job? You fucked it up when talking about the environment through passive phrasing. Listen asshole, I saw a picture of the ozone hole in the pages of National Geographic. You also fucked it up about transmitting sexual diseases which can be and are transmitted by heterosexuals, as well.

Three quarters of this planet are full of starving people, and the corporations turning this earth into a polluted wreck are the most important issues to me, and I have done so much in the past to help it and you haven't. Why don't you give it up, you fuckin loser, and I hope Charlton Heston sticks an AK-47 right up your asshole and pulls the trigger. *Fuck you.* Craig Hill/ PO Box 987/ San Carlos, CA 94070



MRR,

Well I just got the July issue of your fine zine and I must say I'm pissed off beyond belief at this "Christian's Corner." Now, mind you, I am not atheist or Satanic or anti-Christian in any way (save the fact that I'm not Christian myself) but I thought this column had no place within the hallowed halls of MRR. I know I'm just a little neo-punk but as far as I'm concerned one of the main statutes of punkdom is to not judge people on ethnicity, creed, sex, race, or religion. So, how can Mr. Skipard Reason or whatever the hell his name is justify slandering any and all beliefs unlike his in his column? For cryin' out loud, man, this guy in his first goddamn paragraph says how MRR is a "road to damnation" and how his column is the "lone blossom." And you actually printed this crap?!!

Then this bigot goes on to tear apart the school system (it's fucked up, I know, but his reasons are not why) and its approach to biology. So instead of teaching people how things work as tested and proven by science and medicine we should actively alienate anyone of any other faith

with propaganda and hypotheses from some scripture? I don't fucking call that education. I call it homogenization of the species and I call it self-importance and I call it just fucking wrong.

And what the hell is this shit with four types of life: microbes, plants, animals, and humans? *What the fuck?!* Since when does this dipshit think he's above animals? Haven't they taught gorillas to talk? Don't get me wrong, I'm not a vegetarian or animal rights activist or anything of the sort, far from it, but that doesn't mean that we are lords over the animals and that they are "intended for us to use" as he says. It's sad that this man feels no more compassion for a pet dog or cat other than that they are for his use.

Okay, now we get to one of the parts that pisses me off most (if you can't tell, I'm writing this as I go down the column), the slander of the female sex. Since I am not a female myself, I am sure I can't possibly be as furious as the women would be after reading this tripe, but I can try. Women are physically feeble compared to men? You pompous fuck. Ever heard of Mia Hamm or Jackie Joyner Kersee? A lot of men (like myself) are fat lazy fucking slobes who most women could kick the shit out of. He goes on to say that women are also inferior to males mentally? This is the most un-punk (and untrue) thing I've ever heard!! I don't understand how anyone, even the fucking idiotic bigoted author, could live in a free country in this day and age with equal rights and all that and still spew forth this sexist shit!

I won't even comment on his laughable comparison of the polar ice caps to ice cubes in a glass of water. Looks like you didn't pay attention in physics either, asshole.

So AIDS is a plague sent by God to kill the evil gays, drug users, and prostitutes? What fucking arrogance! Who the hell are you to say gays are evil? You dance at the death of a person just because he likes dicks, not chicks? Because someone uses illegal substances for entertainment, they don't deserve to live? Because a young woman chooses to make a living satisfying sexually frustrated men, her life is forfeit? And you claim to love your fellow human beings?! You, Mr. Skipard Reason or whatever the fuck your name is, are the most heartless cruel person I have ever heard discourse.

By the way, the reason your jaw and stomach hurt is cause you need a tetanus shot. Of course, you might've learned that in biology class, but no, God will heal you, right? Wrong. Reality check, asshole, well actually let it fester. We don't need people in the world who preach hatred.

I love your ending by the way, Mr. Reason or whatever. "Please, no Catholics." You can't even get along with people who worship the same God as you because they do it differently. Rot in hell, fuckface. Guy Incognito

PS I want to make it perfectly clear

that I do not hate Christianity or the people who practice it. Only irrational, bigoted fucks like Mr. Reason or whatever. I think that MRR having a Christian column is a fine idea as long as it doesn't promote hatred of anyone differing from said Christians. And Catholics, as far as I'm concerned, you should have input too.

Dear Maximum folk:



I have been a monthly reader of your magazine for many years and will continue to be, but I must voice my objection to your new column dedicated to any "Christian punks" that may be reading. I consider myself to be a pretty open-minded person, but I feel that having a column dedicated to Christianity negates the whole purpose of running a punk zine in the first place (especially one as influential as MRR).

I'm sure there's no shortage of other forums out there for Christians to express their views, plus I personally feel that Christianity has been used as justification for enough things that most punks are by nature against (patriarchy, racism, homophobia, etc.). I hope you rethink what exactly you're trying to accomplish by having such a column in MRR. My only hope is that it's some sort of joke designed to get readers off their asses and write letters about something other than what's "punk" and what isn't. Still a loyal reader, though... Doug Saretsky/ 1970 Westwood Northern Blvd. #5/ Cincinnati, OH 45225/ USA



Dear MRR,

Why the hell is there a "Christian punk" column. This guy and the people that write for his column are a bunch of homophobes and racists. We don't need right wing idiots shoving their ideas on the punk scene. Punk rock is almost a complete rebuttal of Christian right wing politics. I am a atheist and proud, no matter how many people give me shit. I live in the central valley of CA, where being a punk is tough enough but being atheist is worse. Believe me, I know how mean Christians can be.

anonymous



Dear dearest MRR & co.,

This is the first letter I've ever sent to you in my 3 or 4 years of readership. Unfortunately, I'm not writing in response to your plea for more letters. I read MRR for the columns. That's what got me reading your mag in the first place, and that's what I keep coming back for every month. Now, admittedly, I've never read your official mission statement, but I think I have a general idea of what you do and don't find fit to print. That is until I read the Christian's Corner.

Now I do understand that the "opin-



ions expressed are solely those of the columnist..." and so on, but still I never would have expected you all to give subject as

backward as Christianity the time of day, much less its own column. I doubt highly that you would give such a forum to someone waving a flag of racism, sexism or other mode of oppression. But Christianity represents all of these things, and more. Now I am a firm believer of getting to know your enemy, but I think the church is shoved down everyone's throats far enough in day to day life that we don't need a column to prove to us how nauseating the Christian mind can be.

These are just comments on Christianity in general. Don't get me started on what I think about Skipard Reason and his concepts of "biology" and the weaker sex?!? Or his take on AIDS, or the purpose of plants and animals? Are you kidding me? Get the fuck outta here. I'm so amazed that people still think like that, it's just... I'm at a loss for words.

I thank you all for doing a fine job otherwise. I look forward to each issue impatiently, and will continue to do so, but I must say that this is the worst thing to happen to this zine since the loss of Norb. I'm sorry if this letter is a bit run-on and disjointed, but I'm not a writer. Just an avid reader. Hugs and kisses, Dallas

F Maximum,
I'm hoping what I just saw is a late April Fool's joke. I refer of course to the "Christian's Corner" column in your publication this month. Now don't get me wrong. I'm all for freedom of speech and letting people have their say but if I pick up a punk zine I expect to see punk view points, i.e. music, leftist politics, personal pieces, etc... I do not however expect to see sexist, oppressive, and completely idiotic right wing rhetoric.

Can you honestly say that the "a woman's place is in the home" idea has any right in a zine that is about what was supposed to be a progressive movement? Now the writer of this column talked about Christian punks. I'm sorry but based on the ideas he spewed alone (not to mention the ideas that Christians bombard me with when I'm trying to go get a pack of smokes) are far from punk. In a nutshell he said, women were inferior mentally and physically (I have a girlfriend who gets better grades in school than I ever did and could kick my sorry punk ass any day of the week [and any other day outside of that]). He also pretty much said to question nothing. Jesus Christ (I'm using

the lord's name in vain. Hope my parents don't give me 30 lashes... I'll make sure my kids never do that by home schooling them as to keep them away from other people and their dirty dirty ideas and alternative ways of life [I refer here of course to another part of his column. In retrospect I should have waited to bring this up but I decided to do it in these brackets. Rev. Norb would have been proud (I'm going to close these now and get back to the topic at hand.)), if you question nothing you are not punk. That's all there is to it.

Even though we as a subculture are supposed to be open to new ideas that doesn't mean we have to be open to the new idea of Christians. I for one think it's sad that the "god-squad" as it were, has branched over to what could have been a very vital piece of youth culture.

The Christians in my area great at putting together functions, making zines and just plain old kicking ass. Needless to say they are friends of mine, but when some out of town Christians came to enjoy the holy festivities of one of the recent "Christian do gooders Friday night-o-cookies" I was sickened to see several of them calling themselves punks and trying to talk to me about punk. It also sickened me that all it took to get these "punks" away from me was the upside down cross (my way of saying "I don't like god and if you can't handle that then scoot") on my jacket. How open minded. How god damned fucking punk.

Now if you'll excuse me I have to let my girlfriend tie me up, whip me and teach me some biology. Up the punx, Eugene Judas

G MRR/ Skipard Reason:
Upon reading the "Christian's Corner" column in the July issue, I turned to the front cover to be sure it wasn't the April issue. No such luck.

I don't even know where to start... Mr. "Reason" suggests that there is a growing segment of Christian punk rockers. I'm pushing 30 and been into punk for 16-17 years, and I've never met one Christian punk (an oxymoron if there ever was one). Maybe it's 'cause I don't live in Frisco!

The MRR policy is "No racist, sexist, or fascist material." The "God hates fags" slant of the column is totally fascist. Skip, does God want to "punish" crack babies too? Fuck you and yr imaginary god. The "women are physically and mentally feeble" statement is sexist. Get that shit out of yr magazine.

By the way, I love the fact that you exclude Catholics. What about Jews? Can't say that, it would make you a nazi, huh? Why don't you go home and listen to yr Amy Grant records, you weak minded piece of shit. Yours in Christ, Chad/ The Kermitsquirts

h Dear magazine,
In response to Skipard Reason's "Christian Corner" column in MRR July 1999, how could MRR agree to print such sexist, homophobic remarks? Because they are validated by a book called the Bible. Could I write a column called "Nazi Nuttiness" because the contents were based on Mein Kampf or something? That fucking sickens me. Not just because Reason's is a Christian column, but because of the ignorance therein which indirectly represents MRR as well, because you decided to print it in the first place.

All of Reason's comments concerning biology and women could be dissected individually, but the best place to begin to start is the fact that all of the ideas in his column are based on the assumption that the Bible is absolutely true. "The Bible says this, and the Bible says that." Well the Bible says that humans are imperfect, so how can a book written and conceived by humans contain any sort of celestial truth? Isn't the fact that something created by mortals is worshipped as a celestial document in essence blasphemy?

Reason refers to the "logical and correct truth" of the biological order of the earth as created by "God." Where is the logic in assuming that God even exists, much less that the Christian God is the only true or important God? Reason also claims that women are put on this earth to serve men and that "only a monogamous, heterosexual marriage between two chaste Christians can provide a life free of diseases transmitted through fornication as well as the fulfillment of all parties." In other words, even if Jews are monogamous, they can still be prone to disease. In other words, anybody that is not a straight, white Christian will not only be susceptible to disease, but also will not be sexually fulfilled by their partner. Is Reason living in a fucking glass bubble or something? He also claims that "only under the guidance of a firm and loving man can a woman find true happiness." How the fuck does he know what makes various individuals happy? Oh yeah, Jesus told him. Reason also says that AIDS is a plague sent by God to kill those God is angry with; more specifically gays, drug users, and prostitutes. So how does he explain the millions of people who contract AIDS who don't fit this criteria? God is mad at them, too. For example, Ryan White was such a horrible person that the Christian God decided to give him a painful death? This is a good way to segue into the many theological contradictions inherent in Christianity.

Reason states that God decided that humans don't need appendixes. What, he decided this in the last 200 years? If God's plan is so elaborate and deliberate, why did humans have appendixes in the first place? My point is, how can humans



change, alter, or embellish this plan of God's, considering it is allegedly perfect? Reason says that humans' frailty exists to remind us

that "we are not gods, something we often forget." Isn't that what Christians are essentially designating themselves as, gods? When they change the alleged teachings of their perfect god?

I hope the "Christian's Corner" column is a joke, and that MRR will no longer print it. If it is a joke, it is a bad one, and I doubt you would "joke" about other oppressive ideologies such as racism in the same manner. Even if "Christian's Corner" is a stupid column meant to get a rise out of your readers, it is in the poorest of taste, and fuck you for printing it in the first place. Sincerely,

Ben Chase, bassist for Hail Mary/ PO Box 14253/ Albany, NY 12148/shazam2600@aol.com

Ben,

I recently saw your band, Hail Mary, play at the illustrious Gilman Street. Besides the obvious fact that the very name of your band is a jab at Christianity, you had t-shirts for sale that pictured an altar boy performing oral sex on a priest with the phrase "Christian Hardcore Sucks" written underneath it. Which is pretty gosh darn funny, proving that oppressive ideologies are awful funny. Thanks for writing, Sean

PS Your new LP is awesome.



Arwen,

Hey, hello, how are you? I've just read yr article in the last MRR. If you still were in S.C. I could kiss you for running a pseudo-expose on Srini and his "so-called" Unamerican Activities. I have known (more like just ran into) this fellow for years, since he just about started the damn thing. It never sat well with me, and I always knew why. At first, I was just sort of unimpressed at his terrific waste of vinyl and glue (at least he started by ripping off the Kinko's where he worked). But then everything got bigger, and he applied this weird capitalistic marketing strategy to the whole thing and came up with some half baked philosophy. "What if there was an advertising agency for anarchy?" Srini asks. Well, then I guess it wouldn't be circle A anarchy anymore, because it would be big C capitalism. I think a lot of people thought they should be into him and support him b/c he was kind of doing this punk business thing, right? Well... it seems to me like maybe yes, we should support punk business, but are we so blind that we support punk consumerism,

no questions asked? I'm sure someone will make the comment about how punk is a consumer movement, or that we live in a consumer system, and we can choose how & where our money goes. But to what end? How is creating *more* surplus an act of anarchy when there is so much more we could do to reduce surplus? Isn't it really more punk to just buy your t-shirts from the Salvation Army, or make your own fuckin' stickers, or write on your own fuckin' coffee mugs? These are just some examples I shot out of my ass, but I think you get the point. I mean, Christ...

Jeez, and I was pretty into *Punk Planet* before. It sucks that *Punk Planet* fell for Srini's antics, 'cuz I always thought they were coming from a cool and different standpoint (no offense to MRR, Arwen, but you never put Kathleen Hannah on the cover), but now I gotta wonder where they're coming from, having that fucker for a columnist. AAARrrRRGGGHHh!!!!!! Don't get me started... Anyways, big kiss (with tongue! with tongue!) Love 'n' fishes 'n' dirty dishes, BeAn...



Dear *Maximum Rock n Roll*,

I don't have anything big to complain about this time, I think this gal has gotten a bit soft from a temporary case of Spring fever.

Jeff M., here is some history information only because I think you (and maybe a reader or two) would like to know, not to say you are an asshole (like the Bodies). You recently pointed out to a reader the racism of using "Indian" and "scalper" together in a negative fashion. You mentioned that some Native Americans took scalps but that the reader's letter presented unfair imagery about Native Americans. True, and what is even more unfair is that, according to the great book "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee," the practice of scalping was introduced by whites: "bring in an Indian scalp, get \$." Love, Sandy Roy



Dear Lily,

Thank you for reviewing our zine in the June '99 MRR. You said "no me gusta." Erica has since slashed her wrists and been hospitalized. I stay awake at night crying. Crying! Your cruel words have torn me up inside! I am dropping out of school (high school, by the way...) to do heroin. Erica will soon be relocated to St. Elizabeth's home. Thanks again. Kara Harris/ *The Pressed Press*/ PO Box 1650/ Beltsville, MD 20704

Kara,

When slashing your wrists, go towards the elbow. Slicing thumb-to-wrist just pushes the veins shut. You should be able to get good heroin in Baltimore. Good luck, Jeff M.



Dear MRR,

Hello, my name is Jackie. I'm 16 years old and I live in the Midwest. This is my first time reading MRR and it won't be the last. My boyfriend Brian got me into punk rock about two years ago. He moved to Illinois from San Diego and introduced me to a totally different kind of music. I'm in high school and I'm the only fucking person who listens to punk. It really fucking sucks. My boyfriend is the only person I can talk to about music, but he's in the Navy. Everybody here is a trendy piece of dog crap. Illinois sucks. There's never any good shows. Well the reason I'm writing is to say thank you for giving me something cool to read while I'm bored out of my mind. And to Brian wherever you are I'm sure you're reading this and I'm proud of you and I love you.

Jackie Koury/ 312 Harrisburg Dr./ Belleville, IL 62223



Dear Sean/ MRR,

Scott from the band Dirthread here. I recently sent you a copy of our new CD release, "New Third World" for review, as well as an ad for it. The CD and ad were returned to me with a letter stating that you would not review it or even run the ad because it is a "CD-R". I realize it's your zine, your decision to make, and you don't owe us anything, but I feel the reason we are being denied entry into MRR is unfair and somewhat hypocritical.

First of all, a "CD-R" is a blank disc. After it has been burned and finalized it is a CD, just like any other CD. Our release has a professional looking label, a fold-out cover with lyrics, etc. It is as good or better quality than many other releases which I have seen reviewed/ advertised in MRR. Refusing to review or advertise our CD because we made it ourselves rather than paying someone to do it for us doesn't make any sense. I always thought MRR supported the "DIY Ethic." Apparently I was wrong. Personally, I think being able to produce a quality release on our own is far more "punk" than paying a corporation to do it. I don't mean to come across so bitterly, but I can't understand why our release has been rejected. Perhaps you could consider the points I've brought up in this letter and change your policy in the future. I would truly appreciate an answer to this letter. Maybe you could print it in MRR. It might be interesting to see what the readers think of this. Thank you for your time.

Dirthread/ c/o Scott Hermansen/ 2511 S.E. 187th Pl./ Gresham, OR 97030/ U.S.A.

Scott,

Even before we got your letter there'd been a lot of talk around the ol' MRR compound about CD-Rs. You're right,



CD-Rs are just blank discs, and in that way they are a lot like blank tapes (though not exactly like tapes since they don't all play on all CD

players, and well, they're not tapes), making CD-R releases high tech demo tapes. And that's fine. However, we don't review demo tapes in the record reviews section, and we don't take ads for them (though you can place a classified). We do however, have a column dedicated to demo tapes. In this issue you'll notice that there is a new demo tape reviewer and in the future she will be reviewing CD-R releases in this column, giving them the same coverage as tape only releases. This is a very recent decision, Scott, and I'd returned your release before it was made. Please send your CD to Erin's PO Box listed at the end of her column and at the beginning of the record review section [and just below]. Thanks for your comments.
Sean

N Dear MRR,
Several months ago I sent a demo to Jason Beck. The first issue that came out after I sent my tape didn't have his column. One or two months after that issue he ran a column in which he said his PO Box had been temporarily closed so he might not have gotten some tapes. I sent a letter with a SASE asking if he didn't review my demo because he didn't get it or if it just sucked. I have received no reply and have yet to see a review of my demo on the few occasions that Mr. Beck decided to run his column. There are fewer and fewer zines that review demos that I know of. This is unfortunate as tapes are a major resource for the DIY artist. I would volunteer for the job, but I don't like very much of anything I hear and my jaded point of view would be a disservice to kids just getting started. That's all I've got to say about that.
Patrick Sociopath/ San Francisco

Patrick,
Sorry if our man was unreliable. Like you said, the demo reviewer does not necessarily review every tape, just the ones that don't suck. Anyway, Mr. Beck is no longer reviewing demos, and the amazing Erin Yanke is! Her address is: PO Box 1113/ Portland, OR 97207. Erin is totally rad, and she has a radio show, too, called Life During Wartime. Hirax Max is also reviewing demos in his new metalcore/ fastcore/ sXe column; his address is PO Box 423413/ SF, CA 94142-3413. He does a demo review zine called Mosh of Ass, and is at least moderately rad himself. Jeff M.

PS Two other demo reviewin' zines

which spring to mind are: HeartattaCk/ PO Box 848/ Goleta, CA 93116 (they'll take anything), and Inside Front/ 2695 Rangewood Dr./ Atlanta, GA 30345 (more on the ugly hardcore side of things.) If you readers know of more, send the names/ addresses in and we'll run a list when we have a bunch.

O Hello MRR readers,
I am writing you to tell you not to buy from Desperate Attempt Records. Here's my rip off story: In December 1998 I get in touch with Chris Eagan by e-mail about buying some records. He says that they are there, and I send my \$69.75 on December 27. A month later I get in touch and they say "we just moved bear with us." I can go with that so I wait until March. Still no records and I e-mail them, no response. I hunt for their number (502) 637-4656 for a while (with some help, thanks) and call them in May. I talk to a woman named Allison and she says "we aren't surprised you hate us and our web server has been down, the movers screwed up blah blah blah." I say ok, they say they will get my package off the beginning of June. I wait until June 10 and call. They, surprise, have not gotten my package off and say they did "yesterday" It is now 6/30 and no package. I inform them along the way that I am considering mail fraud charges, as I still have the money order receipt (which they cashed January 11) and the e-mails saved. I don't know how many times they've been charged with this, and I hate to bring in outside "authorities" but they have driven me to this. I will probably never see those records, but this stopped being about records and money a long time ago. I had wished this could be dealt with in a DIY way, but that requires trust and honesty on both sides. Anyway, this is just a cautionary tale for those trusting people out there. Again, his number is (502)-637-4656. Thanks for your time.

Andy Blakely



Hi,
I just would like to correct and error I made in a letter to you according your major label policy. Just found out Epitaph is not owned by Sony. Anyway, Burning Heart is still 51% Epitaph. And what I've heard Burning Heart owns Sidekicks, otherwise they shouldn't promote them on the inner sleeves of the Burning Heart releases, right? Love,
Patrik



MRR,
Regarding mechanical royalties being earned by the former members of the Dead Kennedys... Not only is Jello Biafra earning royalties from his DK's compositions and his work with Lard and other bands, but it should be noted that he's also

gotten a decent amount of money from having samples from his first two spoken word albums, and thus, writing and publishing mechanicals from two songs, "Freedom Of Speech" and "Shut Up Be Happy", on the 1989 Ice-T album "The Iceberg", which is still in print. Biafra was putting in work in the ten-plus years since the DKs called it quits. What are Geoffrey Lyall's and Raymond Pepperell's excuses? (I refuse to call Klaus Floride and Easy Bay Ray by their stage names any longer.)

It should also be noted that Darren Peligro is not immune to receiving outside non-DK's royalty income. If you check BMI's searchable database at <http://bmi.com>, you will find that amongst the compositions attributed to him under his real name of Darren Eric Henley, are three tracks he authored during his brief stint with the Red Hot Chili Peppers, all of which appeared on the best-selling Mothers Milk Album — "Sexy Mexican Maid", "Stone Cold Bush", and "Taste The Pain". The latter of these songs also appears on the "What Hits?" compilation as well as the soundtrack to the movie "Say Anything", this ensuring more income for the former DK's drummer. I smell three money-hungry hypocrites, folks...

C. J. Marsicano



Dear Max RR,

Sorry, Elvis Costello was never punk. He was just some nobody who couldn't get anyone interested in his music, so he hopped onto the punk bandwagon because that was what was "happening" in England at the time.

Sometimes it's hard for us Americans to relate, since punk has never been accepted and always been suppressed here in the U.S., but in England, punk bands were actually in the top ten and having hit singles.

This led to phonies like the Police and Elvis Costello to put on a pretense of punk, all the while just biding their time to hop off the punk bandwagon and onto the corporate hit factory ready to sell out for the megadollars.

This is not to say that some of these fake punks didn't have one or two good songs like "Pump It Up" and "Radio, Radio"... but "Allison"? Pee U.

"Integrity" is not a word you should ever use when discussing the likes of Costello. His "fuck off" attitude was just a pose he assumed, which he very very quickly dropped so that he could do the kind of music he really wanted to do like, "Everyday I Write The Book" and similar garbage.

At least the Clash and Generation X were actually real punks before they sold out. Elvis Costello on the other hand, had only one goal... to worm his way into super stardom. If he had to pretend to be a punk



for the moment, that was fine by him.

C'mon Max RR! Save the Pioneers of Punk for people who really matter... I mean Elvis Costello...

gimmie a break! Who's next? Split Enz? Tony

Tony,

We're always looking for new contributors. You're obviously smart enough to research a P.O.P., so why not send something in? -Ed.



Dear MRR,

This letter goes out to all the kids in New Orleans. I've been going to shows here for about 2 1/2 years. That's 2 1/2 years of wondering where the hell everyone was. What I'm getting to is, the scene over here isn't what it should be. We have some really good bands that need to be heard! Santa Smokes, Point 07, The Converts, Outplay, etc. (Forgive me if I left your band out. I'm not going through the list.)

The kind folks at Devil Dolls have been putting on some really good shows and I think more people oughtta go see 'em. The only time I ever see a large amount of people is when a band like Less Than Jake or NoFX plays. We have some local bands that are just as good, but how can they get recognition if no one goes to see them? So go to a show, make a zine, make some flyers for christ's sake. Just don't sit in front of the tv while our beloved scene fades away. Love, Megan of the "Acosta Crew" and Team Cheerios/leeloo37@yahoo.com



Hey,

I would like to offer a few comments on some of the stuff in the letters section in MRR #195. Greg Sullivan writes a letter about how people in NC, in the "scene," should "make" certain people conform to his idea of what it is to be punk or in a "scene." This disturbs me. This kind of thinking is exactly what I wanted to escape in school when I didn't wear the right Gap shit. I took a stand and said "I will not conform." Granted, the acts that he describes are not cool (fucking shit up) to people who respect authority and who generally conform to society's mores.

I would like to offer you a new outlook. Yes - it is ruining the clubs, but the fact that there is a human being out there that doesn't give a fuck about the threat of societal coercion (i.e. following laws) makes me feel good. That tells me that if we are ever in a situation where authority decides to change all the laws (like in a coup), then there is a guy out there, who already doesn't give a fuck, who will not stand for that shit

and revolt, thus helping us to keep our liberty. Dudes like that are important to freedom.

Secondly, Greg is championing an abstract term, not an actual thing. "The scene" is not defined. In punk, there are no initiations or club cards. The only thing that brings punks together is their love for non-mainstream music. Outside of the music everybody has their own political views and agendas. As to try to tell "them" to stop because "they" are ruining the "scene" is not even logical thinking. You couldn't possibly know somebody's motivation for why they do things as an individual. Greg's way to stop them is to ask them to stop. I don't know what world you come from but now days in my world, people are more violent, punk or not. So I am not risking my health to stop a dude from ruining an abstract term. The scene never gets ruined, the clubs just stop booking punk bands. If your "scene" is so strong, you should just get a warehouse space. You could put a little carnival-like game in the dark corner called "rip the sink off the wall" for those who need to show off their power.

Greg says they are "claiming to be a part of the scene." Who the fuck is he. They are a part of the scene, warts and all. Greg just resides his punk views on the more conservative side of the spectrum. He says "when you hear these kids bragging... tell them how stupid they are... let them know they are not welcome in the scene." You are stupid for losing your individual identity and forging a "scene-like" mentality similar to the commune thinking of the late 60s. What has the scene done for you? I guess you could coerce them to stop by saying "In the name of the scene I command you to stop." Plus fucking shit up is fun! It always has been.

Well I could rip the whole mag apart cause it is so full of bullshit but I'll save that for some other day.

Jon/ 62 Dorothy Circle/ Millville, DE 19970

Jon,

Yeah, fucking shit up must be fun, since so many people are into it. But it's not abstract to not want the police to shut down your shows. And punks fucking up punk shit is straight-up stupid. Why not trash something you're against instead of something you're into? The kids have gotta look after their own spaces, which is what I got out of Greg's letter. We love having our bullshit ripped apart so please write again. Jeff M.



Dear MRR,

I was delighted and honored to see that my letter was printed in issue 195. I usually just look at the pictures, but while on tour with my band (the Lilypads), I decided to read the damn rag. Although I was a little disappointed that you don't support violence against bro's (bro cleansing) in our scene. I just feel that you must do whatever it takes to keep the jock out of the rock. I mean, if we're not careful we'll have a bunch of Brett Mathew (steakheads) types infesting our scene, and MRR will be filled with

ads from shitty labels like Coldfront Records (I cant believe you printed that ad by the way) and other jocko crap. In Hollywood, we take care of business. I mean you got to break a few eggs to make an omelet. With that said, I have bigger fish to fry with you.

Nick Fitts column, is this a joke? Is he doing the April fools thing year round now? I mean a whole column about his pathetic penis. I can't believe MRR wasted so much ink printing 7th grade schoolyard dick jokes. No one cares. I especially don't care how "perfect", "nice" or "fat" his "cock" is. If I ever see little Nicky Fitt on the strip, I'm gonna cut that little stick off and shove it up his ass. Hey Nick, do all of us and yourself a favor and quit this punk rock charade you're putting on. Turn in your punky colors and your spike bracelet and go down to the local frat house and do a keg stand with your pledge brothers. That is obviously where you belong, you prick.

I know this probably turns you on listening to some "femi-nazi" complain about sexism. It's okay, I've been called worse. You're probably sitting around in your boxers watching Stone Cold pummel some nameless wrestler, giggling at all my "bitchy" rants. News flash needle dick, worry less about the size of your cock more on that double chin your developing. You sexist pig, no pun intended chubby.

As long as we're on the topic of ugly people, thanks for canning Norb. I can see why he was always writing stupid sexist shit like that, when you got a mug like his, talking dirty about women is the closest you get to getting laid.

As much as I'd like to go on and on about my complaints with the mag, I'll cut it short. I will say Felix, Sean and Queenie's column were great, the Hollywood punks are proud. Thanks to everyone who helped out on the Lilypads tour, and a fuck you to the asshole in Austin who called me a gutter-slut, hope you liked the stencil I did on your car fuck wad, I heard spray paint can be a real "bitch" to get off. Don't fuck with the Lilypads. Love Ya Much. Ruth Abernathy/ 1420 N. Alta Vista #320/ Hollywood, CA 90046

P.S. Hey, Pete, you must be fucking ignorant if you really think that a "statement that reinforces a stereotype and objectifies" women isn't sexist. What do you think the definition of sexism is, you fucking moron? Let me give you a hint—it's a statement that reinforces a stereotype and objectifies women, asshole. Anyone that's been exposed to the *most remedial* of feminist philosophy can tell you that, you stupid fuck. By the way, the statement you made is racist as well.

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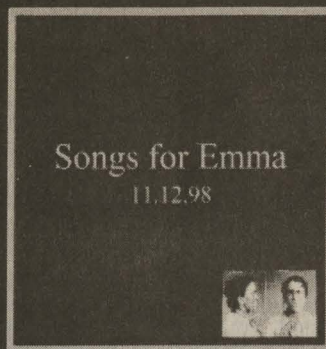
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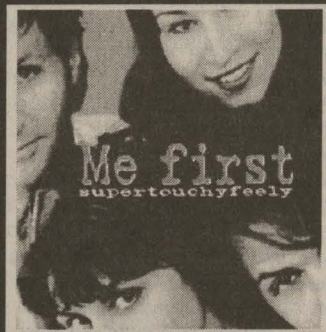


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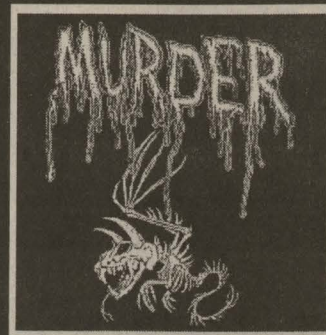


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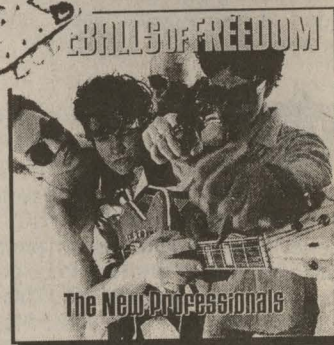
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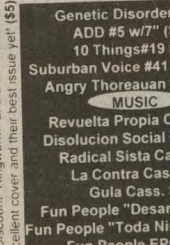
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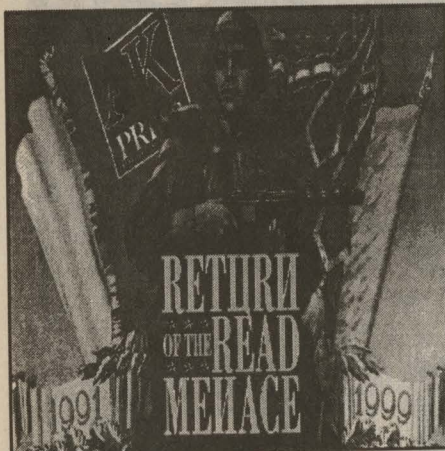
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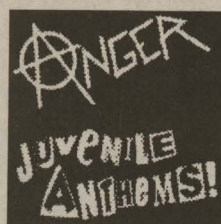
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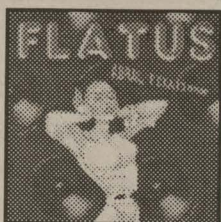
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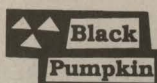
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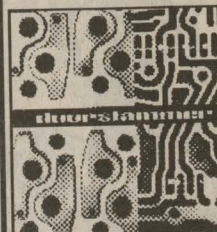
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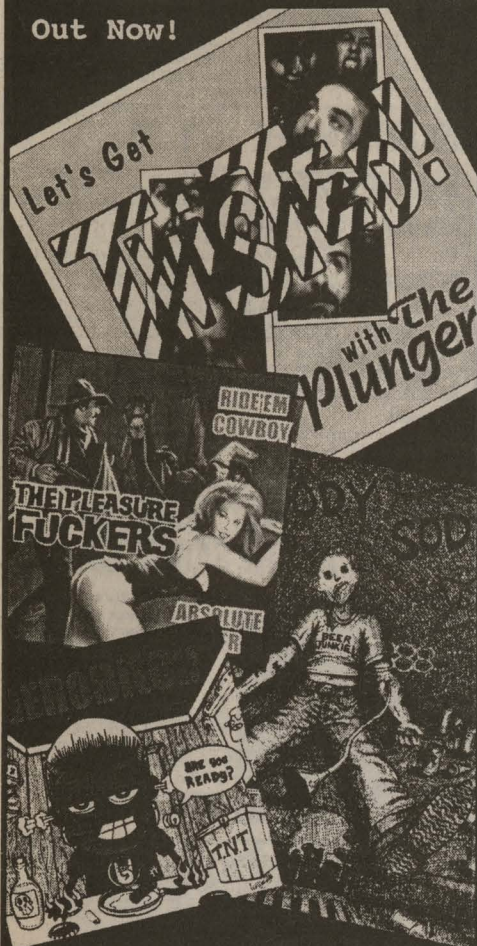
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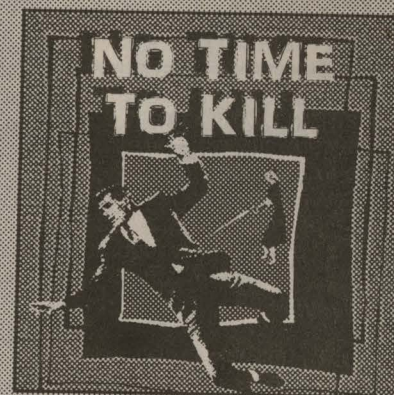
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C O L U M N S

Count Your Lashes Out Loud



Haven't talked to this woman in months. I'm used to my friends occasionally falling off the face of the planet but this one has me a little worried. She recently moved into a flat in the once glorious Mission district that already occupied about twelve or twenty five other, um, entrepreneurial free spirits, for lack of a better term for fucked up, freeloading, drug dealing club kid. But in a good way. I imagine that they're only ones who could survive in that household. Constant noise and yelling, frantic people coming and going at all hours, hordes of bison running through. Like having a fucking slumber party every night. But without the slumber. Always a million things going on there, but sleep was never one of 'em. So, of course, as time went by, girlfriend started to get a little loopy, talking to herself, forgetting things and losing shit, like her wallet. Twice. Which she claims is not from lack of sleep or her living environment, on no... It's fallout from months of being tracked by the mafia or viet cong who are trying to recruit her as head of their Secret Intelligence data analysis surveillance radar for extraterrestrial warfare and acquisitions unit. Yeah. See why I worry? No one else has seen or heard from her either, and rumors are floating around that she was thrown in jail, or worse, back home in Georgia or Kentucky, where, she declares proudly, one can go into any KFC and get a bucket of frog legs, original recipe and extra crispy. But that's besides the point. So now, I am woman obsessed. I've called and left messages; paged, sent email, called some more, sent telegrams, paged again, sent pigeons ...nada. Her house has six phone lines, a dozen cell phones and more than a gaggle of pagers but it's damn near impossible to get anyone to pick up the phone. Not that it would matter cuz not one has an attention span long enough to look for her, much less remember when and if they saw her last. Best case scenario is that she's detoxing somewhere, but I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if she just got lost between the cushions of the couch or was buried under the Giants' new stadium.

The woman who owns their building lives in the flat adjacent to theirs on the left. As if that place wasn't bad enough!

Never in a million years would I live that close to the person holding the power to throw me out on my ass with just 30 days notice. My landlord is only a toll call away but at least he's not likely to barge in and interrupt an exceptionally hot, but extremely hard to explain scene of me trying to housebreak my favorite corporate investor canine. Especially since having a dog violates our lease agreement. Anyway, their landlady is tad on the crazy side, mean as hell and, worst of all, abuse to her pet... rooster. Rooster? Oh it doesn't matter, it's still a pet... All the telltale signs are there: loud arguments late at night, banging and thumping noises, loud squawking, feathers flying, and broken legs and wings that couldn't all come from "falling down the stairs." Worse than a barnyard frenzy, but it does keep her nose out of the meth lab next door. They finally couldn't take it anymore and tried to report the abuse to the police, to animal protection, to Colonel Sanders even but to no avail. Everyone just looked the other way saying it was strictly a private matter. Well now, there y'all have it. More evidence proving my point that everyone has the unalienable right to beat their cock as often and as hard as they desire, even if it bothers the delicate sensibilities of those on the Right.

Well, on that note, if you love your friends, let them know. And if you don't, fuck 'em and get some new ones that you can love. Cuz you're worth it. But above all, love yourself and make sure to take the time to really show yourself just how much. Every night, every morning, at tea time, during your lunch break, etc... til then, play hard.



First off, it has come to my attention that a White Power band from Florida is using the name Code 13. OK if any of you nimrods are reading here is your cease and desist order. I won't be calling my lawyer, I won't be filing a complaint with the copyright control commission, I will be coming to Florida this winter. The name is taken; a metal band in California already had to change their name because we had a record out first. Now that was no big deal, they wanted to avoid confusion just as much as we did. However, using our name on white power shit

is something I take personally. This has already caused some confusion is regards to the Street Punk '99 fest in Kansas City. (That was us, the real Code 13 that was scheduled to play, and we didn't because our drummer couldn't get out of work that weekend, sorry to anyone who came to see us, hope you got to see NOTA!) So you upstart code 13 guys had better change your name, because I am coming looking for you and I ain't afraid of whatever your master race can dish out. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

I am frequently asked why Code 13 has never toured Canada. We actually were going to once but most of the gigs canceled and our van broke down in Boston. But here is one of the major problems, the Canadian border. After touring all across Europe with equipment and even passing through Israeli customs which are supposed to be the strictest in the world, I still think the worst treatment I ever got was at the Canadian border. For those of you who don't know Canada has a powerful Musicians Union which has lobbied the Canadian government to make it very difficult for American bands to cross the border and play in Canada. To play legally in Canada you need some sort of visa or permit or some shit that I'm sure most punk bands could never get. I believe you can be rejected for lack of "merit" or some such shit. The Canadians are also very strict about bringing equipment across the border, they fear that you will sell your high quality American equipment in Canada and thereby undercut makers and sellers of Canadian equipment and also forgo paying Canada's outrageous taxes. Therefore they often make you put a deposit on your equipment to prevent you from selling it in Canada. They also search the fuck out of your van. They must have a list of suspicious types in the little booth at the border; one of which I'm sure is "punk band." Its not just punks though, 80's pop group Loverboy got so fed up with Canadian Customs giving them a hard time crossing back into Canada that they quit playing Canada altogether for a while. Grace Jones was arrested for bringing a "weapon" across the border; the weapon was a studded bracelet. Rob Halford had a bunch of his stage gear confiscated as "weapons" at the Canadian border in the mid 80's. Soul Asylum was crossing the border once and the pigs found a small quantity of pot in the van. They proceeded to tear the van apart; the even went so far as to pull the engine. They found no drugs, Soul Asylum's van was in pieces and they had to have it towed to a garage which charged them a fortune to put the van back together and get it running, they missed their gig. As for me I was on

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tour with Destroy in 93 when we crossed into Vancouver. We brought no equipment, no records, no band t-shirts, nothing but a few toiletries and some skateboards. We still got searched and questioned as if we were the Islamic Jihad trying to cross with a nuclear warhead. They looked up my criminal record on their computers, they tore the van apart, and finally they let us through. We had to play on Insult to Injury's equipment in Vancouver, which meant no distortion pedal, regular tuning and no double bass. I hate to sound like a crybaby but playing heavy grind/thrash with out that equipment is pretty abysmal. I know that a lot of bands tour Canada by using bogus recording contracts and saying that they are recording in Canada and then get across the border and play anyway. But I've also heard that many border crossings are wise to this scam and will try to call the studio etc. so you better have your story straight. I had an easier time getting into the Soviet Union when I visited there in '91 than the last few times I've gone to Canada.

MRR will now be deluged by letters from patriotic Canadians saying that the border controls are necessary to protect Canada's unique culture from American cultural imperialism etc. Who are you trying to fool? Punk is THE international youth culture. Punk has spread from the USA and Europe to the farthest reaches of the globe. (For example right now I'm listening to a 13-band punk and oi compilation of bands all from Jakarta Indonesia!) National borders are complete bullshit and I refuse to buy this nationalistic crap about protecting your culture. We live in a global economy in an era of mass communication. We are rapidly approaching a world culture, that culture will of course be the culture of American, Japanese and European multi-national corporations. At best punk is a counter culture of resistance to this cultural hegemony; at worst it is loud and annoying subculture for bored middle class teenagers. But either way its not a threat to Canada's unique cultures the way Canada's multi-nationals are to the underdeveloped nations of the world and their cultures. Free trade in rock! Open the borders to the musicians!

In the tradition of the Scumbag file I've compiled a few distributor and label dirty tricks which I'd like to share with everybody, especially bands and small distributors.

The Bait and Switch. Extreme Noise has had this one pulled on us a few times lately. A distributor advertises something and sends you something else instead for instance. They tell you they've got copies of the new Flaming Placebo LP at five

bucks each. Then the order shows up and its five copies of the Flaming Placebo CD at ten bucks a piece. Or Flaming Placebo's earlier album which nobody wants anymore. The distributor counts on you not bothering to call them up and returning the CD's since you ordered the same title or artist anyway. One that was pulled on Extreme Noise recently was sending us a bunch of stuff COD that we didn't order at all. The person who accepted the order wasn't the one who had made the order so they wrote the check and put the records into stock. It wasn't until later that the person who make the order double checked the invoice and found out there was several hundred dollars worth of stock we didn't order added on. Once again if no one had double checked or just not bothered to send it back we would've been scammed. We also recently got shipped a COD order that we never even ordered. The distributor admitted it was a mistake, an order for another store accidentally shipped to us. But getting our money back was a long involved process as they already deposited our check. It took weeks of calls to get our money back. An honest mistake, or maybe they were counting on us to forget about it or blow it off. I think a lot times mistakes are made in this business, but sometimes a shady distributor can push some product on you that you didn't order, or don't need and count on you being too busy or disorganized to return it and get your money back. It's in everyone's best interest that you check your order in carefully and cross-reference it to the invoice. It's easy to make mistakes filling orders, but it's also easy to scam someone who is too busy to double-check everything.

Another shifty distributor trick is the hard sell. This is the pushy salesman who pretends to be your friend and calls all the time, makes small talk and then tries to pressure you into making an order. "So, can I put you down for five of those" is a favorite line. Or "Don't worry you can pay me for them later" then the order shows up COD anyway. Everyone I know who works at record store hates this approach. Unfortunately we used to have some guys at Extreme Noise who were a little to chummy with their sales reps, at some distributors and we got conned into taking five copies of every no name record on every two bit label. If you want any of them come on down to Extreme Noise, they are in our 50-cent discount dungeon to this day. Don't let yourself get talked into ordering something you don't want. I think it's always best to write out your order and fax it to the distributor rather than take an order over the phone. That way if any misunderstanding arises there is a written record

of what you ordered.

Similar to the bait and switch is the unsolicited trade. This is one that really pisses me off. The label that sends you a zillion copies of something you didn't ask for and wants you to send them a bunch of your stuff in trade. Sometimes they send it out of the blue, like "here's 25 copies of my latest releases, now send me 25 Aus Rotten eps." Once again they are counting on you being unwilling to send it back even if you can't use it, or just eager to get your stuff distributed by trading even though you know you'll never sell all 25 copies. Don't be afraid to send stuff back, most labels can deal with a letter telling them you are sorry but you tried to sell it and no one in your area was buying. And ask them to send you something else you can sell. If the label can't deal with it, screw 'em. Another related scam is the trading bait and switch where you send off your stuff for some great new releases on a label but instead of the new releases they promised you they send you one of their dud releases instead. Enclosed will be a note to the effect that, "we are out of the hot new releases, but here's the shitty CD nobody wanted instead." Again, they count on you not having the nerve or the motivation to send their stuff back, especially if you've already mailed your stuff to them.

Then there is the not so exclusive "exclusive item" a distributor tries to get you to order a new release at a premium price that is exclusive to that distributor. Then a few days later you find out that everybody is carrying it, so what made it so exclusive? Except that you paid extra for it.

One issue that has had Extreme Noise in an ethical dilemma lately is Street Dates. Distributors often fix street dates for releases before which you are not supposed to sell the releases. This means that there is enough lead-time for the distributor to ship copies of the release to everyone so that they all get them in time to start selling them on the same date. That's why stores sometimes stay open until midnight so they can start selling a really hot new release the minute the clock hits the release date. In reality a lot of stores start selling things before the street date, this means they have it first and get lots of extra sales, and if one store in town does it then everyone else has to do it too or lose out on a those sales. For example if Dripping Orifice's new CD has a street date of the 15th and starts shipping on the 10th a store can order it next day air or second day air and get it three or four days early. If the store has big posters in my window advertising the new CD and people come in asking for it. Now the store can start selling it

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before the other stores in town who ordered it by UPS Ground even get it from the coast, and well before the street date. I'd say that in a lot of cities the street date system is totally ignored and everybody starts selling everything the moment they open the box. So why do distributors even bother anymore?

A famous shifty label trick is under claiming sales as to avoid paying royalties. A label press up 5,000 copies of a record and pay the band their 20%, then if the record sells well they press up another 5,000 and keep selling them all the time telling the band that sales are low and they still haven't sold out of the first pressing. Another one is doing a re-press without telling the band. This one was pulled on me. I didn't even know that Relapse was planning to re-issue the Destroy CD on a CD split with Disrupt until I saw it advertised in MRR. Now, I'm not so hard to track down since I've been using PO Box 8585 since 1988 and that address has been on every record, tape and zine I've ever worked on. But Relapse said they didn't know how to get in touch with me so they put out the CD without asking me first. I did eventually get some copies of this CD, but I still don't know how many they ever pressed, or if Disrupt ever got their copies.

Dodgy labels like to get out of paying royalties by claiming high costs. I know lots of bands that did a release that sold pretty well and never got any copies or royalties. Their label would say that the release still hadn't sold enough to break even. The label will blame the band for spending too much on recording, wanting expensive packaging etc. and then try to push the blame back on the band. You can avoid this by making sure every thing is communicated about expenses and break even points in advance. I know some bands that have had to call up the pressing plant to find out how many records were pressed.

Some bigger labels can really exploit up and coming bands whom really want to be on that well-known label. Some bands have actually wound up paying to be on a bigger label just to be associated with the hype surrounding that label. This is of course under the assumption that there are a lot of people who will buy anything on a label if its good or not. And really, it's all about hype and marketing these days anyway so you can see how a young band would be willing to do this. Some labels treat new bands like they are doing them a big favor by releasing them, and dodge out of ever paying royalties by claiming high costs and low sales, or just by dropping the issue and hoping the band never gets up the nerve to ask.

All this said I still think we've made a lot of progress. I mean from what I hear none of the bands on Mystic ever got paid for anything. I also know from experience that miscommunication and lack of communication lead a lot of people in the scene to jump to conclusions that they've been ripped off. My advice is make sure everything is written down and agree on things in advance. Don't let your eagerness to push ahead with a release make you sign your music away to someone else to make a fortune off of. As has been pointed out, there are some real scumbags in the music business.



A NUMBER WITHOUT A NAME

Squigtone Records has a really good four band CD compilation available for you street punks this month. It's called "4 Bands From Jersey That Could Change Everything". The first band kicks like a mule: THE OUTSIDERS have powerful oi songs with some of the best lyrics you'll find this side of Manasquan. In "Veteran's Day" THE OUTSIDERS sing: "Well they taught me how to kill/ And they taught me how to hate/ I'm being all I can be....But now I'm living on the streets - Do you think a parade will make it go away?....Put another flag on the grave/ Put another ribbon on the tree/ Do you think about the price of all our dreams?/ For every soldier that fell another took his place, and now my friends are dead." These are somber reflections. In "Constitutionalist" THE OUTSIDERS offer: "We've labored and toiled for 200 years to call this place our own/ Their ideals are no longer and things have changed/ They fought and they died and then died once again in the name of our natural rights/ The ones now in charge are the ones we had fought/ It's time to stand up and fight....The constitution plainly stated that our lives are ours to lead - to do what we want regardless of race or creed/ But I live in a world that's so unjust that those words don't mean a thing." This oi music has an excellent street-rock feel to it! Perhaps the most heart-rending song of THE OUTSIDERS portion of this CD is "A Number Without a Name". It goes like this: "I remember when I was ten/ My father had come home/ He said 'Son,

they've closed the plant'...He said 'I want you to remember. /I promise I won't forget/ He said 'Son, what you put into life isn't always what you get.' / 'Never let them take your pride or use you in their game.' / Ten years later my father died/ A number without a name/ I remember my mother working hard everyday/ She said 'Son they'll teach you to march before you can even walk. / Son they'll teach you to listen before you can even talk. / Never let them take your pride or use you in their game' / Ten years later my mother died - a number without a name." Those are deep lyrics for you skinheads! THE OUTSIDERS are clearly one of the best oi bands playing the NJ/NY area at this time.

Right on the heels of these great OUTSIDERS tracks are some tough songs by the HUDSON FALCONS. THE HUDSON FALCONS start off with the heart-felt "Working Class War": "It's time to arm ourselves in the night/ When you see the enemy you have to fight/ They make their profits from our sweat/ We have to show them that we ain't dead yet/ United we stand, divided we fall/ An injustice to one hurts us all/ We work all our lives to ensure their prosperity/ Meanwhile we go hungry/ Can't enjoy our lives/ I wanna live rather than just survive." THE HUDSON FALCONS have their values firmly entrenched in the blue-collar ethic. In "Scab" THE HUDSON FALCONS sing "You're hurting yourself in the long run/ When you undermine the union you undermine everyone/ Wages keep getting lower and lower/ Workers lose their bargaining power when you cross the line/ We're standing up for ourselves and for our rights/ 8-hour day, 40-hour week came from the union fight/ You break down everything we've built up/ You're just a scab you selfish fuck/ When you cross the line." Excellent! THE HUDSON FALCONS also have a moving song about an American woman who is a political prisoner in Peru, and another about a Ms. Brenda Murphy living in fear in Belfast, Ireland. THE HUDSON FALCONS have a great deal of momentum behind them now. Look for a split release with HUDSON FALCONS and BLOOD FOR BLOOD on Ken Casey's Flat Records; and then a HUDSON FALCONS' 7" on Wicks World Records shortly thereafter.

The third band on this great compilation is THE JACKS, from Toms River, NJ, USA, celebrating working class challenges. In the song, "Work for You", THE JACKS write: "Pick up a sledgehammer and you're feeling fine/ Got work to do/ Don't get out of line/ Got a wife and kids and family to support/ You know if I got a problem/ I got union boys." Good pro-labor lyrics these. In "Better Man", THE

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JACKS sing: "He's working like a dog for a measly petty wage/But the worthless little rich boy is classified as a better man...Mister you're a better man then me? Working like a dog for the minimum wage/But it ain't enough/You got bills to pay/The hardest ones of the working class/For you I will raise my glass!" Good stuff!

The finale is presented by those grizzled oi veterans from the Garden State, HEADWOUND, doing "Broken Head", "Love Song", "1998", "Smell It Like It Is" and a fine cover of the old Roky Erikson song, "You're Gonna Miss Me". This is a 100% necessary compilation for you skins and punks. Order yours from Squigstone Records, 166 Spring St, Newton, NJ 07860.

Good news! The OI SCOUTS have reformed! You can get a copy of "Boots For The Beatdown" from Squigstone Records. This fucker contains twelve oi/streetpunk hard-headed, kick-butt tracks. Listen to "Oi Punx", "Thugs", "Nuke The Nazis", and "Boots For The Beatdown". Good shit! The last three tunes are live and raw! Long live the OI SCOUTS!

We have a couple of really good releases on Durango 95 Records this month. This first release is THE WARRIORS with their EP "Made In England". This EP is quite melodic and starts out with the ballad "Craig and Bentley" which has an acoustic guitar up front with good metal guitar leads behind. Next is "C.S.A." which is forceful and driving, like old English punk circa 1979. Flip this fine EP over and you have the title cut "Made In England" which has great singing, great guitar and the requisite sing-along choruses. It's quite refreshing when a band that's as long-in-the-tooth as THE WARRIORS still puts out strong product.

THE WARRIORS also kick off the four band compilation "Kill All The Boy-scouts Volume 1" EP on Durango 95. THE WARRIORS song "Bad Guy" is in keeping with the three aforementioned tunes - melodic with hooks and refined punk song-smithing. Following THE WARRIORS is THE POSERS doing a short, rough and ready punk/oi song "Know It All". You have probably been following THE POSERS from Ontario, Alberta, Canada with their various releases on Blind Beggar and Oink Records. This song continues the brutal attack these guys have to their streetpunk. Side "B" of this compilation starts off with IVANO + THE TEMPLARS = T.N.T., doing "Lavoro" by NABAT. To finish off this excellent EP is ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS raging on "No Cross To Bear". This shit is fast and hard and takes no prisoners! A very strong four band EP. You must locate this!

Austin, Texas punk band the LOW-

ER CLASS BRATS have a real good rock n' roll single ready for you on TKO Records this month. Bones and the BRATS use the honest Rock approach to the "Glam Bastard" title cut on this record. This song employs some of the musical tools of SLADE while maintaining the punk enthusiasm that the LOWER CLASS BRATS are famous for. The "B" side of this little rock n' roll fucker is a good cover of a 70's Rock song by none other than SWEET. The LOWER CLASS BRATS take the song "Live for Today" and hang a new set of testicles on it. Listen to the punked-out treatment this song gets! This TKO release continues the emphasis on street rock that Bones and company have been utilizing with great success. Get a copy of "Glam Bastard" and you'll see for yourself.

Pure Impact Records out of Belgium presents a melodic oi band HEADCASE for your perusal. This is well-played up-tempo street-punk along the lines of PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES. This band takes a sophisticated approach to their oi with excellent production and superior musicianship throughout. Some of the songs are refined to the point where you would be inclined to label this "Sugar Oi" similar to a band like VANILLA MUFFINS from Switzerland. This CD has lots of good beats - some songs slower than others, with all of the material worthy of a listen. The vocals are in English with the lyrics included. Write to Pure Impact Records, P.O. Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, Belgium.

Captain Oi Records has some good re-releases for you punks and skins. Currently there are three ANGELIC UPSTARTS CDs available. Ahoy CD 80 is ANGELIC UPSTARTS "Rarities" with "Victory For Poland", "Too Long Gone", "I won't Pay For Liberty", "Living In Exile" and more. Ahoy CD 87 is the ANGELIC UPSTARTS "Last Tango In Moscow" with "One More Day", "Who's Got The Money", "I Think It Should Be Free", "Nowhere To Run" plus lots of bonus tracks.

The most recent addition to the Captain Oi Re-releases is Ahoy CD 116 ANGELIC UPSTARTS "Blood On The Terraces" with tracks like "Pride Of Our Passion", "I Don't Wanna Fight The Soviets" and "It's Your Life". Also included on the new CD is live material from the "Main Event" in London in 1988. This is a good opportunity for you oi types to get the music formerly available on a hard to find Link LP from 1987.

Next up on the oi list from Mr. Mark Brennan and Company is THE GONADS Ahoy CD 115 "Oi! Back and Barking". THE GONADS reformed in 1995. This CD includes the 1997 hit "Oi Nutter"

which rocks fuckin' plenty hard, plus fine songs like "Gob", "Back and Barking" and "Nemesis". Of course there are lots of novelty songs that THE GONADS are renown for.

On the punk rock list, Captain Oi offers Ahoy CD 109: THE CRACK "The Best of THE CRACK"; Ahoy CD 112: THE EJECTED "The Best of THE EJECTED"; Ahoy CD 113 THE BOYS "To Hell With THE BOYS" and one that will probably be lapped up by you friggin' punk rockers: THE UK SUBS "Huntington Beach" - Ahoy CD 114. This UK SUBS CD is a reissue of the eighth UK SUBS album, originally released in 1986. Included are live versions of "Stranglehold", "New Barbarians" and "Tomorrow's Girls". These CDs can be ordered directly from Captain Oi at the following prices Post-paid: UK: £8.99 Europe: £9.99 World: £10.99. Write to: P.O. Box 501 High Wycombe, Bucks, England HP108QA. Fax 0494 816712.

We got a good streetpunk CD from THE WANKIN FAMILY hailing from Halifax Nova Scotia, Canada. These characters play fast punk/oi with deep vocals and full-fisted guitar. All the songs move along at quite a clip. There are good sing-along parts and THE WANKIN FAMILY keeps the momentum going for the entire CD. There is a good cover of the FORTGOTTEN REBELS' song "I Left My Heart In Iran". Keep a careful ear peeled for upcoming releases by THE WANKIN FAMILY! As the boys write inside this CD: "We Did It For The Kids".

We have some first rate hard core punk rock for you alcoholics. This BLOODY MUTANTS 7" EP has a reoccurring theme: beer! Prominently featured in the lyrics are Godfrey and Manus, two of the good lads around Greystone, County Wicklow, Ireland. The songs are rollicking good punk, fast paced and steeped in home brew. Pick this disc up at: No Pride Records, 352 Divisadero St, San Francisco, CA 94117.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's DISAPPOINTMENTS have a hot new slab of wax on Sonoma, California's Radio Records. This rockin' platter kicks off the festivities with "Let's Die" - the title song is a DEVIL DOGS style rocker that will have you shakin' your sorry white Midwestern, corn-fed ass all over the barn floor.

Turn this bitch over and you get a punk rock STITCHES style snot-fest called "No Ambition". Great! The final number on this inspired collection of vile rants is "Victim Number One" which maintains some of the melodic parts of a BODIES song while spewing out straight venom. A very good record! Another hit for Radio Records!

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Tom Perkins Records has a couple of smokin' new singles for you miscreants. First up is THE PIRANHAS with their "Garbage Can" EP. This is noisy, evil punk-from-the basement that demolishes all those weak Rip-Off bands you were listening to before you learned about Tom Perkins Records. Listen to "Mind Control". This is nasty hateful punk that turns teenagers bad! Kind of like the TKOS from Ohio with a face full of bad drugs on a road trip to Detroit. Great! Turn her over and the trash rock continues with a demented keyboard driven thing called "Redundant". This shit rocks in a dangerous manic way. The next blast from the Tom Perkins vault is called the CLONE DEFECTS and this rock and roll is truly fucked up and possessed by Satan. On "Bottled Woman" the CLONE DEFECTS harness some of the sick genius of JOHNNY THUNDERS "LAMF" era and splatters it all over your shoes. Turn the single over and "Cheetah Eyes" continues the rock n' roll attack. Raw, raunchy and grabbin' you by the balls! Write to Tom Perkins Records, P.O. Box 970936, Ypsilanti, MI 48197.

Three interesting zines are available for you street urchins. Tim from American Upstart Zine continues the high quality product he is known for with the new issue of American Upstart entitled "This Is Streetpunk!" This issue is filled to the brim with good shit including interviews with THE ANTI-HEROS, THE FATSKINS, PATRIOT, ULTRAMAN, LOWER CLASS BRATS, THE CUFFS, INFILTRATORS and BEERZONE.

There's good record reviews of bands like the BELTONES, THE BODIES, DROPKICK MURPHYS, THE OI SCOUTS, RETALIATOR, SKINT, SQUIGGY and more. A really good read! Write to: American Upstart Zine, P.O. Box 10005, Kansas City, Missouri 64171.

The second zine you need to check out is "Revolta Urbana". This is a Brazilian skinhead zine and it's got some good stuff for you skins and bootboys. This zine is in Portuguese and the April 1999 issue features interviews with OXBLOOD, RED, WHITE AND BLUE, and the editors of "Alternar" street rock zine. There are also record reviews of: TEMPLARS/LOWER CLASS BRATS split 7", IMPACT "Legendes Urbaines", LES VILAINS "Belgique Hooligans" CD, RITAM NEREDA and VERLORENE JUNG. Give this zine a read - you'll like what you see. Write to: Revolta Urbana, A/C Renato, Caixa Postal 21 235, CEP 04602-970, Sao Paulo - SP - Brasil.

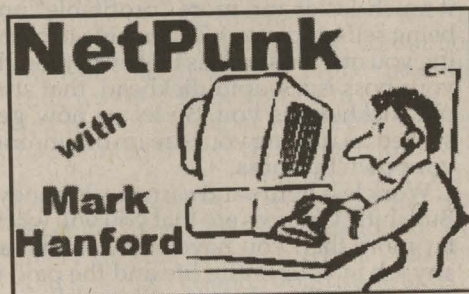
Zine #3 is "Earquake" zine from France. This French language zine has

interviews with the TEMPLARS and LES TECKELS, as well as interviews with the staff members from "Teenage Warning" and "Boricuas Bestiales" zines and the Panx Record Label. Some of the records reviewed are by THE INFILTRATORS, THE SUBWAY THUGS, THE WORKIN' STIFFS, THE ANTI-HEROS/DROPKICK MURPHYS split, THE POSERS and THE FORGOTTEN. A good zine! Write to: Frederic Leca, Le Menil, 88160 Le Thillot, France.

We had a special benefit in town here for Eric Bird, drummer of the WORKIN' STIFFS. The lucky participants got to see the DROPKICK MURPHYS, THE RANDUMBS, THE REDUCERS and the SUBURBAN THREAT play for Mr. Bird. The music was great and the spirits were high. Our best wishes go out to Eric. Many thanks to the bands involved, First Round Productions, and TKO Records.

The SUBURBAN THREAT have an LP coming out on Chapter 11 Records in the near future. The young Sacramento band caught the ear of Record Company Mogul Michael Novack (Also involved with the Pride of Sonoma, California, the RANDUMBS), and now we can expect some excellent product from this outfit.

Till next month,
See you in hell!



I was trying to think of a theme for this month's column, as I think it makes it more interesting for you, and it makes it a bit easier for me to organize my thoughts and find stuff to write about. A lot of you send me some great web sites every month, but just rattling them off without some sort of theme makes this nothing more than a review column, which is something that I don't want it to be.

In my surfing this month, I ran across several web rings devoted to web sites run by grrrls, womyn, etc. For those of you that don't know, a web ring is basically a group of websites that have agreed to link up with other sites. There is usually a central site that manages the list, and you can visit each site on the list in turn by clicking on the webring link at the bottom of a webpage. It is a great way to get more visitors to your site that

otherwise wouldn't find out about it.

So, this month, I'm going to focus on websites that are maintained and designed by women. I normally don't know and don't care about the gender of the site owner, but only whether the site is interesting. (On a side note, according to recent statistics, 43 percent of all net users worldwide are women). Anyway, on with the show.

First we'll start with a few of the home pages for the webrings, and then we'll move on to the more outstanding pages I found while browsing said rings, so that you can skip the rings themselves and get right to the good stuff. The Hardcore Girls webring (<http://members.tripod.com/~sisterhood/hcgirls.html>) has about 60 sites devoted to sites done by girls into hardcore, straightedge, vegan, etc. The main host for this webring is X Sisterhood X at <http://members.tripod.com/~sisterhood/>. This site is for straightedge hardcore girls, which features art, poetry and writing, as well as a "members list" by state of girls into straightedge.

The DIY Girls ring (<http://www.nodeadtrees.com/eazines/geek-girl/diygirls.html>) has 80 or so sites. A criterion for the sites on the ring is that they have a serious feminist and/or revolutionary viewpoint. The Girls Who Rock ring (<http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Alley/9400/RING.HTM>) has 28 sites, and it's about girls in music. Some of the sites are fan sites about major label artists, and some are band pages done by women who play in said bands.

Girls are Go (<http://boudicca.com/girlsarego/>) is a ring of girls who are into or involved with the "mod, skinhead, punk, rockabilly/psychobilly" scene. The 81 sites on this ring all have a music focus.

The X-Womyn Collective Webring (http://www.gurlpages.com/nolabel/x_womyn/webring.html) has 70 sites, and exists "Because we believe punk rock isn't just for your boyfriend anymore". The sites on this are all punk and are all done by females or are female-friendly.

By no means is this a complete list of feminist and grrrl webrings, but it is enough to keep you busy for the next month at the very least. You'll discover a number of other rings from the pages you visit in these rings, because most websites belong to more than one ring. Now it's time for me to list some of the cool pages I found while browsing through these (and other) grrrl webrings.

Revolution Whores is, in their own words, "an organization, branched off the original ethics of riot grrrl, for grrrls

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and bois who want change in the fucked up standards and prejudices of society". This site mostly consists of articles (mostly) by grrrls for grrrls, though there is also a chatroom and bulletin board. The main feature of this site is the articles, however. Visit Revolution Whores at <http://welcome.to/revwhores>.

Brokentoy.com (<http://www.brokentoy.com/>) hosts a number of sites, mostly done by teenage grrrls. There are sites here on everything from goth to pets to dating, but all are presented with somewhat of an "alternative" point of view. Many of the sites here are worth a visit, so you'll probably find something to your liking.

The X-Womyn Collective homepage (hosts of the ring listed above) at http://www.gurlpages.com/nolabel/x_womyn/ has a discussion list, a message board, an e-zine, a music section, guides for html design and DIY resources and more. This is an extensive site with a ton of info.

Bad Grrrl (<http://www.gurlpages.com/zines/badgrrrl/>) has, along with the standard rants, etc, a very cool section where you can send your friends an e-mail postcard with a variety of different Riot Grrrl style sayings on them. Send one to your favorite Riot Grrrl or Boi today.

MI Reekchords has the same sort of postcard section, but they are more oriented towards general punk rock stuff, rather than Grrrl stuff. Reekchords also has a DIY guide, a section on body modification, and a couple of hosted sites. I really dig this site, and you will to. Check it at <http://www.reekchords.com/>.

Misty Mo's Punk Arse Page (<http://www.angelfire.com/mo/punkassbiatch/>) has a lot going for it as well. A bunch of punk rock jokes, some of which I'd never heard, various writings and rants, scans of recent comic strips that have mentioned punk rock, and more. This is a lot of fun.

Finally for this month, bringing you "literary feminist propaganda" we have Estrogenic Esotericalities. This site has short stories, poems, and essays, all with a feminist point of view. For those of you with some writing talent, they also accept submissions. Visit the site at <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Cafe/4705/>.

Okay, so that's it. I hope there is something here that some of you find interesting or enlightening. As always, you can e-mail me at netpunk@diehippie.com, or send me snail mail at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz CA 95061. And, remember to visit the netpunk site: <http://www.diehippie.com/netpunk/>. See ya.



Howdy and welcome one and all once again to the Scumbag File, I'll be your host for however long it takes you to get bored reading this column and move onto someone else's. The first topic we will be tackling today is shattering common misconceptions about running your own business. Possibly nowhere is the phrase "Harder than it looks" more applicable than when referring to running a business. Most likely much more than half of all business owners put in long stressful hours only to see their businesses fail within the first few years of starting up. The stress, disappointment, and financial losses associated with a failed business venture has been the cause of many a ruined marriage or relationship. Many of the people you see today who are working for someone other than themselves are ex-business owners that found it much easier and more "profitable" not being self-employed. The upside to owning your own business is that even though your boss is a stupid dickhead, that stupid dickhead is you. So let us now get started on ruining your dream of running your own business.

1. Work less hours and earn more money: Bullshit!!! Chances are that you will work far more than you have ever worked at any job in your entire life and the pay, if any at all, will suck. You will work longer hours because you will be ultimately responsible for making sure things get done, even when you hire someone else to do it. What this means is that besides doing your own work, you will be overworking or double checking other people's work under your employment. Unless you are starting out with a whole shitload of cash and top notch trustworthy employees, plan on spending way too many hours keeping your business afloat. The money you have now will zoom out the door much faster than it will come back in if you are ethical/honest about paying bills on time and you will be the last to get paid after the help and bills.

2. Less stress: WRRRRRRONG!! With the added responsibilities of running your own business comes stress. Many businesses just barely scrape by each month, causing the owners to worry about how they are going to bring in enough to pay off next month's bills, never mind trying

to expand. Most likely, even when you are not working on your business you will still be preoccupied with it. In fact, as much as you now think about fucking, fighting, and killing, you'll probably be thinking about business. If you lose your crappy job, you can probably find a new one; if you lose your crappy business, it's quite possible that you will as lose your shirt (savings). Even businesses that are completely stable still have to come up with a steady flow of funds just to keep things properly maintained. Lots of folks with successful businesses are miserable stressed out wrecks.

3. Your labor won't end up wasted on the unappreciative: Guess Again, Duncap! If you think you're under appreciated because your boss just yelled at you over something petty and minuscule, try pumping your hard earned cash and pouring your heart into goods and or services that not too many people are interested in. Since people on the whole are so fickle, you can never be totally sure that the "marvelous" thing you offer won't go on unappreciated. Some days will go your way, while other days you'll wonder why you even bothered to try (but hey, such is life).

4. Take a vacation whenever you want: Well Not Really. many businesses have peak selling seasons when a large amount of their revenues are gathered. For example, the music industry makes a large amount of their revenues are gathered. For example, the music industry makes a large portion of it's sales during the last few months of the year before Christmas. On the other hand the summer months are a dry season when people go on long holidays, and your money usually goes along with them. This time of the year is the worst time for record labels trying to get paid by distributors and also for getting them to order more stock.

5. You don't have to answer to anyone but yourself: In a way yes you do, though it will more than probably be far less than you would have to if you were employed by someone else. There are government bureaucracy offices (tax, license, etc.) that you will have to deal with if you are to run an above ground business, but handling what they compel you to do on time properly will most likely mean that you will have very very little contact with said folks. For instance when I went to get my resale certificate from the State Board of Equalization (this resale certificate exempts you from having to pay state sales tax on items purchased in state specifically for the purpose of later being resold, which in my specific label business means the basic packaged CD: compact disc, jewel case, printed booklet, and printed tray card. Films, computer zip discs, blank

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recordable CDs "CDR", etc. purchased within the state and used in the production of making the compact disc that are not going to be resold, however are taxable. Other items that are used for the purpose of promotional giveaway gifts (catalogs, etc.) and shipping (padded mailer, envelopes, boxes, bubble wrap, styrofoam peanuts, etc) are also exempt from state sales tax because they are not going to be kept as tangible personal/company property. Misusing your state resale license in order to not pay sales tax on items such as office equipment that you plan on keeping can get you in a heap of trouble with the State Board of Equalization if they find out. This resale license also in effect somewhat turns you into a collection agent for the State Board as you must now collect state sales tax when anyone without a valid resale license make a purchase from your business within the state, and then in turn hand it over to the State Board. Failure to do so may also cause stiff penalties and mega headaches as one of my friends found out. Question though, where do all those major label/major indie promos marked "Not For Resale. Property for the Record Label on Loan for Promotional Purposes, to be returned upon the Demand of the Record Label", fall under company property or promotional gifts? If they are indeed property of the record label then shouldn't the label pay state sales tax if they were made from the materials purchased within the state lines? The office worker I dealt with there was actually quite nice to me insisting that one day I might become a multi millionaire by signing punk's equivalent of Mick Jagger. I count myself lucky in some respects compared to other people I know when it comes to having to deal with asswipes during the day to day running of the label but even then, I've still had to cope with my more than fair share of jerkwads. Although dealing exclusively on a wholesale level does have its drawbacks, retail sales are a whole other can of worms that I would rather not be involved with as I was well over a decade ago tending (more like babysitting) several record stores. Less than a year ago I remember being behind the counter hanging with my friend at the record store he worked at when this thin nervous method out looking guy came in. He went right to work pacing off the store in careful evenly measured steps thinking that no one was watching, like he was setting us up for a series of Viet Cong mortar round attacks. I knew that he was going to either grab something and bolt or pull an armed register withdrawal. I proceeded to make direct eye contact with the fellow and put a big evil smirk on my face, like I knew something that he didn't, while making

sure he saw my hand reach under the counter. Between my crooked grimace and more customers arriving he decided to go where the pickings were easier. Sometimes the actual "legit" customers were even slimmer than the thieves, and though the majority are alright, you will get a vocal asinine few that expect the moon and stars for a wooden nickel. If you're going to have some sort of retail store, you're also going to need a lot of patience as well for dealing with customers.

Anyhow, I think I will end it here and move onto other things. I'm not trying to dissuade anyone from working for themselves necessarily, but I am trying to warn you that it's no walk in the park and you will have to be ready to handle plenty of unfunny responsibilities. Onto more pressing matters, it seems that someone came up with a brilliant (ack) new plan to cut down on fraudulent businesses operating out of private drop boxes; force everyone that has one to change their address listing from Box, Suite, #, etc. to PMB# (private mail box) or refuse to deliver their mail. When I asked the post office how I was supposed to notify tens of thousands of people world wide upon their suggestion to contact everyone that currently had my address, as well as who is going to pay to change the tens of thousands in print and film containing the word Ste. instead of "PMB" their attitude was that's your problem not our's. I just read in the paper where one woman had printed twenty thousand books with an address now declared incorrect by the postal authorities. Needless to say that this new form 1583 "Application for Delivery of Mail Through Agent" has untold tens of thousands upon thousands of legitimate private box holders outraged and there is a massive push underway to repeal this completely screwed up decision. As it stands now numerous (an understatement to the ninth degree) small hard working honest publishers, record labels, mail orders, etc. stand to lose many millions simply because their mail won't be delivered (your letters that you paid to send!!!). Also individuals that don't even have businesses but own private boxes won't be getting their mail. People in mass droves are contacting their local and state representatives to complain along with letting the proper postal authorities know how ridiculous the new rules are and I urge everyone out there to do the same as it will effect everyone in the underground community. There are already people holding public office who are doing more than just listening and are receiving more and more complaints daily. This of course will not effect boxes rented from the post office, (hmmmm),

which by the way refuse to accept deliveries from private parcel services like UPS, Fed Ex, DHL, etc. so they're of no use to many individuals.

Some cool stuff sitting in my grubby little paws right now include the flat out fuckin mindblowin' 'Ugly Things Magazine' which is mostly dedicated to 60s garage/psyche/freakbeat but has an interview with the Real Kids as well as an article/list of the top 100 worldwide punk rock 7" that almost makes up for forgetting to list the Germs, Bags, Controllers, Eyes, Plastic Idols, Last and My Dools by mentioning the Electric Eels, Metal Urbain, Opus, Gordons, and Spk. Ugly Things is by far one of the most mandatory reads for anyone interested in the true roots of real punk rock like the Dead Boys, Weirdos, Plugz, and the zillions of other groups that were oh do influenced by the raw '50s and '60s garage band sounds. These are their roots and should be your roots, so you had better educate yourself or be doomed to listen to fake sterile boring gutless ear swell. Ugly Things, 3707 Fifth Avenue #145, San Diego, CA 92103, USA.

Also on my must read magazine list is issue #6 of Soaps & Spikes, which features amongst a few commentaries and a bunch of music reviews, some rather cool in depth interviews with Raw Power, D.O.A., Diodes, Wernt, Spit Stix (Fear), Keith Morris (Circle Jerks) and Eerie Von (Samhain). This is definitely one zine that won't be making it's way into the recycling bin. Derek Dykeman, 431 Burlington Ave. #5, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7S 1R3.

The new J.F.A. "Only Live Once" CD on Hurricane Records is positively up to their old kick in the pants skate punk standards that made them so loved by many way back when. Hurricane, 1573 N Milwaukee, Box 422, Chicago, IL 60622. So how do I know that the Secret Hate "Vegetables Dancing and Live and more reissue is so fricken boss? Because I tracked down and ran the live portion of this, and had bugged them a plenty to put this out on my label, but alas no luck. To notch So Cal beach punk '82-'85 from one hell of a great band and worth every penny. Skunk Records, 6285 Spring St. #234, Long Beach, CA 90808.

I've seen The Fixtures about a zillion times and not once did they play a half assed set. Therefore I am not very astonished to see/hear for myself that this latest release "One Crisis Short of Chaos" from one of the hardest working bands in punk is as good as any of their past releases. "Future Criminals for America" is one heck of an A+ anthem about our prison centered economy. On the Premier Punk label, Know Records P.O.

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Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809 USA.

Stem cool live shows I've taken in lately include the Real Mackenzies (damn high energy drunken fun likes for a buncha plaid lovin' sheep shaggers), TSOL (original lineup minus drummer Todd), Dr. Know (ok so maybe I'm a little biased because Mike and Jodie from Circle One are in the band now but they rule), and DRI (last time I'd seen them was probably early '85, and they're still fuckin' rad duuuude plus also being fairly nice down to earth people).

By the way, I'm sorry to bum some of you out, but unfortunately my label Grand Theft Audio is not ceasing to exist. It seems that some people got the crazy idea when one of my distributors and I stopped doing business together so they were forced to delete GTA from their catalog. Rest assured that I have a whole new batch of cruddy re-issue CDs I'm currently working on, along with some actual new first issues, so you had better get ready to flip past more of my crap in the cutout bin.

Wow, it looks like you've made it thru another one of my columns; don't you feel stupid for wasting your time!?!?! See ya (wouldn't want to be ya), Brian GTA, 501 W. Glen Oaks Blvd. Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202 USA.



For the last few decades, half of all marriages have ended in divorce. In other words, the odds are that either your parents have split up or that you will, after you're married, get divorced yourself.

Setting aside the question of whether Americans working hard enough to save their marriages, marital dissolution has had an enormous psychological and economic effect on the three generations born since the divorce rate began skyrocketing during the 1960s. Even in this age of half-stepsiblings and weirdass shared custody agreements, the vast majority of kids lose their fathers in the bargain, their paternal role ranging from weekend mall pal to total absenteeism.

There's no way to adequately measure the way the great father disappearing act impacts kids. My dad moved out when I was 20 months old; afterwards he was reduced to that dude I saw six hours every week. Thanks to his vanishing, I've been

forced to figure out the adult-male thing completely on my own. Like many of my friends, I married late because I was afraid of screwing up my marriage. At 35, I'm still worried about having kids because I fret that I'm preprogrammed for abandonment. And there's the countless little things, like the fact that, in the words of a college pal, I throw a baseball like a girl.

Unfortunately for kids, there's nothing our country can do about its divorce epidemic short of making it harder to marry and/or harder to divorce. Despite such experiments as Louisiana's new two-tiered system (regular marriage vs. "covenant marriage," which mandates a cooling-off period and forced counseling before you can get a divorce), it's clear that Americans want the ability to hitch up and dump off spouses with the same simple convenience as buying the new J Church CD. For the time being, therefore, the children of divorced parents will continue to get psychologically pummeled.

There is, however, a change in the national mood concerning the financial toll of divorce on the progeny of disaster. Even in upper income households, the typical scenario when a couple splits leaves the mother with primary custody of the children. Men earn roughly 50 percent more than women and court-ordered child support is laughably small. A Harvard University study found that, in the first year after a divorce, women with minor children suffered a 73 percent decline in their standard of living while the men enjoyed a 42 percent increase. In Judith Wallerstein's classic study of middle-class-white divorces, most fathers didn't even pay the bare minimum of child support; only one in 60 paid more than ordered by a judge.

To put it simply, millions of American children have been impoverished overnight—despite being born into middle- and upper-middle-class homes—by the bad luck of being born to parents who can't get along. That's why the average age of first home ownership rose from 24 to 32 during the 1980s—children of divorce are burdened by massive student loan debt. Wallerstein's study revealed that only two-thirds of children of divorce entered college (this in communities with an average 85 percent enrollment rate), and only half managed to stay in school. The rest were forced to drop out because they couldn't afford tuition, thus reducing their access to higher-paying jobs. This downward mobility is very bad for the rest of us—it causes increases in crime, health problems and poverty that the welfare state ends up supporting, not to mention these citizen's lower productivity.

Some municipalities are taking action against deadbeat dads. Wayne Coun-

ty, Michigan prosecutor John D. O'Hair recently announced a plan to enforce state laws that make nonpayment of child support a felony punishable by four years in prison and/or \$2,000 in fines. "A person has no greater duty than his or her duties as a parent," said O'Hair. "It is sad to think we have to threaten some people with prosecution to get them to provide for their children. But that's what it's come to, and that's what we intend to do."

The problem is, child support doesn't go nearly far enough, at least not in its present form. If we truly intend to alleviate the financial toll of divorce on children who did absolutely nothing to contribute to their dilemma, we will enact sweeping legislation that incorporates the following points:

- *Neither divorced parent may live better than his or her child.* In cases where a non-custodial parent earns more than the custodial parent, the dad (and it usually is the dad) should pay a percentage of his income sufficient to bring the child's standard of living up to his. In some cases, such as when a mother is unemployed, that means a father would pay half of his annual income to the mother—more if there are several children. Family courts will assess income redistribution based on *both incomes and assets*. Any attempt to hide or disguise assets will result in a lengthy prison sentence.

- *Children of divorce are entitled to attend college.* Many colleges and universities ignore divorce in their financial aid forms, under the faulty assumption that absentee parents will voluntarily contribute to their children's education. While this practice of the education industry should be outlawed, it is unconscionable that parents who can well afford to pay tuition are off the hook once a child turns 18. They owe their kids a full four years tuition, fees, room and board at the institution of their choosing and ability.

- *Remarriage is a luxury.* Having kids with a second spouse—or assuming responsibility for children from a second spouse's previous marriage—is no defense against financial liability for children from a first marriage. If you play, you pay.

- *Underemployment is no excuse.* While deadbeat dads deserve mercy from the courts if they're genuinely poor, those who stop working (on the books, anyway) while maintaining assets should forfeit those assets (homes, cars, bank accounts) so that their children can enjoy the same standard of living that they do.

- *Crossing state lines shouldn't work.* Amazingly, in this age of international wire transfers and satellite television surveillance, it is still possible for bad dads to evade their fiscal responsibilities by moving from California to Vermont. State and

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local governments should immediately establish a national system to monitor the movements of cheapskate parents and dun their salaries wherever they may go. While we're at it, let's sign agreements with as many other nations as possible to do the same thing internationally.

- *Children of divorce deserve health care.* Parents don't divorce their kids when they dump their mates. If a parent has health benefits through an employer, their kids, custodial and non-custodial, ought to be automatically covered too. If there's an additional fee involved, the non-custodial parent (assuming he makes more money) ought to pay it.

- *Make it retroactive.* Any adult child of divorce reading this knows that the financial impact of divorce continues well past age 18. Deadbeat parents should be retroactively liable for non-payment of child support, discrepancies in standards of living and college tuition, plus the standard 20 percent credit-card rate of interest in perpetuity. Who cares if the divorce victim is 50 years old? There shouldn't be a statute of limitations on irresponsibility.

- *Illegitimacy is irrelevant.* Whether or not your parents were ever married shouldn't matter to you. You should be entitled to all of the above rights even if you were the result of a cheap fling after the Pearl Jam concert.

Are these proposals extreme? Sure. But if your parents have split up, you know it's the least we can do.

P.S. If you want your band considered for the top-of-the-hour slot on my weekly call-in radio show, Sundays 9 to midnight on KFI AM 640 Los Angeles, send music to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108. Include phone or e-mail contact info so I can tell you if you're going to be on. I don't return anything, and I play run music I like, which means nothing metally or wimpy—and I really am serious about that. But if you're Ramones or Rezzillos or Real Kids or Social Distortion or MTX or J Church or DKs influenced, send that sucker along!

prison industrial complex, and American "justice". But instead I thought that since this is a punk rock magazine, I'd write about punk rock in prison! I've found over the years that the readers of this magazine tend to regard prisoners and prison politics with, well, some apathy. Unless, that is, the prisoners in question are bona fide and sanctified "political prisoners"! You should know that Leonard Peltier and Mumia Abu Jamal are not the only political prisoners, only the most obvious. There are a lot more political prisoners in this country, charged, convicted, and wasting away in your warehouses of human suffering that you would never even think of calling "political prisoner". But if I get another shot at this writing business, I'll go into the subject in depth; for now let's focus on the topic at hand.

Right now, I'm listening to Rancid. Kids, that's about as punk as it gets around here. We can only buy tapes, and only those that are distributed by major labels. Then there is only one mall order company we can order from. So when a tape is offered, the few of us that are into it scramble to put together an order, then hope they still have it. And we can only have twenty four tapes. Sucks, huh? Here in Michigan, we still have some prisons that have music programs, and there is very limited equipment. I just got transferred from the best music program in the system, and there were three guys who were in punk bands on the streets, and me, playing in the bands. Ever wonder what happened to some of the old school (haven't heard that term for a while) punks? Well, there we were, jamming for a hundred or so convicts who were actually enjoying it Mickey Quatro (drums), 2X Third Estate, Murderstyle, etc., Billy, ex Bats, Pist n Broke, and oi bands too numerous to mention, Skumdog, (McQuethy), skate legend and famous squatter, and me, Scary, ex Grystone owner and the man who single handedly killed the Detroit scene, Jamming originals in the punk style...well, almost. We played on the prison yard, as did other bands from funk, Rap, to blues. Unusual for a prison to approve a show like that, but it went off without a hitch on Memorial Day, 1999. I hope it won't be the last, but I can only write and find out if it was. Where I'm at now is more typical of the system; one hour one day a week, and you have to jam with an existing band, with no control over what you play. Lots of metalheads and classic rock dogs here! There's only one punk here (Hey Jim!), and I'm getting on his hour! Then we have to work on the other musicians to abandon playing Metallica covers. Yeah. So the few old punk rockers in prison end

up having; to jam country, rock, and rap just to keep in practice. Or read 'zines and talk about the old days.

So it does me good to listen to Epitaph, or Fat, or other label bands that MRR purists don't approve of (non-DIY?), or reissues of oldschool stuff, and the occasional indie tape that gets put on the tape list. Hell, they're punk enough when that's all you can get. Radio stations for the most part stopped playing non commercially viable music (even the college stations), but on some nights I can catch CBCII "Brave New Waves". They occasionally play those strange new bands that I read about in MRR, as well as super obscure bands and artists you can hear nowhere else. Thank God for Patty Schmitt, (however you spell her name).

So there you have it: a Michigan Prison scene report, of sorts. We are keeping it real, despite all odds. Let me say that I really have to thank MRR for giving us a voice, as unpopular as prisoners are. Tim Yo (RIP) was a good friend, and always tried to give voice to yours truly when asked. This new staff is great too, for the prisoners column I read in the last issue. I hope I can talk in the future about the political realities of the current prison build-up, and the state of the American (in)Justice system, and what it means to you. Freedom is under constant assault, and you are the unwitting accomplice of the State in it's war against, well, you. And let me just remind you that we're all not in prison for rape, hate crimes, or murder. And you don't have to be a minority to be the victim of oppression in this country. And the guilty ain't always guilty. Don't be afraid to write a prisoner, just be as cautious as you would writing anyone else, that's all. Assholes are everywhere, after all. Like I said, I hope to write again. If you want to write me, hate mail included, I'm being held captive at: Cary Saferian

207905 3510 N. Elm St.
Jackson, MI. 49201-8877

After all, GG Allin slept here. Glad I wasn't his Bunkie! And to all my fellow prisoners, keep up the struggle. All my brothers and sisters in prison in America and all over the world; never give up.



**1,800,000
and counting**

**A column by
Prisoners.**

Hello, readers of MRR! My name is Scary, and I'm writing to you from the belly of the beast; your prison system, the largest growth industry in the country. I wanted to write about the politics of the



RESISTANCE IS... FUN!
6:30 am, June 18, 1999, London. I

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manage to roll out of bed in time to get my rented bike onto the train and into the center of the City for the Critical Mass ride. Today is a special ride, strategically timed to snarl traffic in the downtown financial district during the morning rush hour, as part of the June 18 International Day of Carnival and Protest against global capitalism. Right about 7:30 am is when all the bankers, CEOs, and stock traders are rolling in — in their luxury sedans — to park in the underground garage and go about their regular business. Each day, they buy, sell, downsize, acquire — all without concern for the thousands of people affected by their actions. London, being the largest financial center in the world, is the virtual casino for the world. Only the “chips” being gambled in the stock exchange are human livelihoods.

Today in the financial centers of over 40 cities worldwide people are getting together to voice their discontent with the globalised economy. The event is timed to coincide with the beginning of the G8 summit in Cologne, Germany, where the leaders of the eight most industrialized nations are meeting to discuss “free trade”. “Free trade” is good for multinational corporations, but not for the people. In the USA, “Free trade” is what allowed General Motors to close its plant in Michigan, leaving thousands unemployed, only to open up new plants in Mexico, where the wages are low and environmental restrictions are lax. Globalisation is fucking a lot of people all around the world, especially in the developing nations. So the fine people of London Reclaim the Streets (among others), realizing that their home town is the heart of the global economy, have set out to “STOP THE CITY!”

These people don't fuck around. Actions are planned, throughout the entire business day, designed specifically to bring the machine to a grinding halt. The Critical Mass ride at 7 am causes hours of traffic delays in the heart of the financial district. All through the morning, groups hit key locations with creative forms of protest: banners are dropped, bank buildings are occupied, and parties rage in the streets. If any of the suit & tie guys manage to get to work, the ruckus outside is too much of a distraction for them to drive the money machine. The City of London is shut down for the day!

The mass ride goes on really mellow, crawling through the city. We stop at major intersections to lift our bikes over our heads. City workers wave to us from windows high above as we invite them to “take the day off, come to the party!” Some motorists turn off their cars and get out to talk with us. Aside from being quite mild-mannered, Londoners are generally more concerned with the environment than the average American. It's no wonder, their air is SHIT!

At around 11 am we end our ride at Liverpool Street Station, where the party is set to begin at noon. I get the chance to see the thousands of people arrive gradually. The reports are mixed, but between 7,000 and 10,000 people gather in the station. Shortly after noon around ten really amazing drummers emerge from the main train tube. Bongo-drum circles just annoy the hell out of me, but these people actually have REAL drums strapped to their bodies, and they're beating the fuck out of them with sticks! They're fucking rocking!! A conductor waves them on and together they make a beat anyone can rock out to. Everyone in the station is loving it. (I spot Dick Lucas out of the crowd, and as we listen together, we both curse ourselves for not bringing along a tape recorder!) It's really a beautiful moment. I'm so fucking happy I have to fight back tears of joy — you really have to be here to understand. It feels so good to me, and to apparently everyone else here, to be doing something so fun and crazy in an otherwise workaholic, tight-assed city.

The mob is led out of the station, following four different routes through the city. A helicopter watches us from overhead. My group's path is blocked by horse-mounted police, so we rush down an alley to go around them. I'm running and laughing at how unafraid these crazy Brits are of their police. (They're really not very scary, they don't carry guns and they wear funny hats!) Finally we reach an intersection, and I'm confused by someone shouting “out of the street!” But then I realize that we have to let some cars pass, so the truck carrying the sound system can make it through. I hear a car crash and then some people shout “NOW!” Everyone spills into the street, surrounding a white truck. The music starts, people go apeshit! I go to check out the car crash, and realize that it was a staged wreck, timed perfectly to block off the street. They wrecked into each other and locked the fucking steering wheels with Club locks!! I'm laughing as I watch the cops try to get these cars out of the road. By the time they do, most of the people from the train station have arrived. Before long, the street is full of activity. Banners hang everywhere: “Global Ecology Not Global Economy”, “Reclaim the Streets”, and the best of the day: “Resistance is... Fun!” Some girls are painting the street in yellow paint: “Reclaim Your Brain!”, “Fuck the System!” A ladder is put to good use to smash up the street surveillance camera (CCTV) and to paint “Bankers = Wankers” on the wall above the bridge. Music is everywhere: some crazy superfast techno shit; some mellow 20s music; a political punk band

called P.A.I.N.; some dreadlocked dub-reggae dudes; and of course, the killer drummers from the train station. I'm relieved that the party isn't dominated by ravers, or hippies, or any one subculture. The activists in London have really come together, even if they don't like the same music. It's cool (and really pretty fucking funny) to see punks pogoing and hippie earth-children doing their psychedelic spell-casting elf dances side by side, to the same song!! A fire hydrant is busted open, and tons of people cool themselves in the three-story spray.

Man, this is too much!! I'm resting in the park for awhile, when I realize that things are starting to become violent. People are starting to get pretty drunk, throwing their empty beer bottles at the cops. It seems pretty fucking stupid to me, cuz the cops are just standing around, not fucking with anyone. Some large concrete bricks are brought onto the scene, and before too long they're used to trash the London International Financial Futures Exchange building. Some crazy fuckers are storming the building, and the security guards have to reverse the escalators to keep them from getting upstairs!! Stock trading for the day is closed. I move aside as a masked revolutionary uses a large lead pipe to smash up a Mercedes dealership. Fires are burning in the street, and the riot cops are marching forward. (These cops look pretty scary, with helmets, shields, and weird metal clubs.) Our mob moves away, towards the Thames River, deserting our party site. Some people are pretty spooked by the violence. But they start beating those drums again, and everyone is cheering and happy again. Those drums send us a sudden surge of power, like the blood in our collective veins.

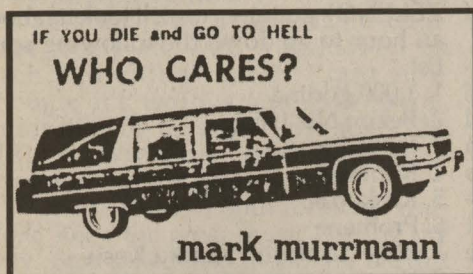
The mob walks together towards Trafalgar Square, smashing up everything we don't like. I laugh hysterically as I watch the McDonald's windows shatter, employees inside cowering behind the counter. Some dipshits have joined us, of course, and are kicking over trash cans and street plants. Some crusty fuckers are pissing in the streets. I wonder to myself, is this what these people envision when they dream about the revolution? Urine and trash in the streets? Well, some people are just confused, I think.

The night ends peacefully around 9 pm at Trafalgar Square, which is surrounded on all sides by riot cops and tourists. People climb all over the statues and dance naked in the fountains. I'm fucking tired. I catch the tube over to the club where H2O is playing. After paying the equivalent of \$12 to get in, and staying for one song, I just fucking leave. Most punk today is far too boring, espe-

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cially after the excitement I just experienced.

The "riots" in London received international media coverage. So you may have heard what the sensationalist corporate media had to say about it already. You can read first-hand perspectives and alternative media coverage about what happened in London and all over the world on June 18 at www.j18.org, or www.schnews.org.uk.
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I couldn't have imagined a more perfect afternoon. I got off work an hour early and took advantage of my newly gained freetime by strolling up to Amoeba, local supermarket-like record store. By the time I left, the summer sun was quickly fading into the hills beyond the bay. A perfect early summer night. I picked up the pace on my walk home—I was anxious to dig into my new finds. By the time I reached Shattuck, my arms ached from the weight of the records in the bags I was carrying. By the time I reached Martin Luther King St., I was switching the bags between my hands every 50 feet. By the time I got home, I was cursing Munster Records. Had it not been for them and their amazing 180 grams double LPs, I would have made it home without wrecking my back. Ah, life is rough...

Among the releases Munster has blessed the world with lately, I've been listening to the MODERN LOVERS live and Lux Interior's "Purple KNIF Show" double LPs. I've never been a huge MODERN LOVERS fan, but that's mostly because I'd never really listened to them. The stuff I heard, I generally liked okay. What prompted me to check out Munster's monster double LP was reading the REAL KIDS interview in the new issue (#17) of Ugly Things. Before reading this killer in-depth archeological dig into the REAL KIDS, I hadn't known John Felice was a MODERN LOVER for so long. It's true. So, I picked up the record to check out Felice's input. It's not noticeable, but the record is still pretty good. Not incredible, unless, I guess, you're a ML fan. Lots of early live stuff. Most of the sound quality is pretty good, but not great. May-

be after I spend a little more time listening to properly recorded MODERN LOVERS stuff I'll get into it more. That's what's great about some records—even if I don't fully love them now, I know there's a good chance I will later on down the road.

As good as it is, I have a few complaints regarding the RADIO CRAMPS "Purple KNIF Show" record. First, there are no liner notes, no information except song titles. Nothing. Second, I totally expected to hear more from Lux. There's a lot of music, really great music that you would expect to hear on a radio show hosted by Lux, but enough Lux coming through. Those who appreciate this more for the music I'm sure will like that Lux's appearances are kept to a min.

For years I've been looking for the HOLLYWOOD BRATS LP. When I'd find it, I didn't have any cash. When I had money, the record was nowhere to be found. Such is my life. Thank you Get Back for reissuing this record!

As if Jim from Underground Medicine weren't busy enough as distributor of some of the finest rock 'n' roll music around, he's also been busy with his label, Rapid Pulse (PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460). I got two new singles on his label, one by the NEW YORK WHORES, the other by the DOUBLE NUTHINS. The NEW YORK WHORES' are Mike from the SPENT IDOLS along with MRR's own Generic (who is also in the DEAD END KIDS). They've got that tinny, drums-like-garbage can sound that can sometimes be the absolutely perfect sound and sometimes the most annoying thing I could think of, depends on my mood. It sounds like Florida. This is the WHORES second single; keep an eye out for a third on Incognito. The DOUBLE NUTHINS 7" spent more time on my turntable. They've got a more full sound and are simply more catchy, which is what I need more often than a thin, obnoxious beat on the head.

Vinyl version of DICTATORS' "Bloodbrothers" finally available (again). Impossible Records from Spain did the deed...however if you look hard enough, you're likely to find a copy of the original in the \$1 bin at your local used record shop. I did. But if you do find an original, it won't be on super thick 180 gram vinyl, like the reissue.

In compilation land, there are a few new ones awaiting birth, that should be out by the time your eyes feast on these words. **Killed By Death #999** is the newest addition to the bulging family, due out in early August. It's promised to be an all-American extravaganza. Judging from the track listing, it looks to be killer! We will see though. Also coming soon to a

record store near you is a comp called **Brainkillers**. I'll give my report next month.

Pure British Pop for Raw People vs. Powerpearls? Pure British Pop wins out easily. Powerpearls have some good songs, yeah, but overall, they're far too wimpy for my palate. I've gotta have guts in my music. Though the Pure British Pop comp obviously leans to the poppier side, it's still invested more in punk than pop. That is crucial. It's only flaw is that it's only got about 12 songs. Too good to be so short. While I'm on the subject, be sure you grab the **Backseat Love** comp if you find it.

Have you gotten the DETENTION 7" yet? Dead Rock 'n' Rollers? No? Then get on it!!! I still see a few copies floating around...this is your cue to get with it!

The REAL KIDS are fond of telling the story how they blew the RAMONES off stage when they'd come to Boston. Here's a chance to decide for yourself...sort of. "Blitzkrieg Over Boston" (Hit & Run Records) is a recording of a show the RAMONES played in Boston, back in 1976. Though I don't know for sure, there's a good chance the REAL KIDS played this show. Unfortunately, this is one of those records where the cover is better than the record inside. Saying the sound is rough would be generous. I mean, it's not the worst live show I've heard on vinyl, but it ain't near the best either.

After years in hiatus, the REAL KIDS have a total of three full-lengths coming out this year. Two are gonna be on Norton (most likely CD-only releases of the Outta Place LP, outtakes and more live stuff) and then they have an LP of all newly recorded studio stuff coming out on TKO Records. The REAL KIDS played one of the new songs when they were out here in May. It stood out above some of the other stuff they played. I'm leery of older bands getting back together and recording again—even of the REAL KIDS doing so. But I won't pass judgment until the record hits my turntable.

Though they haven't necessarily come out in the past month or so, they are finally finding their way onto store shelves and into mailorder catalogs. I am talking about the three RADIO BIRDMAN bootleg LPs: "Murder City Nights," "Rock 'N' Roll War," and "Radio Ritualism." All are handnumbered, limited to 500 copies (you know they're going quick!). The "Murder City Nights" (on blue vinyl) LP is a live show recorded in 1976 at Double Jay Studios in Sydney. "Rock 'N' Roll War" is on red-violet vinyl and is a mix of live and studio stuff recorded from 1976-1979. The live stuff is a bit shaky (sound-wise), the studio stuff is absolutely storm-

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ing. Recorded at a reunion show in 1996, the "Radios On!" LP is on red vinyl as blistering as the record itself. Seriously. This was recorded in front of an invite-only audience for broadcast (all live, no overdubs on the record) on the radio. Talk about still having it! These boys can still smoke the sausage like a barn full of hickory! All are bootlegs, so best of luck in tracking them down.

DASLYME's impossible to find double LP, which originally came out in 1980 has been reissued on CD. You can get yours (and I suggest you do) by sending \$15 US to: Peter Morris/Da Slyme/2 Coaker Place/St. Johns, Newfoundland/A1A 4B1/Canada. I haven't gotten mine yet, so I can't tell you much more than that.

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS first LP has seen itself reissued, with all original artwork. It looks like the first LP, but when you crack it open, there's a secret insert that lists the true track listing for this reissue. As a bonus, you get their first 7", and the B-sides of their "Dame to Blame" and "Quick Joey Small" 7"s.

You also shouldn't have a hard time finding the first two KIDS LP reissues. If you haven't gotten them, yet, let me say it again: Get them!!! Now!!!

My girlfriend, Mimi, and I went to see the Summer of Sam the night it opened. Besides being historically inaccurate as far as the New York punk scene went (colored spiky hair and multiple piercings at CBGB's in 1977? I don't think so), it was a great fucking movie. We were surprised by a guest appearance by MRR's own George Tabb on guitar. Check him out while Richie's band plays at CBGB's. Anyway, what seeing this movie made me think of was that somebody needs to put together a comp of punk songs about serial killers. I'm gonna dig around at MRR to see if I can fill one side of a tape. I did it with anti-disco songs...this would make a great B-side to that tape. Any suggestions?

Not related to old punk, and I don't even think the record is very good, but certainly adjacent to the above train on thought, the CHURCH OF MISERY 10" (Man's Ruin) comes to mind. Behind the sluggish heavy guitar jam is none other than an account of serial killer Henry Lee Lucas. Save your money though. Like I said, this is slow, stoner style stuff I could never stomach.

In my crystal ball, I see a zine dedicated solely to the coverage of old punk. Old punk that's been resurrected, and old punk still laying in the grave. New punk inspired by old punk. A zine with histories of punk (bands, regions, styles). A zine readers of this column (as well as other certain columnists of this mag)

should find essential. Stay tuned for details.

And as I step into the way-way back machine (a machine I haven't gotten to travel in nearly enough lately), I hear the LITTER. Get Hip somewhat recently released "Distortion," the LP which features the LITTER's most famous song, "Action Woman." The incredible music doesn't stop there though! I've also caught wind that the eleventh in the Teenage Shutdown series is due out any day now! In the same breath, I'll mention that I stumbled across a bootleg copy of the impossibly rare KEGGS 7". Don't know if it's new, don't know when it came out.

In the modern day way-back machine, I got a hold of the SPRAGUE BROTHERS LP, "Let the Chicks Fall Where They May" (Hightone/220 4th St/Oakland, CA 94607) Had I seen this record in a store, I would passed on it—the cover is horrible. I'm glad though that I got a chance to hear it. Musically, we've got a heaping spoonful of BOBBY FULLER, mix in a little BUDDY HOLLY and few dashes of SoCal surf sounds from the early '60s. The guitar is clean and sharp as the SPRAGUE BROTHERS themselves. Still, it's just missing that very special something. Great compared to most of the shit coming out in our day of the great music drought. Maybe my ears have just gotten too accustom to a faster world.

True their history, Voodoo Rhythm Records (c/o Zeller/Rodtmattstr. 81, 3014 Bern/Switzerland) delivers a new finely packaged, highly untraditional platter of quality music. THEE WALTZLOVES "Polka Jamboree De Luxe" may or may not cause a musical revolution, they may or may not even create a stir within the bloated musical world. Regardless, this is a great record to pull out when you're looking for something different, when you're sorta sick of everything you've been listening to lately. Packaged as an old country/western type 78, this is equal parts polka, raw country squalor and punk mess. I love it!!! Play it extra loud to kill your neighbors who insist on cranking the bass on their techno dance bullshit.

I got the following email message, which may or may not interest some of you: Dear punksters, A week ago, an interesting gig took place in NYC. A few guys who used to be in some seminal Yugoslavian bands got together for a benefit show for the victims of recent NATO aggression on Yugoslavia. The whole event could be seen at: <http://onlinetv.com/> Just follow the links and you'll see it. Here's what Drakula (ex-IGRA STAKLENIH PERLI, WHITE RABBIT BAND) says about it:

"There was a YU-Aid benefit held at the Acme Underground in New York

City. It was a sold out event. The benefit was organized in collaboration with "Bridge Relief Fund, Inc." to collect money for the needy in Serbia/Montenegro. Several bands performed, and the evening ended with "COLLATERAL DAMAGE", an all-star Yugo punk band (put together specially for the occasion) in the following set-up: Bale (LUNA, PEKINSKA PATKA): guitar + vocal; Drakula (IGRA STAKLENIH PERLI, WHITE RABBIT BAND): bass; Firchie (EKATARINA VELIKA, LUNA): drums; Ljuba (EL ORGAZAM): keyboards + vocal; Voja (BEZOBRAZNO ZELENO): guitar + vocal. It took us about an hour to go down the following song list:

1. 1,000 godina
 2. Bezim Niz Ulicu
 3. Bela Sljiva
 4. Konobar
 5. Krokodili
 6. Promene
 7. Bolje da Nosim Kratku Kosu
 8. Vi
 9. Nebo
 10. Rock 'n' Roll u Beogradu"
- Happy watching!

This brief bit of news leads me into a related subject—the next MRR Records project, which I'm heading up. I got a hold of a great live tape of old PEKINSKA PATKA material. MRR Records will be releasing this as a double 7" as a benefit for Yugoslavian war victims. With the 7", we're putting together a booklet that will include information on Pekinska Patka, and Yugo punk history, as well as a more political history of the war in Yugoslavia today. If you can help with either, please get in touch!

I know this isn't of concern to most of you reading my column, but I feel it has to be said...did anyone notice how Fat Wreck Chords completely stole an idea from David Hayes of Too Many/Very Small Records and gave him no credit? I'm talking of course about the CD Fat recently released of 100 bands doing 30 second songs. Good idea. Too bad Very Small Records did it three years ago, and in proper form—on vinyl. I guess though this isn't the first time David got the shaft.

And something else I can almost guarantee most of you couldn't give a fuck about, that I'm mentioning anyway...the new LUNGFISH LP is out on Dischord. Dischord has slowed their output (and their sound) a lot lately, but I'm so glad LUNGFISH is still keeping busy. There is no band in the world that sounds like LUNGFISH. They are still slow, moody, weird even, but absolutely perfect. The new LP isn't as spacey-sounding as their last two records. For those who do care, I say get it. The rest of you probably aren't even reading this far.

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Last Gasps...

A quick R.I.P. to SCREAMING LORD SUTCH. Unless he plans on making rock 'n' roll history by rising from the dead, he won't be making the grand Las Vegas showcase on Halloween weekend.

The new issue (#29) of Sty Zine is out! It's a split I did with ACTION! photazine as a birthday present for Mimi. You can get yours by sending \$2 to the address below.

I'm working as quickly as I can to get compHELLation up on the web in it's entirety. Eventually, I hope to have it operational as a searchable database, complete with information on each individual band. Right now though, it's tedious and slow-going, but it'll all be up soon. I promise. The URL is: www.lip.stickkillers.com/comphell/index.html

That's it this month rocknroll warriors. Keep the great music coming my way. Stay tuned next month for the dirt on all the newest, greatest (and worst) essential rocknroll records!
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"Lefty" Hooligan



What's Left?

I vacation in New York city because it re-energizes me. The myriad and diverse cultures and cuisines; people hanging out, socializing and doing shit 24 hours a day; the stunning number of things happening at any one time on any one street corner; the sheer in-your-face rudeness of the place all help to revitalize my spirit. I've been visiting New York almost every year for over a decade now and I still find plenty to see and do.

My last trip in September, 1998 I'm invited to be on the "Moorish Orthodox Radio Crusade" (on WBAI Wednesdays between midnight and 1:30 in the morning) to talk about my MRR column and my new book. A couple of my friends, Ann-Marie Hendrickson and Sharon Gregory, help Peter Lamborn Wilson (aka Hakim Bey) put on his show, and they do their own programming when he's out of town.

Now, I may be able to write page after page of ultraleftist rhetoric in this magazine and 300 page books, but I'm not a real gabby kind of guy in person. The last time I was on the show, to promote my first book *End Time*, Sharon says

it was like pulling teeth to get me to talk. So I decide this time around to invite ever-so-chatty Mykel Board on the air with me. Ann-Marie and Sharon are okay with my last minute guest idea, having once rented an apartment in Mykel's building.

I'd promised Mykel I'd get him drunk when I visited New York and the Sunday night before we hang out at a bar called the Peculiar in Mykel's neighborhood. It's got a mostly NYU clientele (a real minus) and a 4 page small print beer list (a definite plus) with domestic and foreign brews I've never even heard of let alone tried. I can't get Mykel wasted because he needs to write his column the next day, but I make a valiant effort. To my offer of air time Mykel tells me about how listening to WBAI during high school politicized him and how the station is absolute garbage today.

I'm well aware of Pacifica Radio's attempts to make its member stations more profitable and "professional" (read corporate). At Berkeley's KPFA the local programming has been gutted, the unions decimated and popular station managers fired in Pacifica's efforts to make the station all popular music formats and nationally syndicated programs. WBAI has the additional annoyance of having members of the paleo-Leninist Workers World Party in management apparently quite adept at cost cutting and downsizing. The "Moorish Orthodox Radio Crusade" is a holdout from WBAI's more free wheeling days, and Mykel agrees to do the show. He tells me he's got something to say, something guaranteed to light up the phones.

The modern radio studio is in WBAI's new Wall Street digs. Ann-Marie and Sharon run the show which goes extremely well. Conversation of MRR and both my and Mykel's unpublished books serves as foreplay to Mykel's harangue. New York is becoming just like the rest of America according to Mykel. He despises the K-marts and Starbucks and the Disneyfied Times Square now so prominent in Manhattan, but he doesn't want to bash Giuliani, especially on WBAI. "That'd be like preaching circumcision to the Jews," he says. Instead he blames New York's decline on the fact that New Yorkers no longer have the balls to stand up for the New York he knew and loved. New Yorkers are no longer willing to stand against whoever is in power and give them the Brooklyn one finger salute. He says it several times: "New Yorkers got no balls." For a few scraps of conventional comfort and security, the citizens of New York are willing to see their rude, argumentative, take-no-shit way of life reduced to the social equivalent of warm

tapioca. Ann-Marie redefines Mykel's point by saying New York's problem is that too many Americans are moving into the city. Then Mykel suggests a solution. Another depression, something that will make people once more afraid to walk around New York in furs and jewels.

I'm stunned to hear Mykel Board talking class war. I'm thinking, if he starts doing this in his column, I'm out of a job. Needless to say, the telephone lines light up like Christmas.

Time for me to do my job then and talk up the class struggle. I give tips and tactics for conducting a no nonsense direct action class war against your boss in this installment of my endless series on work and capitalism. About time you say. It took only three wordy columns to get to this point. You'll also be happy to know there's just one part left; work under socialism to conclude things next issue.

It's bad enough the capitalist class has you by the short and curls for eight hours a day, forty hours a week, for over forty years of your life. To add insult to injury, your surly supervisor has the social skills of an autistic five year old, translates the disappointment with his personal failings into an arbitrary, punitive management style, and at ten years your junior is already a bitter old man. The company owner is an ex-speed freak dominatrix so every work day you get topped by a manic stress addict with the attention span half that of your average DRI song and personnel skills taken straight from the Marquis de Sade. Of course, your boss might be some other kind of asshole entirely. The point here is that bosses are usually folks you wouldn't give the time of day to except that, because you have to earn a living you're forced not only to associate with them but also to obey them for far too many precious hours out of a day that's already far too short.

You gotta earn a wage, but what you don't gotta do is suggest that the supervisor take management classes or anonymously send the owner an article on "bully bosses." The boss is your class enemy, with interests diametrically opposed to yours. What you do owe them is a little class warfare.

It's been my contention from the start of this series that the only goal worth fighting for is the abolition of work. Barring that rather utopian objective, it should be every worker's aim to do the least amount of work for the most amount of pay. Your boss of course wants you to work as much as possible for as little pay as possible, and to accept the regime of wage labor as immutable reality. As the

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old IWW constitution had it: "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common."

There've always been tendencies to the left of the Left concerned with the abolition of work. Anarchism, often of a communist variety, is well represented in this regard, from Petr Kropotkin's *Fields, Factories and Workshops* to Murray Bookchin's *Post-Scarcity Anarchism*. Left communism in general, also called council communism, libertarian socialism or ultraleftism, is strongly Marxist and firmly committed to wage labor's abolition. French *gauchism* (from *Socialism or Barbarism* to Situationism), major aspects of European autonomism, even the occasional tiny post-Maoist or non-hierarchical Trotskyist sect have sought to overthrow the regime of wage labor. Andre Gorz takes stock of a number of these tendencies in his *A Farewell to the Working Class*.

Anarchist or Marxist, the assault upon wage labor maintains that the conditions presently exist to guarantee everyone a rather affluent life for surprisingly little work. Whether it's the ability to effectively disperse industry as it stood at the beginning of the 20th century (Kropotkin), or the potential for decentralization and automation offered by miniaturized modern technologies (Bookchin), or the cybernetic self-regulation and robotic autonomy possible in post-industrial society (Gorz); the common idea here is that we could eliminate scarcity and usher in communism tomorrow if it were simply a matter of applying the productive forces developed by capitalism. What's utopian then about the abolition of work is not our material capacity to do so, but our ability to achieve this goal through an organized working class revolution.

In turn, the more modest aim of getting the maximum benefit in exchange for minimum work requires an understanding of the Marxist distinction between the forces of production (productive means and technologies) and the relations of production (class and social structures), which together constitute the mode of production. Marx observed that the evolution of the relations of production invariably lags behind the development of the forces of production in class societies, until the latter so far outstrips the former that there's a full-blown crisis in the mode of production. The relations of production begin to constrain the forces of production, and the mode of production acts as a pressure cooker, building up steam until something blows. Capitalist forces of production dominated many parts of western Europe by 1750, whereas the relations of production remained overwhelmingly, oppressively

feudal. Archaic relations of production were beginning to hold back the dynamic new forces of production by the middle of the 18th century, as when feudal restrictions on usury severely restricted capitalist finance. The French Revolution and other subsequent *bourgeois* revolutions were the consequence. Getting the most amount of pay for the least amount of work, as in say the demand for a four hour work day at eight hours pay, pushes the capitalist forces of production to their limits by eating away at capitalist profit and discipline. This goes beyond the contradiction cited by Bookchin and others between what is and what can be by precipitating a physical crisis in the capitalist mode of production.

Since most folks hate their job, few are averse to the idea of getting the most pay for the least work, let alone comfortably not working at all. Translating this personal loathing for the job into a generalized revolt against work however requires that workers develop their consciousness as a class and organize together to abolish wage labor. Small independent groups of friends and like-minded individuals coming together and proliferating on and off the job can take the class struggle against the bosses and the powers that be, communicating and propagating through explicitly anti-work media such as publications like *Processed World* and *Temp Slave* and websites like *Disgruntled Worker*. In addition to taking down the capitalist mode of production, the objective of this movement against work is to extend the self-activity and self-organization of workers until the self-emancipation and self-government of the working class as a class become possible. This creation of a broad, autonomous social power at the base establishes the fertile ground from which forms of working class self-government can arise, at the same time it makes society ungovernable by the capitalist ruling class and its state apparatus. When workers smash this apparatus and replace state power with social power through social revolution, the working class emancipates itself as a class.

Notice that I'm not pimping union organizing or the political party or the seizure of state power by ballot or bullet. This is not Leninism or social democracy, and I don't have the space here to take apart these bankrupt political ideologies. This is a mass revolt against work that can and must be conducted by the workers themselves.

Give us a fucking break, you finally say. Yeah, okay, everybody hates the 9-to-5, but to try and organize a whole movement against work out of this simple feeling is making a mountain out of a molehill. You look me square in the eye

and ask whether I honestly believe a working class social revolution that'll abolish work is right around the corner.

And there you've got me. The me behind the "Lefty" Hooligan pseudonym that is. None of us is likely to see any kind of revolution in our lifetimes; Leninist, social democratic or working class. Whether union organizing is or is not a failed strategy for the working class is mute, given that so few US workers are in labor unions. Instances of resistance to or rebellion against capital are so few and far between that day-to-day survival on and off the job is paramount. If you're one of the lucky few who can manage to arrange your job so you're not working a whole lot while still pocketing your full paycheck, or who can get through life without working at all at the same time not exploiting anyone else; more power to you.

The puritanical Left's ideological hacks however insist that folks continue to do wage labor or slave as long and hard as other workers out of some misguided "solidarity" with the misery of others. There's a particularly pernicious, guilt-ridden dogma propagated by the Maoist Internationalist Movement (MIM), a whiny ultra-Maoist sect on the Leninist lunatic fringe that "believes the North American white-working-class is primarily a non-revolutionary worker-elite" bought off by the spoils of imperialism. To be revolutionary according to MIM, US workers need to reduce their standard of living (and presumably increase their work day) to that of the average oppressed, poverty stricken Third World peasant in order to demonstrate some kind of "anti-imperialist solidarity." Needless to say, I'm not a big fan of such misbegotten notions of "proletarian sacrifice." Life is too short for such guilt tripping, whether or not the individual who manages to snatch some or all of his or her work, time and energy from the vampire grasp of capital turns them around to political purposes. If social revolution is possible at all, it's because we make the revolution for ourselves, out of our own self-interest as workers.

That said, collective action is always preferable, if for no other reason than its more effective to fuck over your boss with the help of a couple of friends. It's also much more fun. So, let's get down to some of the basic ways you can take the class war into your workplace. Some of the following actions can be carried out individually, but most are designed to be implemented by workers acting together. Most of them are also illegal. You'll have to decide collectively how, when, where and to what degree to use any of these suggestions. For convenience, I'll

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group various actions under common themes, beginning with:

Shutting it down! Unions shutting down workplaces through *walkouts* and *strikes* is what people commonly think of in this category. Getting most or all the workers on a job to walk off or withhold their labor at the same time are also methods for workers to organize a union in the first place. A walkout is of short duration, a strike is potentially much longer. Un-unionized workers and union labor acting outside or against their union leadership often engage in *wildcat walkouts* and *strikes*. Workers can time and execute *quickie strikes*, to be won in minutes. The *sick-out*, where everybody calls in sick on a given day or days to cripple the workplace, is a form of strike, as is the *social strike* usually employed by service workers who remain on their jobs and give away unpaid-for or extra goods and services to the public. In a more radical vein, workers can occupy the workplace in a *sitdown strike* so that the facilities are unusable and replacements can't be brought in. And when workers spread a strike to other workplaces and industries so that whole cities, regions, and countries are affected, this is a *general strike*.

Fucking it up! This theme covers a variety of actions, both individual and collective, starting with *quiet expropriation* where workers take back some of the time and labor expropriated by the boss through workplace theft, use of company time, supplies and equipment for personal work and the like. Workers can report fraud, illegal practices, violations of government laws and regulations, etc., to the proper authorities by *whistle-blowing*. When workers consciously don't do their best on the job, that's *deliberate inefficiency*. Inefficiency and confusion can also be created in the workplace by following every rule, regulation and order to the letter, even if they contradict each other, in a tactic of *work to rule*, or by a *slowdown* in which workers deliberately slack off the pace of work. The use of "dirty tricks," destruction of tools or materials, misinformation, hacking, etc. to hamper workplace procedures, hinder production, or hurt individuals in positions of authority is called *sabotage*, and when this tactic is taken out of the workplace and given a community focus, it's called *monkey-wrenching*. The community arena also includes *boycotts* of particularly offensive businesses, and collective *self-reduction* in which workers *en masse* initiate proletarian "reductions" in the cost of living such as boarding public transportation without paying fares, walking through check-out lines refusing to pay for groceries, etc.

Smashing it up! Deliberately destroying workplace/corporate property solely to

cost the ownership or to demolish the workplace/corporation falls under this theme. So does purposefully *intimidating capitalist management/ownership* through the use of sabotage, ostracism, threat or physical violence against managers and owners, their personal property or families to scare them individually and breed fear in their class.

Taking it over! When workers ignore management and ownership to *de facto* run their workplace according to their own processes and authorities, that's called *dual power*. When workers seize the workplace outright and run it themselves, removing management and ownership from the premises, that's the *big takeover*. Both can be applied to working class neighborhoods and communities.

It's clear that workers can do a whole lot all on their own to bring the class war home to the *bourgeoisie*. Next column I'll conclude this series on work and capitalism with a discussion of work under socialism.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for \$10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.



THE SYSTEM.

Every punk involved with political activism has no doubt heard the debate about working within the system. The issue is a very divisive one to say the least, a "side-taker" if you will. So, I'll be looking at both sides of the issue to see if we can't learn something here.

If punks have any one thing in common, it's a certain frustration (if not downright hatred) towards 'the system' (a vague term if their ever was one) that we all live under. Many punks (bless their smelly hearts) have dedicated themselves to keeping informed about issues that affect their lives and finding ways to fight against the things that hold them down. Lately, however, there has been a lot of discussion about the proper fighting techniques. In other words, is there a 'right' way to fight?

Over the course of recognizing all the faults of the system, many activists have done everything they can to distance themselves from it. The 'DIY ethic'

is one way that this logic manifests itself. Punks that were understandably fed up with the music industry have done their best to create an alternative to it. Though it has its faults, an underground has been created which strives to create something more useful than mere capital. There are plenty of other examples of activists that are trying to create viable alternatives OUTSIDE of the system as well, but I'm trying to focus more on the theory behind this attitude than on examples of it.

And the theory is this: working for change within the system does nothing but perpetuate that system. Unless you're working to develop institutions outside of the system, then you're a supporter of it. There are all kinds of slogans that accompany this line of thought. "The owner's tools will not dismantle the owner's house;" "The medium is the message;" etc. And the arguments cover a very broad spectrum. How can Rage Against The Machine claim to be fighting the machine when they are a part of it? How can MRR claim to be anti-corporate while it's being sold by Borders and Barnes & Noble? Isn't caving in to the system you hate, even if it is for a worthwhile cause, known as 'selling out'? Whatever the argument, the basic premise is that we'd all be much better off in the long run if we'd spend our time building up alternatives to our consumer culture instead of 'wasting our time' trying to change it from within.

Now on the other side of this coin is the argument that punk/political activism needs to reach as many people as possible. Bands will 'sell-out' in order to reach a larger audience or simply to 'make a greater impact.' Many other political activists will use any channel available to raise awareness for their cause, even if it means compromising their ideals to spread that message. Many of these arguments hold some water as well. Major label bands that have a political focus can raise huge amounts of money to fund causes that they hold interest in. Progressive political magazines often compromise their ideals, in order to maintain a large reader-base and enough financial stability to keep pressing their ideas forth. Others also argue that no one can live completely outside of the system anyway, so it's favorable to tweak the system in ways that help fight things like sexism, poverty, homophobia, racism, etc. The basic idea here is that if we weren't so afraid to use the system to our advantage, we could spark some serious positive changes.

As far as I'm concerned, there are many valid points on both sides of this issue. I feel that the world is in need of some drastic changes if we're truly inter-

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ested in leading a peaceful, sustainable existence. In order to do that, we definitely need to focus on creating alternatives to the system that we are currently under. However, it doesn't take much self-scrutiny to realize that I am not pure. I've worked for multi-national corporations that stand against everything I'm for, simply to be financially secure. (It's never worked to my advantage anyway, but that's a story for another day.) I support many other terrible companies by giving them my money, though I've made an effort to do everything I can to avoid it. And finally, as you might recall, I am a politician, which means that I am (without a doubt) working to make changes within the system. Fuck man, if I want to be brutally honest...I am the system (at least in this regard).

Here's my analysis: the system sucks. It works only in the interest of the greedy and self-centered. I, more than anything, want to see something new; something that I don't have to 'grin and bear;' something that I don't have to take with a pound of salt. However, I recognize that those (myself included) who are trying bring about positive change WITHIN the system are, first and foremost, trying to bring about positive change. The means may be a bit cloudy, but at least they have the right idea. Think of all the people who are working for change within the system. They include politicians (Russ Feingold, Paul Wellstone, Bernie Sanders, etc.), actors and actresses (Susan Sarandon, Tim Robbins, Woody Harrelson, etc.), directors (Oliver Stone[d] and many others), countless attorneys and lobbyists. Sure these folks are all part of the system, but I can't find it in my heart to discredit the fantastic things they've done because of the means they chose to utilize.

When I think of this subject, I think of all the people that I know who do nothing productive with their lives except to work, consume and sleep. The majority of people I know are like this. They couldn't give a rat's ass about changing the system, whether it be from inside or out, because everything around them seems to give the impression that things are OK. These are the people that I'll spend my time complaining about. Let's face it, Rage Against The Machine are not our enemies. They are doing everything they can to highlight the injustices of our society. How many people can you say that about? Surely, I would never promote the means by which they use to do this, but I'm not about to waste my breath attacking them. There are too many other people who are working against the ideals that I hold near and dear to constantly criticize those who share in my beliefs.

I'm not suggesting that we shouldn't pay attention to our own actions. There will always be a need for improvement there. All I'm saying is that we shouldn't self-scrutinize to such a large extent that we forget who our 'real enemies' are.

A LITTLE MORE.

1 The State of Wisconsin is trying to convert a local Center for the Developmentally Disabled into a prison. Seeing as how it lies within the City limits, that means that I've spent the last month thinking and acting on little else. It's been a long, terribly disheartening experience and you'll read more about it next month.
2 My address is P.O.Box 504, Chippewa Falls, WI 54729. Please write to me...I'm lonely.

3 The 3rd annual Old Barn Fest is taking place in Jim Falls again this year (Aug 6-8) and it looks to be a blast as usual. It costs \$20 and you get free camping and three days worth of bands. Also, I think I'm doing a spoken-word bit on Sunday morning, so if you want to come heckle me, please feel free to do so.



"What's the name of the club, again?" asked Michael, the drummer for Furious George, as we got off the Russell exit on 395 North.

"It's The Brass Monkey," said Adam, the guy we hired to drive us on tour because he had a bright yellow van.

"Kinda fitting," said Evan, from the front seat, with his mouth full of pepperoni Combos. I had tried one earlier, and they were kinda tasty.

"How's that?" I asked, from the back of the van, on top of the futon, and half asleep.

"Brass Monkey, Furious George, you know," explained Evan, "Primates!"

But I didn't get it. I'd slept the night before in a dorm at Penn State, and my mind was still wandering the floors of the girl's section. I had woken up to piss around five in the morning, and ran into a bunch of little sorority girls in the hall. I was wearing red sweat pants with a Snoopy logo on them, and a Green Day t-shirt. They were wearing hardly anything.

"You don't live here," said one of the little blue-eyed, blonde-haired, big breasted little things.

"I'm in a band," I said, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

"What band?" one of them asked, "Green Day?"

It was obvious she could at least read.

"Yeah," I said as I started again toward the bathroom. My feet were cold from the stone floors, and I kinda had an erection that I hoped the girls didn't notice.

"You must be Billy Joe! What with your blonde hair and all!" one of the girls exclaimed.

I told her that she was right, that it was great meeting her, and that I really had to take a leak.

"Billy, why are you staying in a dorm?" asked one of the blonde bunch.

"Hotels are full. Homecoming weekend. We have friends here."

"Wow," said another, "Billy Joe in our dorm! Will you come visit us in our room? It's number 302. Just down the hall. Please?"

I noticed her looking at my erection.

I told her I would.

The girls then left, giggling and hugging each other with excitement.

I went into the "boy's" room, entered a stall, and started to piss. Someone came into the stall next to me. I heard him throw up the toilet seat, and then cough. The next thing I knew my bare feet were covered in vomit.

After washing off, I really wasn't in the mood to visit the blondes.

"We go to Eastern, then to Bond. It's on the left," said Evan.

Adam nodded his head and kept on driving.

I sat up and looked out the window. There were lots of trees, and a nice skyline in the distance.

"Do you have a snow globe from here?" I asked Michael, our drummer, who collects such things. He had bought one in Pennsylvania. It had a deer in it. Michael knocked over the animal so it was on its back with all four legs in the air. Like the hundred or so deer we'd seen along the highway.

"Not yet," he said, "but I'll find one."

We continued to drive and I noticed that the neighborhood we were in started to get bad, real quick. Just like the East Village, or uptown. Suddenly all the take-out places and convenience stores had bullet proof glass in front of the cashiers.

"I hope we aren't playing around here," I said.

"There's the club," said Evan, pointing to a sign that read Brass Monkey. Doh.

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Five hours later we returned to the club. When we first entered the place, the owner guy, who must have been in his late sixties or early seventies, didn't even know who we were. We told him Furious George.

"Curious George?" he asked.

"Furious George, from New York City," I said.

"Don't know no Curious George from New York, who booked you?"

I told him that some guy named Karl did. He didn't know who Karl was either. Then the phone rang. He answered it.

"Hello, Brass Monkey," he said.

Silence.

"Oh yeah, Curious George, they're playing here tonight, absolutely! Great band they are! From New York!"

After he got off the phone, he told us that we'd probably go on late, around one in the morning. And that we must have been famous since someone called to ask if we were playing. Whatever.

As we loaded out our equipment, we noticed a large sign in front of the club that wasn't there earlier. Earlier was a small sign that said "Numb Nuts, Frankenstein Drag Queens From Planet X," and some other band. Now it read, in huge letters, "Cuirous George". They even spelled the wrong name wrong.

"Who are you guys?" asked the bouncer guy at the door as I rolled up my Marshall in its new road case I got from my pal, Mickey.

"Furious George," I replied.

"Ain't got no Furious George playing here tonight," was his reply, "but we do have a Curious George!"

"Same thing," yelled some girl from behind me.

I turned around and looked at her. Long brown hair, beautiful eyes, real fake leather pants, and fuck-me boots. She was hot.

"Hi George," she said to me.

"Umm," I stammered, "ummm, hi!"

"Don't you know who I am?" she asked. I thought she might be this girl, Lucianne, who I'd been writing to on the internet, but I was probably wrong. No girl that good looking was going to waste her time on the internet. Especially writing to me.

"Um, I dunno," I said.

"Lucianne!" she replied.

I almost fainted.

"It's great to finally meet you," I said, "you don't look anything like your font!"

She giggled.

Suddenly I looked forward to playing this shithole.

Lucianne and I talked and she in-

troduced me to her room-mate, Jamie, and some of her friends. All the while my band continued to unload our gear.

Finally, when they were done, I instructed them to move it into the club. The first band had finished playing, and it was a perfect time. They bitched at me, and moved the stuff.

Once inside, we all got some drinks and settled in. It was a bit of trouble getting Lucianne and Jamie in, since they were under 21, but we convinced the owner that they were our back-up singers. He kinda didn't go for it, but we told him they sort of undress a bit, and would be a great draw for all the horny guys walking by. He looked at them then agreed. As long as they wouldn't drink. And they didn't. Too much.

The first band that played was The Frankenstein Drag Queens From Planet 13. The sign outside said "X", because no-one at the club remembered what the planet was. Thirteen. Duh.

The next band up was some typical hardcore-metal act. Most of the guys in the band wore shorts, and the singer had long straight black hair. And looked very German.

"Ya know," I said to Lucianne, between blasts of noise, "if he were to have a small mustache, he'd look just like Hitler!"

She nodded her head, then told Jamie, who told Evan, who told Michael, who told The Drag Queens, who eventually told some friend of the bands.

We're lucky their friends really liked Hitler.

Next up were Karl's band. The guy who booked us. A big skin-head guy I'd also met on the internet. A few months earlier he'd posted that he and "the D.C. crew" were gonna kick my ass. Now he wanted to play with us. Turns out he's a nice guy. Go figure. Anyway, his band started to play, and I went outside with Lucianne.

"So, what do ya do down here in 'Homicide, Life On The Streets' town?" I asked her.

She told me that she was going to John Hopkins University, and studying astronomy.

"Like they teach you about horoscopes," I said to her, totally serious.

"They teach us about the stars, the planets. That stuff. My father builds rockets," she said.

Lucianne's father was a real rocket scientist. Wow. I didn't think those existed.

She went on to tell me that she is already working for a large company, Hubble, and is very well respected. And she was eighteen. And had on fake leather pants. Pretty eyes. And fuck-me boots.

This girl could have been getting drunk with a Kennedy. Why she was even talking to me, I'll never know.

Finally, The Numb Nuts quit playing and it was our turn. Karl asked me while I was loading my amp on stage what I thought of the band.

"Great," I lied. I missed most of their set.

"Cool," he said back, "have a great gig".

And we did. Sort of. I mean, for Baltimore.

"Hey, we're Curious George," I said into the microphone, "and it's great to be here in Washington D.C.!"

We then played our first three songs to plenty of cursing and spitting.

After the third song, Evan and I took off our leather jackets. Like usual. The audience was yelling at us.

"Fuck you you pussies", yelled some big guy from the back.

"Hey," I said, "that's our line!"

"Shut up pussy," the guy yelled back, "you fucking suck dick you asshole, fuck you!"

I looked at Lucianne, Jamie, and The Drag Queens. They looked sort of worried.

"Fuck you," I said to the big guy, "and where the hell is Richard Beltzer, I want fucking Richard Beltzer! And John Waters! Where's he? I want fucking John Waters!"

We then played a couple more songs. And as we did the audience held up their middle fingers and yelled louder at us. Then it was time for bottles to start flying.

"What?" I said between songs to the crowd, "ya don't like us?"

I then took a long look at the crowd. Besides our two friends that were girls, the rest of the place was full of jocks, rednecks, and scary skinheads.

"You guys suck!" said some jock.

"So do you," was my answer. I then counted off the next song.

"You guys are gay homosexuals," a large redneck yelled before we could start our next song.

My hands dropped to my sides, and I just stared at Evan and Michael. They stared back at me.

"Gay Homosexuals?" I said, "And that's supposed to be clever?"

"Fuck you," was his response. His friends laughed.

"I guess I should expect terms like 'gay homosexuals' from a town that names its baseball team after a cookie that's chocolate on the outside, and creamy on the inside," I said.

"It's Oriols, cocksucker," yelled someone.

"Oh," I said, "cocksucker? None of

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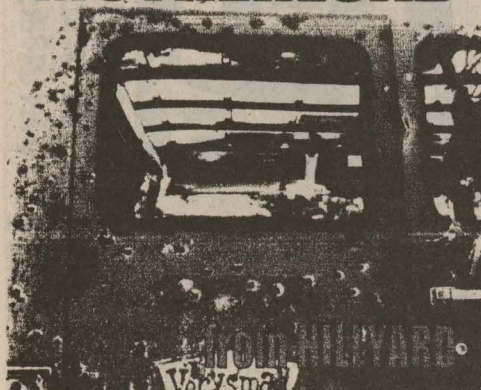
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HEY! YOU!



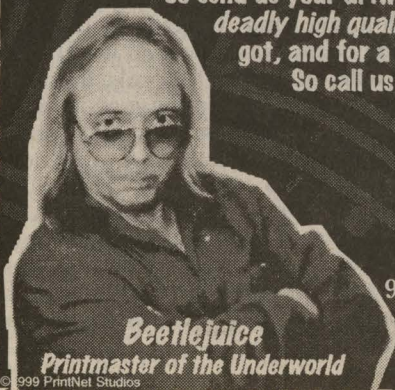
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C O L U M N S

you have cocks big enough to suck. I want a meal, not a snack!"

More bottles flew, and lots of fuck you's.

"This one is for all you he-men out there," I said.

We then played "Macho Man" by the Village People, with Jamie and Lucianne doing back-ups. They were cute on the "Hey, hey, hey-hey-hey-hey!" part.

After we finished the song the crowd was ready to kill us. We were called fags, homos, pussies, and even sissys.

"Sissys?" I said, "that coming from people who live in a state called MARY-land?"

"Fuck you," said the large redneck again, "you guys are just a bunch of fucking nigger lovers!"

The place got silent. You could hear the faucet in the restroom drip.

"Nigger lovers?" I said, really shocked.

"We expected that in the south, like Florida, but here?" said Evan into the mic.

I looked at Michael. For once, he wasn't smiling.

"Yeah, you fucking nigger lovers. I'll fuck you in the ass so hard I'll rip you rip apart," yelled the big guy.

"I know what this is," I said, "this is Deliverance. Right here in Baltimore. Squeal like a pig. This city sucks dog shit. You are all a bunch of hick dumbasses. Fuck you."

The place was dead silent. Then Karl, the big toughskinhead who booked us walked up on stage and whispered in my ear.

"Dude," he started, "this is a tough place, I wouldn't say stuff like that here. They'll kill you. You must have huge balls!"

I thanked Karl for his concern and compliment, and told him to sit down. He did.

"We are gonna finish our set, and we don't wanna hear anymore racist or homophobic bullshit," I said. When I thought about what just came out of my mouth, I was in shock. Me, saying that? Imagine.

"Fuck you," yelled a couple of huge rednecks in the back, "go back to New York and fuck some niggers for crack, you gay fags!"

I then told them that we were going to play the rest of the set, and then I'd fuck them in the ass, which is what they really wanted, anyway.

We played "Freebird", then finished the set to cat-calls, boos, and broken bottles.

As we packed up our equipment, I

looked around for the huge rednecks. I figured if I was gonna die, I wanted to see it coming. But I couldn't find them. They must have left.

"Who called me fat ass?" said one of the large rednecks. He was outside the club, yelling at the door guy.

"I dunno," said the door guy, quietly.

"I wanna know who called me fat ass? My ass is not fat. I am not a fat ass. I'm just big. I'm gonna kill the nigger faggot who called me fat ass!" yelled the huge guy.

I walked up to the door and looked at Fat Ass. In the light. He was wearing a cap with the John Deere logo on it, a flannel shirt, jeans, and boots. And he was very large.

"What's up?" said Fat Ass to me, "that was fun. Do you know who called me fat ass?"

I told him I had no idea, then slinked away.

Later, while packing up the van, and saying good-bye to our new friends, Lucianne, Jamie, and The Drag Queens, we were paid our whopping \$31 dollars for the night by Karl, who told me it was a good thing we weren't dead.

"So George," said Lucianne, as she hugged me good-bye, "I'm really sorry about the show, but please don't hold it against Baltimore. Okay?"

"Okay," I said, and kissed her on the cheek.

As we took off in Adam's bright yellow van, I knew I'd miss Lucianne, Jamie, Karl, and The Drag Queens. I also knew I'd miss Fat Ass, the nazis, and all their friends. Baltimore. A good crowd like that is rare to find these days.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. This show in Baltimore took place over a year ago. When Evan was still in the band. By now, I'm sure Fat Ass has seen that Cartman stole his name and lines for South Park. Also, it turns out, as I later found out, that Fat Ass was an off-duty cop!
2. george@furiousgeorge.com is the address.
3. For the summer we have Stevie Burke from Murder In The Brady House playing bass for us, and he kicks total ass!
4. That band in Spike Lee's "Summer Of Sam" looked familiar. I think I know those guys from somewhere.
5. Great new records I got are from these cool bands: Molotov Cocktail, Sewage, L.E.S. Stitches, Lunachicks, The Commies, Darlington, The Huntington, The Secretions, Hammerbrain, The Jackie Papers, and The Nutley Brass, who do a whole album of Ramones covers that sound like Muzak!



REWIND
BY ERIN
WHUPASS

There's a big demo backlog right now, so please don't panic if you don't see a review. Anyway...ALL OR NOTHING has this one song (Distracted) that gets stuck in my head, proving they are catchy! Melodic hardcore with female vocals by Renee Bryant. I like it. 3 songs, good production, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 251/ Norco, CA 91760. THE ANTAGONISTS seem to have put out this demo to show that they can play all types of punk. There are the straight forward punk sort of fast songs (3), surf songs (2), and then songs where the vocals turn emo and some weird sort of funk elements get thrown in. 9 songs, decent production, no lyric sheet. 9200 GREENWOOD AVE #212/ Seattle, WA 98103. FAIRFUCK sent a tape in, but it's a copy of their upcoming 7". A little faster than your average punk rock songs mixed with thrashy songs, good quality all the way through. \$5 postpaid. 8 songs, good production, lyric sheet. c/o Kick n Punch Records/ Norrebrogade 200 A, 1./ 2200 Copenhagen N/ Denmark. The ISHMAEL cassette is free to anyone. Mid tempo, more on the rock side of punk rock (and not arockaroll, the stuff Icki likes, just rock). No lyric sheet, 3 songs, clean production. c/o Bancrofts Records/ P.O. Box 193247/ San Francisco, CA 94102. ILL TEMPERED proves to me the need for lyric sheets! descent thrashy punk with the "g~t up off your ass and do something" sentiments, like you can see the singer guy pacing around like a caged animal at a show. Then the "I'll stick my dick between your tittys (titties?)" lyrics stick out and I wish I knew what kind of sentiment they were trying to get at. 7 songs, average production, no lyric sheet. 1109 Salmon Drive/ Roseville, CA 95661. With a one song demo from Japan, the LO- FI NESUNS pack it all in - the slow part with talking style vocals, then the 1-2-3-4 and it kicks into the speedy/ thrash part with yelping vocals. Hell yeah. 1 song, no lyric sheet, lo-fi production (duh). 1-12, 3 chome/ T106-0047/ Japan...lo-fi@neisans.club.ne.jp RABIES CASTE has a heavier hardcore sound with lots of distortion. They never say anywhere that they have keyboards, but I swear I can hear them. 6 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 7022/ Jerusalem 91070/ Israel. SUMMERJACK

columns

reminds me a little of a cleanly recorded GAUNT. Catchy and poppy with a spine and punk boy harmonizing. 5 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 4916/ Boise, ID 83711. TET OFFENSIVE are slow and heavy, with a metal guitar. Gruff vocals, but you can still understand them, especially with the ever helpful lyric sheet! 5 songs, good production, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 7000/ Jersey City, NJ 07307. WE MAY FIGHT A BATTLE THAT CAN'T BE WON originally came out as a CD but Lina and Rui re-released it as a cassette. Features X-ACTO (Portugal) MEAN-STREAM (Bulgaria), PERSONAL CHOICE (Brazil), BY ALL MEANS (Italy), AUTO CONTROL (Argentina), STONE-WALL (Serbia), and, my favorite, SC (Lithuania). It's an all straight edge comp, running the gamut between that crossover metal sound, to no nonsense hardcore, to punk rock with horns. \$3 in Europe, \$4 World. 25 songs, varying production, lyric sheet. Experimental/ Apartado 13/ 2901 Setubal Codex/ Portugal. WHITE CHRISTIAN DISASTER. Hardcore! Fast, solid, and great. Lyric sheet is in English and Spanish. 8 songs, good production. Caixa Postal 1860/ CEP 80001-970 - Curitiba/ PR/ Brazil...nigus@uol.com.br. These demos now go with me to KBOO (the Portland community radio station) for our weekly radio show (Wednesday night, 12:30 - 3 a.m.), and get airplay! So please keep em coming, directly to me at P.O. Box 1113/ Portland, OR 97207, NOT Maximum.



STARTLING DISCLOSURES

Personal Magnetism

Hypnotism, Will Power, Nerve Force--Call It What You Will

DR. DANTE

Of a recent evening (dreary), I settled into my study (weary) with a few volumes of Livy (hardly forgotten lore). After cutting my sniffer of Armagnac with a few drops of laudanum and packing my meerschaum with some of my custom half-camelshit (from the dromedary, or one-humped model of the same, need I mention?) blend, I was little expecting to be shaken from my calm mood.

Hoo-boy, was I wrong! In fairly short order, while relating the legend of Romulus and Remus (which really does figure pretty early in the history of Rome, especially history in the pre-quasiscientific sense in which old timers such as Livy approached [although attempting a purely scientific approach to history seems pretty hopeless as well [the moral being

that history is bunk {and remember, as Dick Powell thespied in *Xmas in July*, "If you can't sleep, it's not the coffee, it's the bunk"})), I was jolted by an offhand remark.

Permit to relate a little background for those in need of it. The mother of Romulus and Remus was forced to become some kind of Martian Nun to prevent her coming up with any progeny that might obfuscate the royal succession (this was before they kept track of it with G.I. Joes, like Vincent Price in *Tower of London* [or was that the one where he drowned in the wine?], besides that was in England which was full of little and/or blue people at the time [yeah, and the only emperor was the emperor of ice cream, which the Romans invented, not the English, except that it will probably turn out that somebody in China already did it but the recipe was lost when he died after tying a bunch of bottle rockets to his chair in an effort to fly before Leonardo {and Clyde Crashcup}, which makes the score something like, say, ROMANS-2, ENGLISH-0 {because they didn't know they were English yet} and CHINESE-1, but the game's not over yet)). She got preppers despite her Nunhood and she came up with the first recorded use of the brilliant excuse that "God was the Father" (literally!). Since DNA testing had not yet been perfected, it was uncertain whether Mars was really the Father (with the ensuing ascendancy of the lads, however, it became official that they were half-holy). Nonetheless, the resulting twins were to be given the deep six. In what was to become a recurring motif of myth, legend and made for TV movie (all you Campbell-reading hobbits know what I'm talking about, the rest of you can be thankful), the job was entrusted to a couple (or one, I forget) of wacky goof-offs like Larry and Moe without Shemp (or Curly, for any of you sad sacks who can't appreciate the brilliance of Shemp). Would you trust a couple of guys like that to drown some babies? I wouldn't trust them. Just imagine if they'd been in charge of the Slaughter of the Innocents! Moses would have had lots of Jewish kids his own age to play with and probably would've put his excess energy into Pop Warner football or something the tribe of Larry and Moe would have remained in Egypt and they never would have met Ted Healy and Iggy's first band would have probably been called the (Psychedelic) Ritzes after the Ritz Brothers or something equally preposterous.

As you might guess, these two jokes, these heroes, fucked things right up. They're supposed to drown the kids, right? So they go to the river and they find

out it's...no, not that it's run dry, that it's flooded. They've got to really apply themselves to fuck this up, right? But they do. They say to each other (or to himself if it's just one guy, I forget), "Oh shit, that water's too deep." "I know, let's just put them on the bank of the river. That's close enough." "Yeah, we got to get back to the drugstore and put chewing gum in the cake instead of marshmallows (I think the English invented marshmallows - ENGLISH - 1!)

So this she-wolf comes along and takes these brats back to her den and let's them get a couple of titfuls of wolf milk every day until a shepherd comes along and finds them and takes them home to teach them the ways of humans.

Well, after that Romulus finds Rome (founds it, in fact) and nobody cares about Remus because it's named after his brother and they go to war a lot and become an Empire and then after some kooky, nutty guys like Tiberius they get that old time Religion (which was fairly new at the time) of Christianity (except for the one neo-pagan Emperor that almost everybody forgets to mention since it just complicates everything [like not mentioning Link Wray in R & R histories], and I don't want to break with tradition) and then the Barbarians couldn't tell if they were boys or girls. Oh, and Petronius and gladiators, which brings us right up to the present day.

So everybody already knew that, right? But what Livy offhandedly mentioned that seemed like news to me was that one tradition maintained that it WASN'T A REAL WOLF AT ALL, BUT JUST THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE WHO WAS A HOOKER KNOWN AS "THE WOLF" (Would you frequent a working gal like that? Huh? Would you?).

Which means that the real moral is that history may be bunk, but at least it's fun.

ERRATUM - For the record (and as I am still waiting for QueerCore's promised retraction, which has not only been a long time coming and will no doubt continue to be so since it's apparently defunct [at least this means that I can indefinitely continue to bitch about the poor standards of fanzine journalism {why similarly libelled MRR writers and former writers don't take advantage of this regarding their being misquoted by rabid do-gooders, I don't know}, although it's neither very satisfying nor fun {looks as though I've answered my own question}), I should be especially sensitive to such Issues), it has come to my attention that Junk records is, in fact, active again (or still). My mistake was owing to a misinterpretation of their repeated failure to reply to letters and phone calls from var-

columns

ious persons (including myself) over a period of approximately six months. Everything is presumably hunky-dory for them now (I have to rely on Hit List to find anything out, gee whiz) and they have a bunch of forthcoming releases in addition to stuff already out which apparently doesn't get reviewed herein owing to some indirect major label distribution (With that kind of edge, who needs to bitch about MRR, anyway? And yet people do. It's like a Chevron commercial). So, sorry for the misinformation, as understandable as the circumstances may have made my miscomprehension and good luck to your business.



I'm a merry-go-round pony. But I'm a very special merry-go-round pony. I'm a temporary replacement for all the other wounded animals on a rather unique carousel. Look at these animals. There are horses, pigs, cats, dogs, ducks, chickens, and even frogs. They are all fixed in place on metal poles that rise and fall in synch with mechanical music. Some of them have leering, insane faces; others seem quite calm. Most of them have to leave the merry-go-round from time to time: they have to be fixed, repainted, or replaced. When one is missing, I'm called in to fill in the empty space; the pole is rammed through my spine and I'm hooked into the machine. How did I ever get myself into this position?

Six years ago, I decided to enroll in the teaching credential program at Sonoma State University, here in California. Unfortunately, I soon found myself confronting the idiotic amount of paper work and regulations which surround the career of teaching. When I attained my English degree in 1992, I failed to complete what is called a "waiver" program. As a consequence, I was told that I would need to take six classes a semester to gain my credential. This meant that there would be little chance of me working, and that I would have to take out student loans to survive. Logically, I decided to wait on entering the program and to first check out substitute teaching, to first see if I even enjoyed the profession, to see what the school system itself could teach me.

To be a substitute teacher in this state, a person must possess a college

degree, pass the CBEST test, and have themselves fingerprinted. If you're ever been convicted of a felony, you can forget teaching. Once you're cleared by the state, you have to register yourself through the local district office. In my case, this meant having to deal with one of the nastiest bureaucrats I've ever had the displeasure of coming across, an aged female with all the compassion of one who drowns puppies for a living.

She handed me about thirty pages of paper work to fill out, including my oath to "protect the constitution." Much of this was entirely confusing and monotonous. But there was no point in asking the woman for help. She snidely treated every question as if the answer were entirely obvious. Knowing that the paper work was crap, I simply winged most of it, handing her back the questionably filled out forms.

"I'll also need \$130 to pay for your processing fees," she croaked. "We only take cash or certified money order."

Thankful to have cleared this woman, I had to wait two months before my papers were processed, allowing me to work in the classroom. Once in the schools, I learned very quickly that for all the structured words and appearances of order, the education system was nothing more than a chaotic blend of contradictions. Most schools where I subbed simply turned me loose into the classroom without a care in the world as to whether I knew what I was doing, or whether I was a complete psychotic.

Rarely was I given a seating chart. Many times I wasn't even given a lesson plan. I knew from the beginning that in such a system I had to possess the utmost confidence in myself; otherwise, the students would have eaten me alive. There is no pity for the weak in our society and less in the schools. Teachers who can't speak well, who can't entertain, are torn to pieces. As a revolutionary, I had to place my idealism in check to better devise strategies in accordance with the machine I had become a part of. This meant having to identify and use some of the same control methods emphasized by the system.

One of the first things I learned about high schools and junior highs was that almost all of them functioned in the same manner. Most of them had a special room where students were sent when they acted out too destructively. When I first started subbing, I was sending platoons of kids to these rooms. After a few months, I knew far more effective devices to keep classes under control, and I quickly settled down to haunt only one high school in the county, a place affectionately known as "the Ranch."

What can I say about the Ranch? What can I not say about it? Although it's not the best high school around, it certainly is one of the more exciting. The Ranch is an emotionally turbulent ride of endless dichotomy, a near mirror image of the overall society, a place charged with the unresolved tension of dysfunctional strangers, waiting to explode. One moment, everything seems calm and pleasant, the next moment something has happened which kicks you in the heart, head, or the ass.

From bomb threats to teenage suicide, from students doing speed in the bathroom to bringing guns onto the school grounds, from teacher's losing control of the classroom to losing control of themselves, it all happens at the Ranch. It's a scandal machine, being operated by administration officials who literally come and go every year, who sit in the center, pulling levers, hoping that higher speeds will blur the reality of the device they're operating.

As a substitute animal at the Ranch, I can't say that all my experiences have been horrifying. Sometimes the students who surround you, whisper something kind into your wooden ears. In return, I have made it my job, my revolution within the dying clock, to whisper something back. Sometimes, I actually can teach something; sometimes I just offer words of encouragement; sometimes I simply smile: whatever it takes to help the students realize that they are surrounded by flesh and blood, not machines.

Sometimes I too need to be reminded of this; I feel the pole in my back pulling me into the clockwork. On these occasions, I have turned to other animals on the merry-go-round. I have turned to the cat, the pig, the old horse with the gray mane. You can see in their actions a certain amount of erratic energy. They don't simply go up and down with the pole; they are real teachers, going against the nature of the machine.

The most effective expression I have seen so far in terms of teaching came from a woman named Kim Bricker. At the Ranch, she created and operated what was called the "Peer Helping program." In all of my years of being a "progressive," of arguing with others about the nature of revolution, nothing highlighted the idea of how to change things better than this program.

In Peer Helping, about 90 students who represented a broad cross-section of the school engaged in a wide variety of social activities, including simply communicating with each other. They built a group that went beyond words, where those from a variety of different backgrounds and belief systems worked to-

C O L U M N S

gether on common agendas. Like seeds, they then went out amongst the general population to spread the message. As a result, something actually seemed to be growing in the Ranch: a real community, a tribe. Unfortunately, Kim Bricker moved on, and nobody had the common sense to keep the program going. In time, the plant simply withered and died, waiting to be reborn, waiting for another giving hand. Could that hand have been mine?

Two years ago my band *SIREN* fell apart, and I decided to reapply to the credential program at SSU. I thought that perhaps my extensive experience in the classroom would have made a difference, would have made it easier for me to glide through the system. Of course, I thought wrong. Thirty years ago in this state, you could teach with simply a college degree. Now, you have to leap through countless hoops to gain the privilege of being underpaid and disrespected.

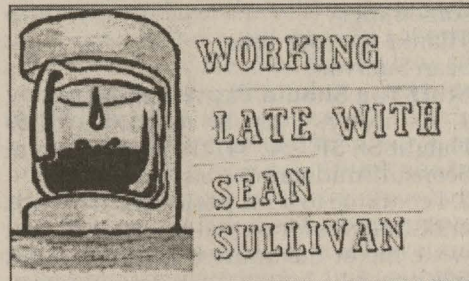
One of these hoops is the mandatory need to gain your credential through the programs offered by universities such as SSU. Typically, the education departments of these institutions are staffed by liberal intelligencia who only underscore what's wrong with the left wing in this country. They are trying to force people to become revolutionary in a system which isn't. They are trying to reform what can't be fixed. They think that by painting the merry-go-round animals a different color it will change the nature of the ride. As a result, they waste the time of student teachers by filling them with information which has no practical use in today's mechanical classroom.

The idea of taking out major loans just to sit and listen to the mind numbing lectures of people who don't know the system is insulting to me. Moreover, it just further shows what's wrong with the machine we are working with: we are being pushed, pulled, and prodded by "left-wing" and "right-wing" elites who are clueless about the media they operate. The more levers they pull, the more things fall apart. The more they insist on greed as a societal glue, the more their efforts to keep things together fail.

Temp slaves, substitute teachers, blue collar workers, customer service employees, we are what's keeping this machine from self-destructing. In my case, I love to teach. It comes natural to me. I enjoy talking to students; and I love it when they teach me something in return. Unfortunately, the education system is a disaster, and the current alternatives are even worse. The only thing that someone such as myself can do is learn from the example of people like Kim Bricker, and get ready for the reconstruction effort

that will soon be necessary. All I can do is wait for the day when the gears grind to a halt, the springs snap, and finally the merry-go-round breaks down for good.

If you would like to contact me or find out more about the philosophy of Structural Idealism, I can be contacted at PO Box 4842, Santa Rosa, CA. 95402-4842. Ore-mail me at Brizero13@aol.com.



The More Than Music Mess.

I just got back from my annual cross-country-pick-up-my-lover drive, and boy was it boring. We didn't have much time for sight seeing, or visiting friends this time, so we basically just blew across the country on interstate 80, the most anti-septically mundane interstate in the lower 48.

I did have plenty of time to think about the states I was passing through though, and with the trees in bloom and the radio playing Area 51, I decided that maybe Pennsylvania wasn't as bad as I had originally thought. There's a lot of hills in Pennsylvania, and trees lots of trees, both of which looked awfully nice at eighty miles an hour. Ohio, on the other hand, was another story all together.

Ohio is very flat. And it's got to be one of the boringest states to drive across. On the Ohio Turnpike, its all chain stores and tedious fields; in between the little towns we didn't have time to stop in. Maybe the lack of diversity in the natural landscape is part of the reason why things are getting just out of control weird, if not all out surreally depressing, at the More Than Music Fest in Columbus, Ohio.

Now, this isn't the Anne R Key column, so I'm gonna be straight up with ya. I wasn't at More Than Music this year, as a matter of fact I've never been to More Than Music, but it didn't take long for the events that went on there this year to reach us here in San Francisco.

For those of you who don't follow the indigenous hardcore festival scene that happens throughout the Midwest, More Than Music is, well, a music fest that tries to be more than a music fest (hence the name). How do they do this? By including workshops, discussions, tables for radical groups etc. Over the years it has gained quite a reputation as being a hot bed of inner scene politics and

reactionary liberal dogmas inside the increasing isolated "political hardcore" scene. Past fests have included workshops on sexism in the scene, how to run a collective and our own Felix Von Havoc on the theory and practice of moshing. This year though, despite the obvious good intentions of it organizers, the festival seems to have gotten a little out of control.

As far as I understand it from reading email messages, talking to some people who were there and a whole lot of people who weren't, this year was designated the "Women's More Than Music". In keeping with this theme, there was an emphasis placed on bands with women in them, and a focus in the workshops on women's issues. This is great of course wonderful, I'm all for emphasizing the place of women in hardcore, but things didn't stay as sensible as workshops.

Now, at the door of this women's MTM, there was a list. A black list, if you will, of names of people who were not to be let into the fest because of alleged past offenses against women. That's right, a list of people who weren't allowed in. On this list, was one of the organizers of last years MTM, who's offense against women was the very vague "exhibiting sexist and classist behavior" (the official organizers line) and a gentleman who works for a collective publishing company who had once done business with a guy who was a accused of being anti-women. A women saying that she felt uncomfortable or unsafe around you was enough of a reason to get banned it seems.

Not that either of these guys knew what they'd done wrong before the fest. Christ, the publishing dude didn't even know he was banned until after the whole thing had happened. And incidentally, though I'm trying my darndest not to descend too far into the gossip mill, I should note that the past organizer, Mr Classist/Sexist behavior, fucking *lives* with the some of the people who banned him from the fest. I guess someone told him he wasn't invited, so he stayed home all weekend while his roommates made lists of people to ban.

Of course there were also some people on the list who, from what I can gather, were actually pretty bad news. One of these guys had allegedly attacked a women last year at MTM and was thrown out for it. He was asked not to come back, and that's understandable. Much more understandable than telling someone they can't come because of vague "behavior."

The reason given for this kind of behavior is that they were trying to create a safe space for women, but this is obviously the totally wrong way to go about it. This kind of blacklist exclusion is hor-

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ribly ineffective and elitist since any number of not famous punk rock rapists could have gotten into the fest. And, the way to change a sexist system, or even a sexist scene, has never been to exclude the offenders (either real or imagined) but rather to include them in the dialogue and try to change they're minds. I'm not saying you need to let every violent women hater in the world in, but I am saying you shouldn't be keeping people out because they did business with someone who was sexist. Politics aren't worth shit if everyone in the room already agrees with you. Unless this is just supposed to be some kind of pep rally.

OK. So let's say for the sake of continuation that you weren't on the blacklist, but rather got into the fest, it seems things didn't get any better. While a person of color was speaking from the stage there was allegedly calls of "go back to your ghetto" and when a Latino women was speaking: "go to a Los Crudos show". Good to see that the blacklisting at the door kept all the steakheads out.

This kind of talk is obviously depressing. Lord knows I wish we'd made it farther than having to put up with this kind of shit. But that's the facts of life at a punk rock show. Kids are gonna scream fucked up shit (whether or not you have a list banning people) and other kids should scream shit right back. Hell, kick 'em out if they're not being receptive to the politics you're trying to promote. I understand not wanting to let kids ruin your show, but trying to stop this preemptively by banning certain well known personalities just doesn't make sense.

Of course all this just ruins it for the rest of political hardcore as well. I just know that every time I talk about Bread and Circuits for the next six months all I'm going to hear about is how stupid and reactionary political hardcore is. Boy, we're really politizing the scene now.

All this brings me to a couple of larger points I'd like to make about the whole modern political hardcore scene in general. Bear with me for just a few more paragraphs.

Dear Modern Political Hardcore Scene,

Hi my name's Sean, and I think that maybe you should rethink what you find to be important. Is hardcore for you about changing things in the "scene" and in the world at large or is it about relieving guilt that you've accumulated from years of privileged existence?

And if it is about changing things, why are you doing it here? Are you doing it because you think this scene and this music (and lets not forget that this is very much about music) are vibrant, worth saving and rocks like hell? Or is it just an easy way to enter into the arena of radical

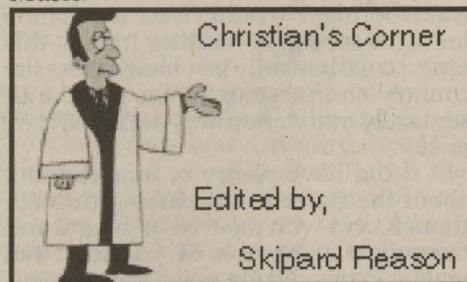
politics and an instant community from which you can criticize those who aren't as enlightened as you are.

By the way, hardcore was once upon a time a sub genre of punk rock (some of you might remember punk rock) and punk was always about the snotty kid in the back of the show saying stupid shit that he shouldn't have. Maybe he's worth something.

Thanks for your time,
Sean Sullivan.

Stuff You Should Pay Attention to:

1. As always I can be reached at 1369 Haight St, SF CA, 94117 or email me at Seansul@midsspring.com
2. I continue to send postcards to friends and strangers for no real reason at all. Just write me at the address above if you'd like one.
3. I would appreciate advanced word if I am banned from next year's More Than Music.



They Like Me, They Really Like Me—Well, the response to my column has been overwhelming! At first, a few negative responses had MRR reconsidering their decision to run it, but then a flood of support changed their minds. Praise Jesus! I'm sill not certain my position is stable here, so keep it coming!

News Note—Apparently Preven, an "emergency contraception kit," which can be taken within a day or two after intercourse, to prevent a fertilized egg from being implanted, will now be widely available in the U.S. Murder (What rational person could think there was any difference between this, and a firing squad, for example?) made easy, but no less un-Christian. As if there weren't enough reasons to support the good people at Wal-Mart, they will be refusing to carry Preven thanks to people like you and me. Show your gratitude by letting Wal-Mart know you appreciate their stance against empowering harlots! Call 1-800-966-6546 and e-mail, letters@wal-mart.com to let them know you will be shopping there more frequently in response to this courageous decision.

Finally many thanks to Paul E. State for his great contribution. As always, comments for him can be sent through me at skipyskip@aol.com.

I know things can be tough for Chris-

tians. Just trying to keep your chin up in this radical left wing society can be very hard. That's part of the reason it's important to have strong Christian leaders. These are a few quotes that have provided guidance and inspiration to me over the years, and I hope they will do the same for you. If your not a Christian, I hope that these quotes will show you what we Christians are really all about and clear any misconceptions you might have. By the way, my name is Paul E. State, and, if all does well, I will be a regular contributor to Christians' Corner.

"The Constitution of the United States, for instance, is a marvelous document for self-government by the Christian people. But the minute you turn the document into the hands of non-Christian people and atheistic people they can use it to destroy the very foundation of our society. And that's what's been happening." — Pat Robertson, The 700 Club, Dec. 30, 1981

"It is interesting, that termites don't build things, and the great builders of our nation almost to a man have been Christians, because Christians have the desire to build something. He is motivated by love of man and God, so he builds. The people who have come into (our) institutions (today) are primarily termites. They are into destroying institutions that have been built by Christians, whether it is universities, governments, our own traditions, that we have.... The termites are in charge now, and that is not the way it ought to be, and the time has arrived for a godly fumigation." — Pat Robertson, New York Magazine, August 18, 1986

"Just like what Nazi Germany did to the Jews, so liberal America is now doing to the evangelical Christians. It's no different. It is the same thing. It is happening all over again. It is the Democratic Congress, the liberal-based media and the homosexuals who want to destroy the Christians. Wholesale abuse and discrimination and the worst bigotry directed toward any group in America today. More terrible than anything suffered by any minority in history." — Pat Robertson, 1993 interview with Molly Ivins

These quotes really sum up the course the country has taken in recent years to me. Only a political and grammatical genius like Pat Robertson could articulate it so smoothly and accurately. He has so many quotes like this that it's difficult to pick just a few. What is the correct direction for our country? I think these men have some ideas that we should all think about;

"I don't know that atheists should be considered citizens, nor should they be considered patriots. This is one nation

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under God." — George Bush

"We're going to bring back God and the Bible and drive the gods of secular humanism right out of the public schools of America." — Presidential candidate Pat Buchanan addressing the anti-gay rally in Des Moines, 2-11-96

So we need to destroy the false barrier between state and church, and make this a Christian government. But we also need to get something done on the home front. Skip asked me to include a couple of quotes on the role of women, since that was possibly the most popular part of his essay. I think they tie in nicely. We need a Christian government, supported by Christian families;

"I think that Christian women are the most liberated women in the whole world. I love being under submission to my husband." — Tammy Faye Bakker

"I know this is painful for the ladies to hear, but if you get married, you have accepted the headship of a man, your husband. Christ is the head of the household and the husband is the head of the wife, and that's the way it is, period." — Pat Robertson, "The 700 Club," 1/8/92

"No gown becomes a woman worse than the desire to be wise." — Martin Luther

Praise be to Jesus, for inspiring words that are so obvious and so true. But with pervert-feminazi organizations running wild, thanks to the termite ridden government and schools Pat Robertson was talking about, it won't be easy to implement our will;

"It (planned parenthood) is teaching kids to fornicate, teaching people to have adultery, every kind of bestiality, homosexuality, lesbianism—everything that the Bible condemns." — Pat Robertson, "The 700 Club," 4/9/91

"The feminist agenda is not about equal rights for women. It is about a socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism, and become lesbians." — Pat Robertson, fund raising letter, 1992

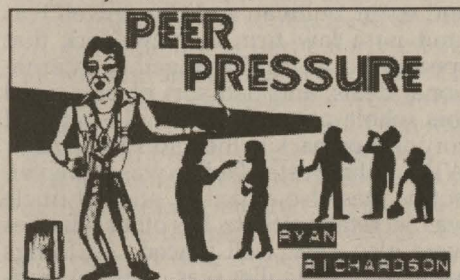
"Feminism was established to allow unattractive women easier access to the mainstream." — Rush Limbaugh Quoted in FRQ, Summer/93

"Mainstream America is counting on you to 'draw your sword' and fight for them. These people have precious little time and resources to battle misguided Cinderella attitudes, the fringe propaganda of the homosexual coalition, the feminists who preach that it is a divine duty for woman to hate men, blacks who raise a militant fist with one hand while they seek preference with the other..." — Charlton Heston

Who but a Christian could have the state of mind necessary to make these statements? Imagine what it would be like if the "termites" drove these great people from prominence.

I hope this has left you with a pretty good idea of what the state of the country is, what it should be, what the ideal family is and who we oppose. Hearing it expressed so elegantly really gets me fired up to get out there and do God's work! How 'bout you? Here's a final quote, to get you motivated, and put you in a genuinely Christian frame of mind;

"I want you to just let a wave of intolerance wash over you. I want you to let a wave of hatred wash over you. Yes, hate is good... Our goal is a Christian nation. We have a Biblical duty, we are called by God, to conquer this country. We don't want equal time. We don't want pluralism." — Randall Terry, Founder of Operation Rescue, The News-Sentinel, Fort Wayne, Indiana, 8-16-93



THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH

This is a story of collector scum persistence. Or perhaps it's about an illness. Somewhere around '92, a friend of mine wound up in a band with a guy named Chuck. It turns out Chuck (a/k/a Babe Ruthless, one of my fave punk pseudonyms) used to play in an early Dallas punk band called CRINGE. Cringe had released a 4-song EP in '81.... I got a tape of it. A few listens, and I had to have the record. It was the most amateurish, retarded early punk record I'd ever heard (the first track, "Spit On Your Grave" is on Killed By Death #10). Essential. I called Chuck and asked if he had any spare copies. None. This was the beginning of the sick saga.

Over the next couple years, I got a hold of two other members: one had his personal copy, one didn't have one at all. They all said the same thing: if anybody has copies, it's Suzy Mustang. She was also the only hope for an unreleased studio song ("Stress") and Cringe MTV-ready video for "Spit On Your Grave." YESSSSS. The search was on. For a year or so, I went the usual routes of checking directory assistance and asking around. Nothing. When the ill-fated Dallas Independent Music Festival rolled around, I was told she would be attending. I put up

a big sign looking for her. None of the 40 attendees responded.

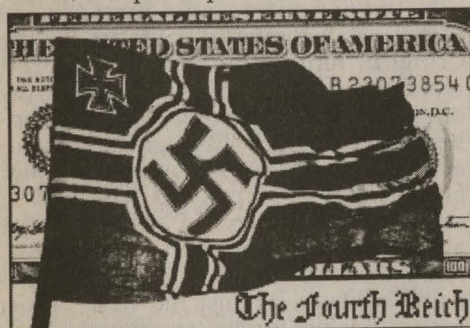
A couple years later, I was told that she might work at Dallas Presbyterian Hospital, so I put up some flyers in the break room there. A couple days later, the phone rang. "I was calling about your flyer at the hospital." My big break had come. "This is security, and we really can't have flyers like this up at the hospital." Fuck. Fast forward another year or so: the VVV reunion. VVV was an early Dallas punk label that released classics like NCM and Bobby Soxx. Anyway, there was a VVV Reunion where Ejectors, Telephones, Ralphs, NCM, Bobby Soxx were to play. SURELY, she'd show up there. Between sets (or actually during the lame-ass Ejectors set), I remained on the lookout for a large Hispanic woman (she'd apparently put on a few pounds). No goddamn dice.

All right, now we're up to 1998, and I've talked to dozens of old Texas punk rockers. They've either never heard of Cringe or don't have a clue where Suzy could be. I decide to call Babe Ruthless, now married to a friend of mine, and pick his brain. It turns out Suzy was from Indiana. I decide this is the last push. I sit down and write to every individual with the last name Mustang (not her real last name... do your own work, fucker). About a month later, BINGO!!! I get an e-mail from "smustang@hotmail.com". One of her relatives had forwarded my letter to her in Florida, where she is currently residing. For all my goose chasing in Texas, she'd been in Florida the entire time. So, you'd think that was the crowning moment to a six year quest. Think again.

I started off by sending her \$100. \$50 was a belated royalty payment for the Cringe EP repress (my second release) I'd worked on with Babe Ruthless, and the other \$50 was payment toward any copies of the Cringe EP she might have available. This was May 1998. A month would go by, nothing. I'd call and "check in". I rarely reached Suzy... I either got the answering machine or her roommate. After about six months, I was starting to bang my head against the wall. "I just haven't looked for the records yet." Hey, we've all got priorities and busy lives... but six months to look in the closet for some records? Jesus. Anyway, I continued to call sporadically (no more than once a month... I'm persistent not pushy). One evening, she said "I'll just look for 'em right now while you're on the phone". Oh, behave!! Imagine my joy when she counted out six copies and said she'd send them the following week. Everyday I opened the p.o. box, I'd scan for a package slip from Florida. Nothing.

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ANOTHER TWO MONTHS go by, I decide to take the step that's worked on the flakiest of band members: the box. I send a box that's addressed, stamped, and includes packing materials down to the tape. It's a no-brainer. Yes, you guessed it... no records. At this point, I begin resigning the shit to fate like any regular Joe would've done long ago. What else can a human do? So, it's May 1999, a year after first making contact with ol' Suzy. I'm gabbing my friend, Steve, on the phone about the mess. As I'm talking to him, I remember I have a cousin who lives in Florida. "Hey Steve, punch up that map-site and see how far Glendale is from Peoria." Steve pulls up a map website. "Umm, this site's saying 4 miles apart." Incredulous, I called my cousin... "oh yeah, not even four miles." I explain the mission. Break into Suzy's house. Just kidding... I call Suzy and tell her lo and behold, I can have my cousin pick up the records from her. She opts to bring them to my cousin's place on Memorial Day leaving me to wonder if she's actually going to show. Almost a year to the day, a talkative and only slightly peculiar gal handed over my half dozen records to my cousin. I had them in my hands the next day (damn right, I paid for FedEx). Yeah yeah, I know it's a rather mundane ending to a particularly grueling search, the longest of my punk rock collecting tenure. See, it wasn't the thrill of the hunt, it was a goddamn War of Attrition. If collector scum medals were issued, I'd be donning a Purple Heart. Now, as I write this, I'm wondering if I should bother pursuing unreleased material and Cringe video that may lurk in Suzy's garage... nurse, morphine please!!



D: Hello, my name is Dave Emory, and it is my privilege to once again present Christopher Simpson, the author of among other titles, "Blowback," "The Science of Cohesion," and the book that we are speaking about today, "The Splendid Blond Beast, Money, Law, and Genocide in the Twentieth Century." Published in soft cover by the Common Courage Press. Chris, welcome back to our airwaves.

C: Hello Dave.

D: In the last half-hour, we were talking about the recapitalization of Germany in the 1920's by American financial institutions in order to keep the international capital flows going. I'd like to talk about some of the institutions and individuals that were central to not only that recapitalization, but also a lot of subsequent events that you talked about. Let's start with Sullivan and Chromwell and the brothers Allan and Doug-Foster Dulles. The conclusion that we left off with was that if the international financial flow of capital becomes clogged up, then the whole system breaks down. The next question is who's in charge of the plumbing? Who keeps the plumbing open? The fact is, particularly during the 1920's, you had a small number of people who specialized in this particular task. We're talking about fewer than 200 people nationwide who were international lawyers, senior executives of national banks of a handful of powerful countries, and so on. Sullivan and Chromwell was (and is) a law firm in New York that specialized in putting together international deals, and had sort of pioneered this whole concept of a multi-national corporation back in the mid 1900's. After WW1, John Foster Dulles was a lawyer, but he was also a banker, and his uncle was Secretary of State. His other relatives were also very well placed. As things came to pass, Dulles was on the American negotiating team that put together the financial settlement at the end of WW1. We're talking about John Foster Dulles, the older brother.

D: These ultimately yielded the Dawes and Young Plans?

C: Exactly, and as we spoke before, the first attempt to resolve who was going to pay for WW1 led to the German inflation crisis of the early 1920's, which very nearly set off a new world war by itself. What John Foster Dulles put together with a number of other bankers was a system by which the Germans would borrow money to repay the loans to England. England would then take that money and repay the loans to the Americans, who would in turn lend it to the Germans, and you see how the cycle works. As long as the cycle continues, John Foster Dulles was seen as the visionary captain of world finance. Dulles and a handful of others like Paul Mitza, who was later to reemerge during the cold war as the American cold war Real-Politique advisor to half-a-dozen American presidents. John Foster Dulles ended up as Secretary of State while his brother Allan ended up as the Director of the CIA at the same time. Several of the main financial empires that Dulles served, his family was wealthy in its own right but his real job was serving the ultra rich,

the Rockefellers for example. These small circles worked together to recapitalize Germany and to profit off of the roaring 20's boom of that time. They set up a variety of different plans that ended up taking advantage of small investors when the bottom fell out of the market in 1929, but that's another story. As far as what happened with Germany is concerned, you had a half dozen or so of these early multi-national corporations. The idea of a multi-national corporation in a world where transportation is slow and the making of a cross country telephone call is almost impossible, a multi-national corporation in that circumstance is quite an undertaking. In the 20's and 30's what it led to is a handful of multi-national corporations that bound together the financial elite of wall street (on one hand) with the financial elite of Germany (on the other). This was a very well documented process; there was nothing conspiratorial about it in the sense of some vast illuminati, banker, or Jewish conspiracy type story.

D: No, there was nothing occult about this, it is one of the major capital phenomena of the early 20th century.

C: It's how the system works!

D: Right, and far from being a Jewish bank conspiracy as we're about to see, this ultimately led to the conquering of the exact opposite forces.

C: Exactly! This ended up being a contributing factor to the Holocaust, and here's why. One of the most important questions at the end of WW1 was "what is a crime against humanity?" "What is a war crime?" Of course it's a moral question and it's also a fact that at the end of WW1, ordinary people were more and more involved in the life and democratic character of their countries than ever before in history and because it was very expensive. All of the characters agreed that if a country had committed a war crime, then it is responsible for paying some form of reparation for that crime. So the definition of what a war crime was or the definition of what a crime against humanity was became an economic question in addition to being a legal and moral question. People like John Foster Dulles, his brother Allan, and perhaps as many as two dozen other people had a very strong interest in limiting the definition of "war crime" to the maximum degree possible. Obliterating, canceling, and refusing to acknowledge that there was such a thing as a crime against humanity. This was because of the financial institutions that they represented (for reasons that we've been discussing for a while) and in the particular case of the "crime against humanity," there was concern. They wrote it down quite explicitly in diaries and so

columns

forth that if (for example) the Turkish attempt to exterminate the Armenians was recognized as a crime. In fact it should have been. The Americans had promised that it would be (during the war). If this was recognized once the war propaganda was over then it was quite likely that the Americans would find themselves in the dock for crimes against humanity in connection with slavery, extermination of indigenous peoples, the mass murders in the Philippines at the turn of the century, and a whole list of other offenses. I imagine your listeners are familiar with this. So the John Foster Dulles's of this world (and again we're talking about a very small number of people here) had a great interest in limiting the definition of these crimes. When Hitler came to power the first thing that he did as far as persecution of Jews was dispossessing them, taking away their property, taking away their ability to make a living. This was "petty persecution" in the sense of expelling them from schools or professions, beating them up, and that type of thing. Those are serious crimes, yet they're of a different order than mass murder. As the Nazi state moved from this "petty" form of persecution (which was evil enough) into an exterminationist form of persecution... This was a relatively public event, people who were reading European or German newspapers had a pretty good idea of what was going on. So the question came up in the legal offices of the United States State Department and in the Foreign Office of the UK... "Well, are we going to intervene as Nazi Germany deports certain categories of people into concentration camps which are (by evidence already in our hands) actually death centers where people are starved to death or left to die from the elements?" Now this is before the gas chambers. The answers that the lawyers came back with was, "No, we're not going to intervene." "We're not going to get involved with this." Why? "It's because it's not illegal, there's no such thing as a crime against humanity, we decided that at the end of WW1." "If Hitler wants to treat his people like that, well then maybe Hitler is a distasteful person, but he's not doing anything against the law." This was the reasoning at the time. I'm not trying to defend this, I'm just trying to articulate what the story or claim was at the time.

D: This line of argument centered on a group of State Department functionaries who could be said to be sort of a correlating element to some of the wall street elite that we were speaking of earlier, the Dulles brothers and so forth...

C: Absolutely, they were very much intertwined with each other, and once again this is not some sort of Illuminati conspir-

acy BS. You can sit down and look at the staffs of the Foreign service of the US State Department, and the graduation list from Princeton, the lawyers from Wall Street, and so forth, and see an enormous overlap of familiarity... People moving through revolving door type jobs and so forth.

D: We're talking about the REGA faction within the State Department and I think a better way of understanding how they function is to substitute the term "networking" for "conspiracy."

C: sure, networking is a way of looking at it. In one way it makes a lot of sense. There's a handful of people working on Wall Street who are used to dealing with Germans and with the German economy and who know up from down as far as various parts of Europe are concerned. It's not surprising that some of those same folks will end up in some of those administrations in posts where they're representing the US Government in its dealings with Europe. In fact somewhat the same phenomenon continues to this day. At that time it was particularly intense, inbred, and small in tight circles because in a metaphorical sense the world was a smaller place. So rather than having a stratum of people doing these jobs, you had a country-club-full of these people doing these jobs, and that was about it. To get back to the genocide question, they had defined "war crime" in a certain way after WW1, mainly because it was profitable for them to do it that way. They had refused, in the face of a popular outcry, to recognize that there was such a thing as a "crime against humanity," such a thing as crime, which a government commits against its own citizens (for example that's one type of crime against humanity). Such a thing as genocide or a crime in which a state sets out to exterminate an entire people... Even though they had seen that sort of thing with their own eyes in the Turkish attempt to exterminate the Armenians, and even though they had documented that in their own archives (again in the Turkish attempt to exterminate the Armenians). From a legal standpoint, that crime was said not to exist. So when Hitler came along, his ability to set the foundation for mass extermination of Jews and eventually of other people as well and to begin the process of that extermination was solidified. People (particularly in the legal advisor's offices of the State Departments and Foreign Ministries) that said, "hands off, don't get involved, this is none of our business, and there's no basis in international law to even make a protest over this" helped it out. The theory of how international law should work remained the dominant theory certainly up until the international Tribunal at

Nuremberg, and continues to be felt in a variety of ways up until this day.

D: A couple of sentences that I'd like to read about the political philosophy of the RIGA Group, who again were some of the State Department element that corresponded to some of the Wall Street operators that we alluded to earlier. On page 52 of the paperback edition you write, "More to the point here however is the Rega Group's impact on US/German relations, particularly after Hitler came to power. Perhaps the most influential proponent of the RIGA axioms inside the government during the Roosevelt years was FDR's first ambassador to Russia, William Bullitt. He has arrived in the USSR full of enthusiasm for normalized US/Soviet relations, but felt soon after convinced that 'only Nazi Germany could stay the advance of Soviet Bolshevism into Europe.' A view which was shared by others such as Robert Murphy." Later you write of the same type of attitude towards war crimes, with regards to the German's use of slave labor. "For them forced labor seemed little more than a particularly harsh solution to problems that were common to the US and German elite." Chris, we've got just about ten minutes left in the interview and I'd like to develop these points a little further by talking about people like Robert Murphy and George Keenan of that RIGA faction. Later, also how people like Allan Dulles and William Draper came to be involved with the reconstruction of Germany after WW2. A situation not unlike what had happened after WW1. I realize this is a tall order for ten minutes...

C: We were talking earlier about how quite a number of empires came to an end during WW1, and one of them of course was that of Czarist Russia, whose government was overthrown by a Communist revolution. The big capitalists, big business, social leaders, chambers of commerce, and so forth were appalled by this development. It's because this sort of class-based struggle had been a characteristic of America for 40 or 50 years at that point. The IWW, the Wobblies were a potent political force in the US at that time. The labor unions in many cases were virtually illegal in the US and along comes a movement that says, "labor should rule." The US Government was not happy with this. You had growing in the State Department a particular analysis of "how do you respond to Bolshevik Russia, what do you do with them?" You had some people who favored dealing with Soviet Russia more or less as a conventional power and establishing more or less conventional diplomatic relations. You had others whose strategy was to systematically undermine and attempt to

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overthrow that particular government. The Later group was called the RIGA Faction. That particular term was coined by mainstream American historian, Daniel Yuragan, who wrote quite a good study of the emergence of this group. So who was in this group? Well you had people like George Cannon (who is still with us today) who remains a so-called "wise man" and who remained very influential in US/Soviet policy after 1945. D: Someone you write about extensively in "Blowback." Sure. People like Robert Murphy who was Assistant Secretary of State under three or four presidential administrations and at one point was an acting Secretary of State and so forth. A man who was very influential as far as US/International relations are concerned. Basically a core group of more or less similar thinking people in the State Department whose specialty was dealing with Western Europe. Bullitt, as you read, was one of those people. When Roosevelt came to power, one of the things he did was to attempt to reopen rational and more or less conventional diplomatic relations with the Soviets. It was a particularly hard time to do that. For one, the US was in an economic crisis, for another thing, the Soviet Union was in the midst of a major land and class upsurge, which in the end turned rather bloody in quite a number of places. Stalin was solidifying his power and so on... So creating normal diplomatic relations was not a particularly easy job. On top of that the revolutionary core that had brought the communists to power, or the revolutionary ideals that the communists had been able to articulate and (on that basis) win popular support, had yet to turn sour in the minds of many people. Literally, many people around the world looked to the Soviet Union as the model of a new society, a New World, and a better way of life. There's been a lot of water under the bridge since then and the Soviet Union doesn't even exist anymore. The point is that at the time, that was the way it appeared. So when Bullitts went there he was very much the son of the ruling class, he went there as Roosevelt's Emissary with the idea of more or less establishing rational relations with the Soviets. He returned, literally within months, saying that the only thing to do with the Soviets was to encourage the Nazi's to go to war with them. Those particular trends of thinking remained entrenched and dominate in the US State Department throughout the 1930's, throughout Hitler's rise, and throughout Hitler's consolidation of power.

D: You mention that there was a struggle within the US State Department between this RIGA Faction. Anyway, the RIGA

Faction and those who were attempting to administer the policies that had actually been enunciated by people like Franklin Roosevelt. Ultimately the Robert Murphys and the RIGA Faction prevailed, and you mention that with regard to the administration of intelligence in Germany. Allan Dulles of Sullivan and Chromwell, who was working for the OSS, became the primary US functionary. At the same time another member of this Wall Street elite who was wearing a national security hat, William Draper of Dylan-Reed became a key US official with regard to frustrating the decarmelization of Germany. In our last couple of minutes I wonder if you could as briefly as possible detail that for us, bearing in mind the implausibility of really doing that justice. C: Well, basically what we've been seeing so far is the emergence of this relatively small circle of people who specialized in US/German relations, and also this kind of triangular relationship between the US, Germany, and the Soviet Union. Those three relationships were really very important as far as US foreign policy and Europe were concerned throughout the 20's, 30's 40's and so on. We're talking about a relative handful of people who make the decisions about what's going to be done there. The ones who were making the decisions in the 1920's about banking and investment were by the 1940's the ones who were in charge of the parts of the American war effort (in some cases) against the Nazi Government. Then after Hitler was gone, these same people were in charge of the American occupation of Germany when all of the very complicated questions involving how you de-nazify a country that has been an enthusiastic Nazi country for almost two decades? How do you de-nazify that situation? How do you reconstruct Germany? How do you put a country back on its feet so it can survive economically? These are not easy questions to answer. The ones who had the appearance of being experts at answering these questions were precisely the ones who had been personally involved in creating the economic and political conditions that had led to Hitler's rise to power. They had participated in business deals with major German companies during Hitler's rule, and who (in many cases) had personal or familial economic interests in countries who were profiting from Germany's reconstruction. William Draper is one example that you use.

D: He was a general at the end of the war and he had been the key official with Dylan-Reed in helping to promote US investment in Germany, and Allan Dulles from Sullivan and Chromwell had a lot to do with administering intelligence mat-

ters. Also, of course, Allan Dulles and people like George Cannon and others figure prominently in your book "Blowback," which follows in many ways in the work that you did for "The Splendid Blond Beast..." Published in soft cover by Common Courage Press, copyright 1995. Chris thanks for being with us.

C: Thank you Dave.

D: For Christopher Simpson, this is Dave Emory saying Thanks for listening.

For more information about Dave Emory, his research, and his audio cassette series, contact: Spitfire, PO Box 1179, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, email - alcalame@ix.netcom.com, Website - <http://www.kffc.org> Attention non commercial radio stations! Contact Spitfire regarding Dave Emory's weekly radio program.



Hey all you cowboys and cowgirls out there on the ranch. Hope all you podners are doin' swell.

O.K. enough of that cowpoke crap, let's get down to the nitty gritty. Recently, I've been dealing with a lot of folks that have little to no couthe. At first I was starting to think that it is my own intolerance monster rearing her little proper head again, but I got to thinking how important it is to honor my feelings and so on and now I think I've just been dealing with a lot of losers. So to remedy this lost situation because people sans manners are everywhere I intend to write a list of things/ ideas for folks that give a shit how they treat people should follow. Now I understand and believe in the freedom wheel. Fuck yah, people should be free to do whatever they want to do, but I have to add a clause to this and that is...as long as you don't hurt stuff in the process. Cuz it all comes back now, ya hear?

So I am standing on my damn soapbox and the readers are screaming, "get on with it", but as long as I have your attention I will explain further. In order to get along in this crazy, messed up society we really need to be free and respect some basic boundaries. One may criticize and ask whether I confronted the assailants on their behavior and the answer is of course. I am the QUEEN of confrontation. But, alas, they continued to be rude and break some basic rules of sisterhood. For example, you never leave your friend in the bar in a strange place at

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two in the morning and make her walk back to the hostel alone cuz you leave with a boy in order to obtain some action. That is just wrong in my book. No Pinache. So here it is, some basic rules, laws, manners, commandments whatever you want to call them to follow in order to keep good relations with your friends, family, partner, lover, pet or coworker.

1. Say what's on your mind. Don't harbor anything. Repression leads to sublimation. And if at all possible get it out when it is bugging you at the source not later on!!! This is the biggy. Your life will improve dramatically if you live by this rule.

2. Don't lie to people if you can help it. It won't serve you or the other person unless it is to protect them and even still you should always weigh the pro's and con's of this. Ask yourself, would you want to know and also ask yourself if it is healthy for you to keep this secret.

3. Don't succumb to gossip. This is an evil little player that is the root of all that is twisted and fucked. If you need to vent that is of course acceptable, but ask yourself if the person you are venting to is trustworthy and also if you have ulterior motives in venting to them...

4. If you need to break off an engagement (which could just be getting a burrito) for fucks sake call and tell them ASAP. If you really don't want to go just cuz you don't want to hang with this person then stop being such a loser and don't make plans with them in the first place. Sheesh. In other words, do not shine people, and try to be on time as much as possible. Waiting around for a loser is even more humiliating than making plans with that loser in the first place. And if you're the blow-off-EE and it happens more than twice without legitimate and I mean legitimate reasons, then maybe you should ask yourself, is it worth it? Don't take it personally, honor your feelings and make some new friends that respect you back. And never, ever, ever blow off a girlfriend (platonic or lover) to hang out with a boy—whether you're male or female. Got it?

5. If you love someone let them know! It doesn't matter if it's a friend, a family member or a sweetheart. Let me tell you from experience, I have had people close to me die and I regret never telling them how much they meant to me. And I only regret about 40 minutes—total—of my entire life. Life is short cowkids, so seriously live it up and be true to your emotions cuz it's been around a lot longer than intellect. If you don't believe me study the evolution of the brain!

6. Don't let your emotions regarding how you feel about yourself limit your expression. What I mean is if you are feeling bad cuz you have a really big pussy zit, don't

be mean to people and think in turn they don't like you cuz of your big pussy zit. Sound twisted? I am sure we have all done this little passive aggressive maneuver once or twice. Hmmm?

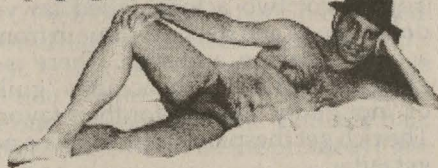
7. Never leave your friend at a bar at two o'clock in the morning in a strange place to walk to a hostel or anywhere else cuz you're a selfish fill in the blank!

8. Don't interrupt people!!! It is so annoying. You have no idea how rude and down right ignorant one looks when they are constantly interrupting people. We all know the statistic that men interrupt womyn 80% more than womyn interrupt. But I just want to let you know, some people talk slow or need to formulate their thoughts more clearly than those annoying spazoid-interrupting gigolos. Everyone deserves to be heard, men and womyn. And if you do find yourself doing this a lot, simply stop what you are saying and say, sorry I interrupted you, what were you saying? Try it.

Call people on their shit! This goes with number one. Do it gently, be honest, and try to do it in the spirit of educating each other. If you find yourself calling other people on their shit A LOT, then you are either hanging out with some dummies or you are entirely too caught up in your egomania. Nobody likes a know it all! You may need a healthy dose of self-esteem.

O.K horse kids I think that is all for rhinestone T's moral lesson for this month. Thanks for letting me vent and let me know if you have any problems with this method. Maybe I could be your new Ask Rhinestone T column. But I think I'd get bored after a while. You can reach me at rhinestone_t@hotmail.com I think, I don't check it often so be patient young padawan. Riding off into the sunset—out.

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!



You know how when you meet new people, you immediately picture them on their backs, naked, with their knees raised to their ears? From then on, you deal with that picture, rather than the reality in front of you.

That's how I came to Toronto. My expectations raised like a Viagral penis. The reality is not so erect. In fact, my Canadian tour is a rousing flop. Twenty-five people in three shows. Not each.

That's a total. Twenty-five. 8.33 people a show. Melanie tried, but I don't draw. A conspiracy? A feminist boycott? Who knows?

Jim Munroe is my host. He lives with roommates in a cheap place in the cool part of Toronto. A publishing contract thrust Jim into mainstreamland. Pow! Sucked up like an Electrolux. Avon books, owned by Rupert Murdoch, gave him \$20,000 for his sci-fi socially conscious novel, *Flyboy Action Figure, Gas-mask Included*.

If I were Jim, I'd take the offer, write a kiss-my-ass letter to Murdoch, then use the money to publish my own books. That's what Jim does. He reads his letter as part of his spoken word performance, as my co-star on the Canadian tour.

Jim installs me on his living room couch. His roommates, however, have other ideas.

One's a stripper. Blond, she's as close to being sexy as that fact allows. She is not exactly Ms. Friendly, though. Whenever she passes, I feel the sudden need to put on a sweater.

Then there's the hippie. A slim guy with a long black ponytail. He'd be good looking, if he weren't goateed in keeping with the current Canadian fashion. Hippie's girlfriend also lives there. She's a slightly hefty gal with a personality that makes *Lost In Space's* Dr. Smith seem cordial.

My first night at Jim's, the stripper makes an effort. She gets me a sensual Charlie Brown sheet and spreads it out on the couch. She declines my suggestion that she accompany me in it. The other two roommates, I don't meet until the next morning.

I get up early, and go out to have a bagel with complimentary miniature banana. I assume it's an old Canadian culinary custom. I return about nine. The plump girlfriend is up and in the kitchen.

"Have you had breakfast yet?" she asks.

"I had a bagel and a banana." I say, thinking she's offering to whip something up.

"Oh, I was just telling you, because there are a lot of nice breakfast places around here," she says. "This neighborhood is really nice to walk around in. That's what you should do. Walk around... how about now?"

Immediately, she retreats to her room. Door closed. Yeah!

The next night, I'm beat. Worn out from traipsing all over town, speaking my word, talking to zine guys, drinking mighty fine Canadian beer, unsuccessfully chasing after this part-Indian (feather, not turban).

Now I'm at Jim's ready to hit the

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couch. Hippie and his girlfriend are already on it.

I pick up my laptop and go into the kitchen. I'll let them finish their warm up, go into their room and screw. Then, I'll get some sleep. I'm barely able to keep my head up. Half an hour later, from the livingroom, comes a female voice.

"Mykel? Are you in any hurry to get to sleep?"

"Yes." I say, "I'm dead tired."

"Oh..." returns the voice, "well, we're planning to stay here a bit. The TV is in here."

Then there's silence.

To use the bathroom, I have to pass through the livingroom. I need to, so I do.

They're on the couch. Watching TV. On the TV is nothing. I don't mean general worthless TV nothing. I mean zero. Nothing. A blank screen. Just blue, like the VCR is on and there's no tape in it.

"I saw that movie," I say as I pass. "Want me to tell you what happens?"

They are not amused.

Well, thanks anyway Jim. *You* were cool.

Flash ahead to the Toronto airport. I'm at the gate. A concession stand stands nearby. It's hot. I'm thirsty. Someone put an OUT OF ORDER SIGN on the serve-yourself soda fountain.

I ask someone behind the counter, "How much is a small Coke?"

The woman, in her early sixties, speaks with a slavic accent. "I don't know how much is. I chaf to poot in cash register. Den I know."

"You don't know?" I enquire.

"No, all prices are in cash register," she says. "I teenk it around dollar tirty cent."

I've got \$1.37 in Canadian coins. If she guesses right, it'll rid me of them. If she's wrong, she's already rung it up. I'll have to break a bill. Then I'll be stuck with even more change to hide in the coinrolls I bring to the bank. What kind of system, is that where they don't know the price of anything until AFTER you buy it?

While I'm deciding what to do, the woman walks away. I talk with a hispanic guy, also behind the counter.

"I'll have a small coke," I tell him.

"There's only one size," he says getting a large bottle from the freezer.

"Is that \$1.30?" I ask.

"No," he says, "It's around a dollar ninety five, I think. I have to put it into the machine before I know."

"Where's the small Coke for \$1.30?"

I ask. He shrugs and asks a pretty Negress, also behind the counter. She shrugs and asks the Slavic woman.

"Small Coag. Small Coag." she says, "You take from machine there. I reeng it small coffee. That's one dirttee."

Sure enough, the out-of-order machine works just fine. I fill my small cup with Coke and give it to the Slav.

"OK," she says, pushing the proper cash register buttons, "that \$1.38 with tax."

Back in New York. I check the mail for the weekend. There's a jury duty notice. For my first day in court, I hastily throw together some reading material: a fanzine from Detroit, an Edward Albee play, a review copy of Evan Cohen's GG Allin tourbook, *I Was A Murder Junkie*. I stuff them all into a black briefcase, figuring it'll look good in court.

My English teaching job doesn't pay me for my days in court. The court itself will give me \$40 a day, eventually. Having done this thrice before, I know that most of the time you wait. Wait to get called to a trial. Wait to get interviewed to be on the jury. If you're chosen, you wait while they choose the other eleven. If you're not, you go back to the main waiting room and start all over. This writing cubby hole is an improvement on the old boredom. What do I mean *this* cubby hole?

Well, it's weirder than an open mind at an MRR staff meeting. I type these very words from inside The Criminal Court building at 100 Center Street in Manhattan. I'm on jury duty, and here, while you wait, they have these cozy little cubicles where you can take care of business or go nappy poo. I'm beatin' the keyboard of my ancient laptop, with its half burnt-out screen, a *Furious George* sticker on the back.

There was a time when I wanted out of jury duty. My first reason was the same selfish one as yours. It's boring. It's a pain in the ass. I have better things to do. My second reason was more ethical. "Who am I to judge another person?" "Do I want to be responsible for putting someone in jail? "What if I make a mistake?"

The American justice system sucks. You've got two actors, called lawyers, doing a song and dance routine in front of a twelve-person audience. There is no gong. Instead, the audience uses "guilty" or "not guilty" to vote for their favorite. The rich get thespian attorneys. The poor get jail.

Just like you do, I mentally whisk my ethical reason in front of my selfish one. From the mirror, it's all I see. The next problem? How do I get out of serving?

Unfortunately, unlike you, the reality of the city, the world, and justice catches up with me.

"If I were cop-caught and hauled into court, who would I want on my jury? Those yuppie Republicans who have

nothing better to do than listen to TV news and click their tongues over the runaway crime rate? Or some like me who is as unlikely to vote GUILTY as a vegan is to eat at McDonalds?" If I were on trial, I'd want ME on the jury. Is it fair to deny that to anyone else?

So here I am, no effort to get out of it. Waiting the wait. Hoping to get the chance to keep someone out of jail.

Flash back to yesterday morning: Having decided to serve, I walk through security. This being America 1999, you have to go through a metal detector and physical inspection before you do your civic duty.

"Could you open your briefcase?" asks the overweight man at the metal detector. He seems tired, despite an effort at friendliness.

I open the case. There on top is *I WAS A MURDER JUNKIE* in the boldest type I've ever seen. The guard looks at it. Looks at me. Then looks at the briefcase. Tight-lipped, he lifts the manuscript and peers underneath, checks the compartment in the back. He closes the briefcase and returns it to me.

"Thank you sir," he says.

From security, I take the elevator upstairs, check into room 1510 and register to serve my time. I'm there ten minutes before the scheduled deadline of 8:30.

Room 1510 is huge. About 200 soft-padded chairs are bolted to the floor. At one end of the room is a large semi-circular desk, like you find in the customer service area of Office Depot. Against one wall is a row of cubbyholes like the one I now type this column in.

The first cell phone rings at exactly 9:00.

"Guess what, Murray?" comes the half conversation a few rows behind me, "I'm on jury duty...."

Before long, the room is abuzz with ringing and more half conversations. I oppose the death penalty, but I make an exception for using cell phones in public places. Kill 'em all!

This being New York, the 8:30 proceedings start at ten o'clock. A tall thin man, gray hair, open shirt, comes to the big desk. He looks—and sounds—like a talkshow host.

"Alright ladies and gentlemen," he says, "welcome to the New York Criminal court. Thank you for coming..."

Like you have a choice, right?

"Make sure the back of your jury slips are filled out completely," he continues. "Any error and we may not be able to properly reward you with the princely sum to be paid for doing your duty."

I applaud when he says, "If you

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have a cellular phone, please do not use it in this room. Go out into the hall to make and receive calls. No one wants to listen to one side of your conversation, no matter how interesting you think it is."

That's telling 'em!

Besides the cell phones, jury room annoyances includes a geriatric woman apparently in the late stages of tuberculosis. Her coughs are harsh and continual. Amazingly, she does not spit blood. Then there's the talker. You know the kind, often teenage girls. This one's a small man not much older than me. He sits across the room, but there's a non-stop unintelligible drone. Extremely annoying.

Now, the gray-haired MC goes into a stand-up comedy routine. He's Jay Leno, twenty pounds lighter—without the chin. "Now we'll collect the jury ballots and ask you to sit back down. I direct your attention to the two video screens..."

For the first time, I notice there are two TVs, one behind the main desk, one on the wall to my right.

"For your entertainment and education you'll meet celebrities and ordinary people," he continues, "much like yourselves, who will try to convince you that what you're doing is more than a civic pain in the posterior. Please pretend to pay attention."

The roomlights dim. On the screen is Ed Bradley, the Negro from *60 Minutes*. He's telling us the history of juries. How in the Middle Ages they had trial by fire, and trial by dunking and how we've come so far from then. He tells us about the power of juries. How in England a jury found someone not guilty who the king wanted to jail. Instead, the king jailed the jury. After a massive protest, no jurors were ever again jailed for voting their conscience.

That's the argument for "jury nullification." That means, jurors can vote against a law they think is bad, even if they believe the person on trial violated that law. Jurors can ignore the judges instructions and vote not guilty on principle. There's nothing the judge can do. Gimme a drug case! Come on! I dare ya!

There are two lawyers represented in the video. One is a Negro the other a woman. Typical of what you see in the courtroom. Yeah right.

Then comes Dianne Sawyer, the queen of sleaze TV. She's responsible for destroying people's reputation just to sell TV dinners. No juries for Dianne. She's a female scumbag who'd drag you naked through the mud if it could boost her ratings. She comes on the screen and has a sincere heart-to-heart with us prospective jurors.

"You'll have to face a *voir dire*," she

says. "That's Latin for 'see say.' That's where the lawyers ask you questions and get to see, as well as hear, your responses."

"The jury system makes America great," she says. "It's your protection against tyranny."

Yeah? What about ABC's tyranny. What about how you set up guys with fake drug tests, then "expose" them later? What about THAT tyranny, Dianne? Your stings and entrapments. Your lies and innuendoes. What about those, huh, Dianne?

Video's over. Lights come back up. The MC returns.

"Wasn't that wonderful?" he says, sarcasm dripping from his mouth like cum after a blowjob. Then he's gone—for another hour.

Cell phones ring constantly. A *brnnnnng* here. A *bau bau bau* there. Most people, answer quickly, gather up their belongings and go out into the hall. There is one girl, though. About 25, she's plump, with a brown ponytail. One hand is wrapped in an ace bandage as if she'd hurt it punching someone who asked her to turn off her cell phone.

She radiates hostility, though not at the continual stream of people who call her. On the fifth call, a skinny blond woman, sitting in the front of the room, turns around.

"Could you please take that outside?" she shouts.

Bandage-girl ignores her.

"Excuse me," she persists, "would you take that outside?"

Ignored again.

The blonde gets out of her seat, goes through the back door of the waiting room. In a few minutes, she's back. A few minutes after that, the MC returns to the front desk.

"I'd just like to remind everyone," he says, "if you have a cell phone, please use it out in the hall. We want to have as little disturbance as possible."

The blonde told on her! She snitched! I would have rather seen her confront the bitch. Just go over there and say stop it. Rip that phone out of her hand. Whack her one. Scratch her face. Pull her hair. Direct action. Isn't that the problem these days? No one wants to do anything directly. They just take it to the cops, the courts, the government. We can't take care of our own problems anymore. Would we need so many jurors if people interacted with other people instead of going through THE LAW?

The MC returns. He carries a little metal drum, like the kind churches use to pick out bingo numbers. About the size of a gift-can of popcorn, it's rusted red with a crank on the side.

"And now ladies and gentlemen," he says, "you might have your first chance to prove yourselves fighters against tyranny. If you hear your name—or some close approximation, please stand out in the hallway. You will meet the judge. You'll be *voir dire*d, just like in the video. Please be respectful of the judge. Wise-cracks or other forms of disrespect may land you in extremely profound fecal matter."

He spins the drum and pulls out a name, "Carlos Ramirez."

"Here!" comes a voice from the crowd. A mustachioed man, about 35, stands and walks out into the corridor.

The MC calls about thirty names. Mine is not among them. Both the cell-phone girl and her accuser are chosen for the same *voir dire*. I hope they get on the same jury. THAT will be fun.

"Thank you," he says, "the rest of you may go to lunch now. Be back at two fifteen."

After lunch there is one more jury call. Again they don't draw my name. The next day, at noon, there comes an announcement from our MC friend.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen, all jurors for the week have been chosen. Your jury service has ended. See you in four years. Don't forget me."

Discouraged, I pick up my bags and leave. A young Negress smiles at me. "Well, that was painless, wasn't it," she says. "I was afraid I'd be picked for a jury or something."

"Yeah right." I answer and head for the elevators.

ENDNOTES:

—> You can check out the details on one of Diane Sawyer's horrible media slaughters. Look at: http://www.brillscontent.com/columns/investigators_0299.html.

—> And they all charge an extra buck fifty for the cash machine dept: The e-zine *Interesting*: (subscribe with an email message to: rich.sagall@pobox.com) reports that The United States has more banks than the rest of the industrialized world combined. I don't know if this means bank BRANCHES or different banks. The way it's going in my neighborhood, soon only Chase Manhattan and Citibank will be duking it out for Shylock of New York. Or.... the new Citichase bank. Soon to be bought by Microsoft.

On a related front, *Interesting* also reports that American bookbuyers bought 1.06 billion books in 1996. Barnes & Noble sold 13% of them. Barnes & Noble, the largest bookseller in America, has over 400 stores. That's more than twice the number of its closest competitor, Borders.

Now, how long before it's Barnes &

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Borders?

—> Put some diapers on that baby Jesus dept: If you remember last month, I told you about the great article on viagra written by David Steinberg. He's since informed me that you can read it directly on the web at: www.sexuality.org/davids.html. You should.

Also from David comes the story of photographer, Craig Morey. He wanted to send four of his fine art prints to a publisher in England. He brought them to DHL and shipped them from Southern Ohio.

Two days later DHL returned the photos with no explanation. When he called to find out why. A spokeswoman told him, "DHL does not handle pornography."

The photographs were simple nudes, with no good parts showing. Morey asked what made them "pornographic." There was no answer. Morey inquired about the privacy issue. Does DHL open, inspect, and pass judgement on packages before they ever reach foreign customs. Do they do the same to packages within the US. Again, no answer.

Steinberg decided to find out for himself. He called DHL. After a run-around, he finally spoke to a PR man.

"DHL is governed by the customs regulations of all the countries we ship to," said the flakman. "There are differences in the customs regulations of different countries. We reserve the right, as do all private express carriers, to open and inspect the contents of any shipment."

Steinberg pushed onward, "What I want to know is why DHL puts itself in the business of deciding what British customs would or would not consider obscene, instead of letting them decide for themselves."

"DHL is not in the business of testing the bounds of foreign customs restrictions," came the reply. "DHL has a legal obligation to insure that shipments in its networks are in compliance with foreign customs laws and restrictions." (Not true, according to Steinberg.)

"Many countries have prohibitions on the importation of pornography," he continued. "Since the shipment in question contained nude photography, it fell into this category."

Wow! Nudity is pornography. I bet Michelangelo is sure glad he's dead! That David, with its dangles, would never make it to the US—at least not via DHL.

"Let me be absolutely clear," Steinberg says, "You're telling me that no one can ship a nude photograph of any kind to the UK via DHL."

"That's right," said the spokesman.

"What about nude photographs shipped within the US?" asks Steinberg.

"The same procedure would apply," says the DHL man.

"What about written material?" asks Steinberg, more and more amazed.

"DHL," says the spokesman, "would apply the same 'conservative approach' to any written material that could possibly be considered pornographic."

What can I say, except "Hellooooo Federal!?" Federal Express shipped the photos without opening the package. There was, of course, no trouble at all with British customs.

—> Washington Post Truth-Jockeying dept: Brill's Content (June issue) reports that The Washington Post printed a horror story about how 226 pretrial inmates escaped from custody during a three-month period. Worse than that, according to The Post "83 of them were later rearrested on new charges, including armed robbery."

The numbers are true, but the story lies. Of the 83 new charges, 63 were for escaping. That means the escapees did NOT commit new crimes. They only escaped. What about the manslaughter and armed robbery? One of each. That's it. The paper used real numbers to lie. You can do that with statistics. Just ask The Washington Post, or most any social scientist.

—> I can do anything you can do better dept: Remember the execution order that the Iranian head Moslem put out for Salman Rushdie? Remember how it was splashed all over the press and how evil that made Muslims seem? Ho ho!

The Toronto Star reports that, in Jerusalem, Rabbi Shalom Mashash issued an order of death again two Tel Aviv Jews, Benny Pour and Amnon Cohen-Shur. The crime? They questioned the credentials of another Rabbi. Did you read about THAT one in your local paper? Missed the splash, huh?

—> You want to like 'em, but they're so dumb dept: While in Canada, at a radical bookstore, I picked up a leaflet headlined "Why Environmentalists Should Not Use the Internet."

The unsigned (always a cowardly move) piece of paper claims:

1. Every time your organization buys a computer, 20 tons of waste is created in manufacturing.

No evidence. No numbers. No idea where twenty tons could come from. My computer weighs 12 pounds!

2. Automation is accelerating the rate at which industry replaces arable land.

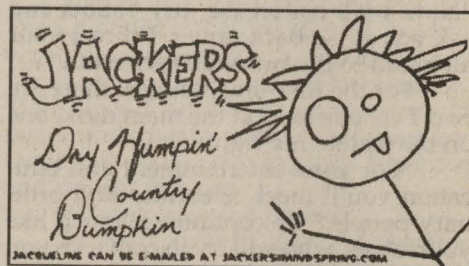
Huh? Automation makes NO change in arable land. It simply replaces jobs done by humans with jobs done by machine. It's possible that some of those machines cause more air or water pollution than the humans they replace. It's debatable, but certainly reasonable. But

"arable land"????

3. Not using the internet is the most visible way to indicate your intention to reduce the use of computers.

Double huh? The internet itself can reduce the use of computers—or at least the purchase of new ones. With the internet, people share information. To give ten people information without the internet, you need ten computers. But with the internet, you only need one website. Libraries have internet connections so you don't even need to own a computer at use it.

Funniest is that all this is set in very large type, using only one side of a piece of paper. With normal type you could print two leaflets on half a page. This uses a full page for one notice. How many trees died for this one?



I'm getting married, part two...

For those of you following along, you already know that a) I'm getting married and b) I have mom issues. This column is dedicated to other kids like me that have to deal with irrational parents. The rest of you may want to move on.

Saturday, my mom and my fiancé's mom met for the first time. Wait, let's back up a bit to say, Thursday. Thursday I was frantically cleaning the house, scrubbing away at a stove and countertop that already looked clean to my roommates. Visions of what my mother would say if I neglected these chores ran through my head. Like for instance, my mother taking one look at the stove and saying, "You cook on that stove?!? God, it's filthy. The food cooked here would make me puke." I wanted to cut down on the frequency of these types of comments, because the sheer number of them tend to overwhelm me. They make me wish bad thoughts. So I scrubbed everything I could.

Friday morning I picked my mom, my sister and my niece up from the train station. She wasn't in my car for more than five minutes when she started to annoy me. She asked what part of town we were in, and I told her we were in North Beach and about to pass through China Town.

"I don't want to stop there," she shot back, "I can't stand the way those people talk." I muttered, "Yeah, what-

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ever," and changed the subject. I've already been down that road with her several times before, and she knows it pisses me off.

We made a pit stop at the post office so that I could drop off some mail. As I got back in the car, I heard my sister snickering. From years of experience, I knew that my mom had made a joke at my expense. I ignored it. My mom asked "Whaaat?" in a sing-songy way. Her way of trying to get me to acknowledge the snicker so that she could repeat whatever asshole comment she had just made.

"I didn't say anything," I replied, knowing that it wouldn't matter, she was going to say whatever she felt like she needed to get off her chest.

"I thought you weren't going to dye your hair anymore?" Actually, she had told me that I had better not dye my hair anymore as if I were still a teenager for her to boss around. I decided to stand up to her. If you knew my mom like I do, you'd know that she is the red neck version of Joan Crawford in "Mommy Dearest". As a kid, we inacted the scene where mom dusted the entire bathroom with a can of Comet for her child to scrub up, only it was in the kitchen. The scene with the coat hanger was actually played out with a belt. When I say that I stood up to her, it was no small thing.

"It's my hair, and I'm going to do whatever I want with it"...good start..."And, besides, I have to get a job when I get to Portland, and folks don't exactly like to hire people with blue hair." I regret the justification, I just didn't know when to shut up. She ranted some nonsense about how Amazon.com hires people with blue hair, she'd seen it on TV. I told her that I wouldn't want to work for a company that I didn't respect, and besides, they were in Seattle not Portland. Even though I'd told her that I was moving to Portland, she had it in her mind that I might move to Seattle, since she had mentioned that she liked it and thought that's where I should move to. On top of everything else, she lives in her own reality.

We finally got to my house. We made it through with a minimum of insults before we headed off for lunch. Many of the insults were directed at my sister, as my mom commented extensively about Jessica's parenting skills. One of my mom's favorite games is pretending that my one month old niece is whispering to her that she loves grandma more than mommy. I doubt that I would find her game funny coming from a well-adjusted person, but coming from my mom made it disturbing. She has already expressed her desire to take the baby with her when she and my pyseu-

do-step dad move to Florida to be closer to Disney World. Creepy.

Just before heading off to lunch, there was a brief contest of wills when my mom asked to see the wedding dress I'd picked out. When I told my mom that I'd picked out a dress without her, she was very annoyed and has attempted to pound it into me ever since (over and over and over) how she would have picked out a much nicer dress, and I should not make any decisions regarding my and Doug's wedding without consulting her first. If my mom and I were close, I could begin to make sense of her attitude. However, even my mom would admit, we've never been close. She has told me since I was a small kid that "You don't have to like your family, but you have to love them", and I've always had that tape running through my head. Still, the extent of our relationship was a three hour long conversation on the telephone a few times a year. Since she has taken over the wedding plans, it has been an enormous challenge to talk to her a few times a week. At first I didn't mind her taking over. But then, the event quickly began shaping up as an excuse to put on a big, expensive show, which isn't my style at all. At first, I thought that I could compromise some of my values just to make her happy. Soon, it felt like I was compromising a lot, and I knew I needed to regain some control over the planning.

It started with the dress.

I found the perfect dress 600 miles from home for less than what a lot of people spend on a night out on the town. I got it, and I haven't heard the end of it since. As expected, some tense dialog was exchanged between the moment that she asked to see the dress and the moment that she saw it, but in the end, she seemed to be okay with it. One blow out was avoided.

Lunch went off with little damage to the relationship. After lunch, I dropped them off at the Holiday Inn. My mom kept assuring me that she understood that I was busy with work. Since my mom is rarely understanding about anything, I took that to mean that she wanted to spend some time with my sister and the baby. Getting out of each others hair was the one thing that I could agree with.

The next day was the big day, the day the mom's met. Generally, I don't subject any but my most hardened friends to meeting my mom. Many of my more cynical friends like her and laugh at her constant verbal thrashings of me. I think that they are coming from the angle that my mom actually likes and respects me, so I can't blame them for their ignorance.

It's not that I think that my mom genuinely likes or respects anyone, because I don't. She hasn't worked out enough of her childhood hang-up's to really like and respect others, so I wasn't looking forward to introducing her to Carol, my fiancé's mother. Carol handled it very well. At one point, my mother went off on how she didn't like hanging out with hippies in the '60s because all they did was mooch. Carol talked about how she missed the activism that she was involved in during that time. When my mom went off about how she had never understood when people talked about loving their grandchildren more than their own children until she had a grandchild of her own, Carol replied that she didn't love her grandchildren more, but that she could relate to enjoying them more since there was less responsibility involved.

When lunch was over, each mom expressed to me privately that they thought the other mom was nice. Keep in mind that when my mom had asked me about Carol, and I had said that she was nice, my mom's reply was, "I don't trust nice people, they are the first ones to stab you in the back" (!!!) Later in that same conversation, she asked me what her name was, and after I told her she said, "I knew a Carol once, she stabbed me in the back" (!!!)

With lunch over, I wanted to get out of there fast before my mom had a chance to humiliate me. Unfortunately, they started talking more in depth about wedding plans. I was waiting until after the lunch to speak to my mom directly about her attempts to control the wedding plans. In the meantime, I tried very hard to control my tongue while she rattled off her ideas.

After lunch, my mom asked me why I seemed so uptight. I told her that I appreciated her wanting to help with the wedding, but I didn't feel like she was taking any of my ideas into consideration. I used the example that I had told her two different times that I wanted to have a vegetarian wedding, and she immediately shot the idea down.

"Well, not serving meat is just stupid..." Blah, blah, rambling tirade.

"When you call my ideas stupid, that's just the sort of thing I'm talking about." I countered. She got flustered.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore." And we didn't. I dropped her, my sister and my niece off at Pier 39. The next morning, my mom's other half picked them up at the hotel. In the meantime, she acted like nothing was the matter. But, I'm not buying into it. Don't be surprised if they find me swimming with the fishes in a new pair of cement shoes somewhere in the San Francisco Bay.

C O L U M N S



Alright, number fucking two of this column. I'm sure no one read the first one and that no one will give a fuck about this one so here it goes.....Already this has been a busy summer for me, after finishing my thesis at UC Berkeley I thought I would get some R and R but no dice. I got a Japan tour with Capitalist Casualties coming up...my other band WHN has been playing alot (plus we just released an Ep and 10" LP), Plutocracy just got out of the studio with a full length recorded, Spazz is busy trying to get the new LP out and play some shows too, plus the label, plus a zine, plus this, plus that....fuck man. I haven't even gone skating in a while, and there's even a new cement park across the Bay. Ok, enough of my emo-yapping, lets fucking GO!

First up will be the goodies from the unfortunate releases that didn't make it into the regular reviews.

*WALLS OF JERICHO - "A Day and a Thousand Years" EP. Really well written metal-core that has some great female vocals. A lot of ride the E, alot of harmonics, alot of tricky drum fills...you know the deal, half SLAYER-styled riffage, half hardcore...all kickboxing. This kept my attention all the way through, especially the vocals. Check it out: Underestimated, Po Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613, USA.

*NEW YEAR - "Tycho-1" EP. Don't really understand why this one didn't make it into the regular reviews. NEW YEAR play mid-paced hardcore that sometimes reminds me of NO ESCAPE. The lyrics are pissed, the guitars are textured, and the record is held at mid-pace. I don't know if this is a debut, but I'm interested to see what this band will do next. Moo Cow, Po Box 616, Madison, WI 53701.

*CANEPHORA - "At a Loss for Words" EP. Fucking crazed hardcore that's like HUMAN REMAINS and TIMES UP rolled up in one. Metal is the key word here, and its beautifully executed on this masterpiece. I don't know why this record took so long to come out, nor if these guys are around anymore, but those who have seen em live know how punishing these guys are. This record is fucking brilliant. Moo Cow (see above).

*SPIRIT OF YOUTH - "Colors That Bleed" LP. I used to love these guys when

they first came out on the scene in the early 90s...the whole early European straight edge movement really saved the "soul" of straight edge when the American scene unfortunately fell victim to metal and Victory records. When I heard SPIRIT was back I couldn't wait to hear what they would do, but unfortunately I can't stand their new stuff. Its exactly what I hate, boring, unoriginal metal-core. The production is super thick on this record, and I know a lot of you will dig this, but I just can't forget their earlier Ep's. Good Life, Po Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, Belgium.

***Here's some other records you might dig:**

*THE REAL ENEMY - "Attack" EP. Great fast and raw straight edge from Minnesota (if your Swedish, you have to hold the "e," as in Minneeesota. There you go.) As they go from tongue in cheek jokes about straight edge and their own members abilities to jump high, to serious lyrics about the state of society, you can tell they have fun all the way around. Great record, hope to hear more from them soon. Underestimated Records (see above).

*V/A - "All Systems Go!" Lp. If your down to hear modern day straight edge bands play old straight edge covers, than this is your cup of tea. Its cool to listen to, but I'm not for entire cover LP's or Ep's. And although while some of these bands destroy playing their own material, most of the covers didn't come close to the originals. Underestimated Records (see above).

*****A part of this column that I want to see grow is the demo department. The tapes listed below actually were sent to my demo zine called "Mosh of Ass" but I thought it'd be great to get em extra exposure in this article. If any straight edge or otherwise bands out there have demos, send em in and I will review them. I think tape trading is a dying art, but hopefully if more emphasis is directed towards demos and tape trading in general, it won't continue to die off. If you are going to write these bands, please include enough return postage for them!

First up, we have a 5 song demo from Germany's TRUE BLUE (featuring ex-members of SPAWN). I've heard these guys' name being thrown around a ton so I was eager to throw this tape in the deck. My expectations were not let down....TRUE BLUE play some CROMAGS fueled hard-as-fuck hardcore with a thick recording. Judging by how good this demo came out I'm sure there's some vinyl in the works by now, but write em and see if this is available. Repel Records, Brandhövel 47, 45139 Essen, GERMANY

Next up is a demo from New Jersey's A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. 5 songs of melodic hardcore that has a strong SoCal feeling. They start off the demo with, in my opinion, their weakest song...because once you get into the middle of their demo, it really picks up. If a modern comparison is necessary, I'd say IGNITE, but I found this a lot better than IGNITE. Write em at: Alex Soudah, 257 Carriage Way, Princeton, NJ 08540

From Ohio we got GRUDGE-MATCH. This demo is a fucking gem. 100% '88 youth crew nostalgia...tons of go's, shouted choruses, pick slides, breakdowns....fuck. It features the ex-drummer of THE COMMITTED (if you don't have that Ep go get it!). 6 songs plus an intro makes this an essential item. Write em at: Nate Edge, 26830 Oriole Ave., Euclid, OH 44132

Last but most definitely not least we got the HIGHSORE 1998 Demo. While they have an EP out (get it now, I command you!) this tape is a beaut too. Raw, fast and energetic European straight edge not unlike the first MAINSTRIKE Ep. I don't know if they are still selling these or just the EP but write em anyway at: Sebastian Stronzik, Soesterstr. 66, 48155 Muenster, GERMANY)

Ok, that's it...kind of a skimpy month but maybe its because I'm turning this thing in early and not all the releases have been sent in for this issue. If you have anything you want me to include in this column please send it in to: Max, Po Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, USA. I'm asking for anything that will make this a sturdy and reliable source of information. It all depends on you, so get in contact and like HERESY said "make the connection, no one's an exception!"



Be Positive?

What is up with hardcore and metal nowadays? Or ever for that matter? I always thought that making a statement had within it the power to change, to build something better, but most of what I see is done to simply and purely destroy with no sense. The main goal of making hard lyrics and a hard face and making a hard sound and complaining about the system became just to hurt others pure

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and simply. A poser attitude, a fake, a sophism. I also was into that for a time, I mean, I did that, and occasionally I catch myself doing it. Who never wanted to say "fuck off" to a priest or in front of a church just to hurt the ones who are there? Who never used an "heretic" point of view (and by heretic I just mean against whatever the persons you are meaning to hurt was thinking, not just christians or catholics as said in the mentioned example, but when you question someone's beliefs and what they mean to you) just to cause alarm, controversy, and basically to make others feel bad? It's only natural to go against what's different from you, to a certain point. Have we become addicted to make others suffer? Is this the fun part of the scene? Is this the catharsis of it all? Mocking the different, and I do not say the different because they are mean big gigantic oil corporations, but people with different eating habits, dressing habits music tastes... Has the whole meaning of this so-called "underground" scene turned into endless complaining about the crap of life without taking any positive attitude?

Many members of the hardcore scene say that they are "positive", part of the "positive youth", the ones who look forward into a better future, to build a better world and other common places. Unfortunately most of what I see and get from a part of the hardcore/underground scene nowadays is just relentless, meaningless and aimless anger, or better, the aim is just everybody who is not like them, who is not 100% with them and does exactly what they do the way they do, and I'm not talking particularly about hardliners and the such, but about whole groups who think that they have the absolute truth in their hands, intoxicated by the euphoria of reaching the same conclusions and sharing the same views, they admit no questioning. They see themselves as being above questioning (by other groups, who, naturally, are wrong because they wear the wrong haircut or listen to the wrong kind of music or even just because they are not part of the "scene" so they don't have the right to judge the ones who are, hence the "scene" is untouchable, because no one will question it from within, naturally. The perfect excuse) What's this all about? Hardcore arrogance. This is just the other face of fascism, the other side of the coin, the other face of the same concept, with the same principles (even though many shall deny it obviously they don't want to be associated with Nazism, nevertheless their acts say otherwise) but the attitude is the same. No respect for the different, for the ones who think differently than they do, so there is no unity in the under-

ground. And when this all started (Punk, Hardcore, Metal, Underground action, you name it I don't care about labels) I thought we wanted to do was to stand for difference, to defend the different, make a statement against the mass media culture who patronizes people and make them the same, something I see this people eager to do within their intolerant underground microcosms. When one has to make his beliefs, his own choices become the choice of others, what does that mean? They way I see it is nothing but a form of self-affirmative action, from a person who has not enough balance and ego equilibrium to make his own decisions without wanting others to reach his conclusions (or, more frequently, the conclusions he was made to follow, because he wanted to join the group, be part of the "pack", join the herd, feel safe, within a group, to have an identity, etc.). Basically he wants others to believe the same he does so he can feel that his choice was a "safe" choice, because if so many people are into it it must be the right thing, and then we are back into the think for yourself attitude mentioned earlier. If you only feel safe as being part of a group I'm sorry my friend but you have a very weak emotional balance.

This leads me to the hypocrisy of some. What's the difference between a scene who charges 30 pounds for an old hardcore record which was supposed to be sold at 2,50 and the big market of high arts and prices out there? What's the difference between the big exploitation that giant corporations perform and the endless record selling lists I see at the Internet with absurd over the top out of the reality prices for old Hardcore/Metal records which were initially sold at no profit prices? Are we are emulating their way of capitalism? Are we a facsimile of the big market out there disguised as rebels? Is this a way for the "system" (whatever this means nowadays) to makes us think we are a threat when they are actually controlling us and making us play by their rules? Maybe yes, I fear that in lot's of cases this is the truth. Doing things with hate and intolerance is another symptom of this, another sign that we are, in a way, being slowly assimilated.

Most people who join the scenes seem to do it not because they truly believe in it but just because they were conditioned to do it by the environment around them (friends, willing to make part of a scene, to join a group, to be part of something, etc) and that's just the opposite of what counter-culture thinking should be. When you go for something because "if lot's of people are doing it it must be good" you are letting other people think for you and not really deciding

for yourself. Did you join them because you were alone? Afraid? Uncertain? Did you feel alone? Too much uncertainty? And then you join a group and you have all that certainty and a safe ambient with predictable rules to follow: don't do this, do that, don't eat this, eat that, don't read this, read that, don't follow them follow us. Ever heard of organized orthodox religion? Certainty means knowing your car will work, that there is gas in it, that you didn't forget to lock your door, that you delivered your books back to the library, but not about killing the will of your spirit to know the new and stick to the usual safe and predictable certainty and static faith you just have to defend so angrily. Your limitation comes from the fact that any other view brings conflict to the heart, and that makes one rethink it's own beliefs, and so there is the urge to destroy the different, the one who causes conflict. Accept the others for what they are, and ask them to do likewise.

And I do not see anything "positive" in that, I do not see judging people this way as positive, I see this as a very negative approach towards other human beings. I do agree that there are problems, universal problems which should be addressed, but complaining about the personal choice of others is a load of intolerant arrogant prepotent crap. Who are you to judge others? Who are you to try and shove your opinion down others throat just because that's your truth? It's not mine, keep it to yourself. As much as I despise organized religion, for they have patronized and killed the differences between the people, putting their dogmas and ideals into their heads and telling them not to think (all the thinking was already done and delivered pre-shrunk and chewed by them), there is a quote from Madre Theresa which I would like to say: "Instead of being against what's evil, be for what's good".

I'd rather celebrate what's great then just go on bitching and mumbling about what is wrong, and thinking that I am so cool because I complain. The power, the freshness, the greatness of defending what is right and good is by far much stronger, efficient and powerful than the hatred filled (and allegedly "positive" how can this concept become so distorted) mindless accusations of certain people/groups because of their behavior. If you are doing it to hurt others, only to be against something just for the sheer sake of causing turmoil and controversy, the true purpose of your will is evil. What you give is what you take back, and I don't need to give or take back any more hate.

You make your own choices and deal with the consequences of your acts, I won't tell you not to eat meat, not to

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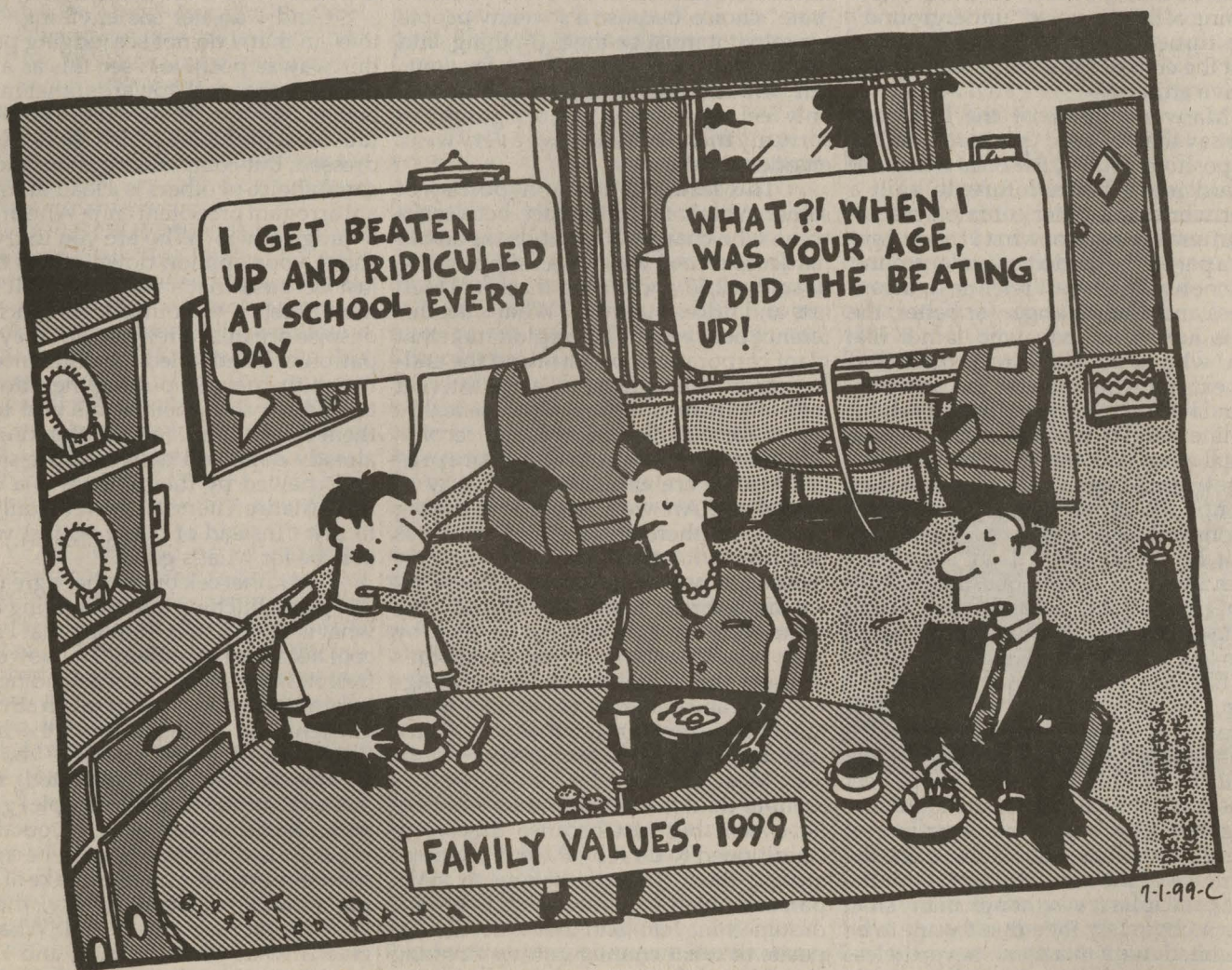
wear leather, not to listen to this and listen to that. That's anti-anarchy, that's the total complete opposite of anarchy and what freedom should be. Self-righteous statements won't make your truth and more real for me, save them for yourself, use them when talking to the mirror if you need that much of self fueling since it seems that the fact that you chose this path on your own is not enough and you have to push others to go with you. Is this "positive" at all? I would hardly think so. Probably all the sheer aggressivity of it only helps to desensitize us. How much of this macho wannabe-I'm-mean-I'm-hard way of life takes us away from our tolerance and willing to respect others? Too much in some cases. Since people have to be as hard and their music and as aggressive as their music they cannot

show any sign of doubt or will to appreciate other points. Doubt would bring questioning from the audience wouldn't it? All too negative and disguised as a positive way of dealing with it. Like fascism. How different are you from the ones you say you fight?

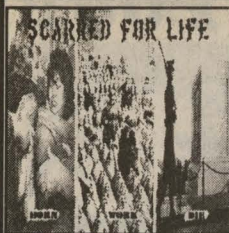
Are you really into the scene? Or are you doing it to be cool? Are really you into it or did you buy it to be cool? Be right for yourself, and not for others. You won't purify anyone with your views by shoving them into someone's head. This only leads to more intolerance and hatred. I don't want to struggle to be the opposite of someone, I just want to be myself and I just need to be true to myself, that's being positive. "If you live by the sword, you will die by the sword" has been said, and it's true, it won't change a thing if you

don't do the hardest thing and change yourself and stop using the acts of others to justify your weakness and failures. Don't resist and give yourself to the freshness of new ideas and concepts, always changing and mutating, without the need to be ever static, still and the same, floating in a sea of common-places and words of order and union, manipulative and empty.

The truth is that every experience is unique and one within each one of us. You cannot transfer your feelings into another, everything is subjective in the spirit. Everything is shaped by each one from within. It's not the outside that defines you, it's your inside. Wanna change the world? Change yourself. The inside will change the outside.



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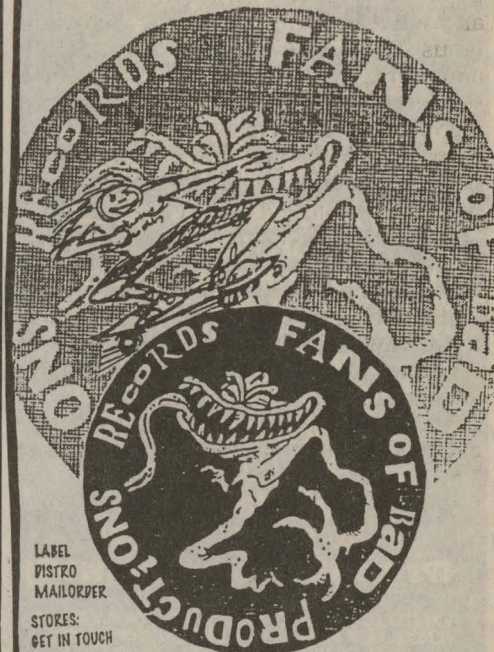


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Portland is a town dominated by indie rock and bar rock and the all-ages DIY scene seems to have been floundering for years now. There are a lot of great bands here, but it seems like since the long-standing all-ages clubs The X-Ray Cafe and Thee O-Hell Cafe closed a couple years ago, there hasn't been an all-ages venue that has lasted long enough to emerge as a new center of the all-ages scene. There are, however, two good all-ages clubs in this town, **17 Nautical Miles** and **The Schoolhouse**, both of which are heading into at least their second year of shows. The same weekend that Portland's longest standing punk bar, **the Satyricon**, celebrated their fifteenth anniversary, SE Portland's 17 Nautical Miles celebrated their one-year anniversary as a club. 17 NM puts on shows upwards of three times a week and has become a place where a lot of the new bands in the area play their first shows. Todd, who handles the booking (503)774-0069, puts on everything from full-bore hardcore shows to Olycore pop shows to emo shows. Our second great all-ages venue is the Schoolhouse, which is better known for the political hardcore shows they put on. They're a pretty small club housed in a converted garage behind a house, and, while some of their shows

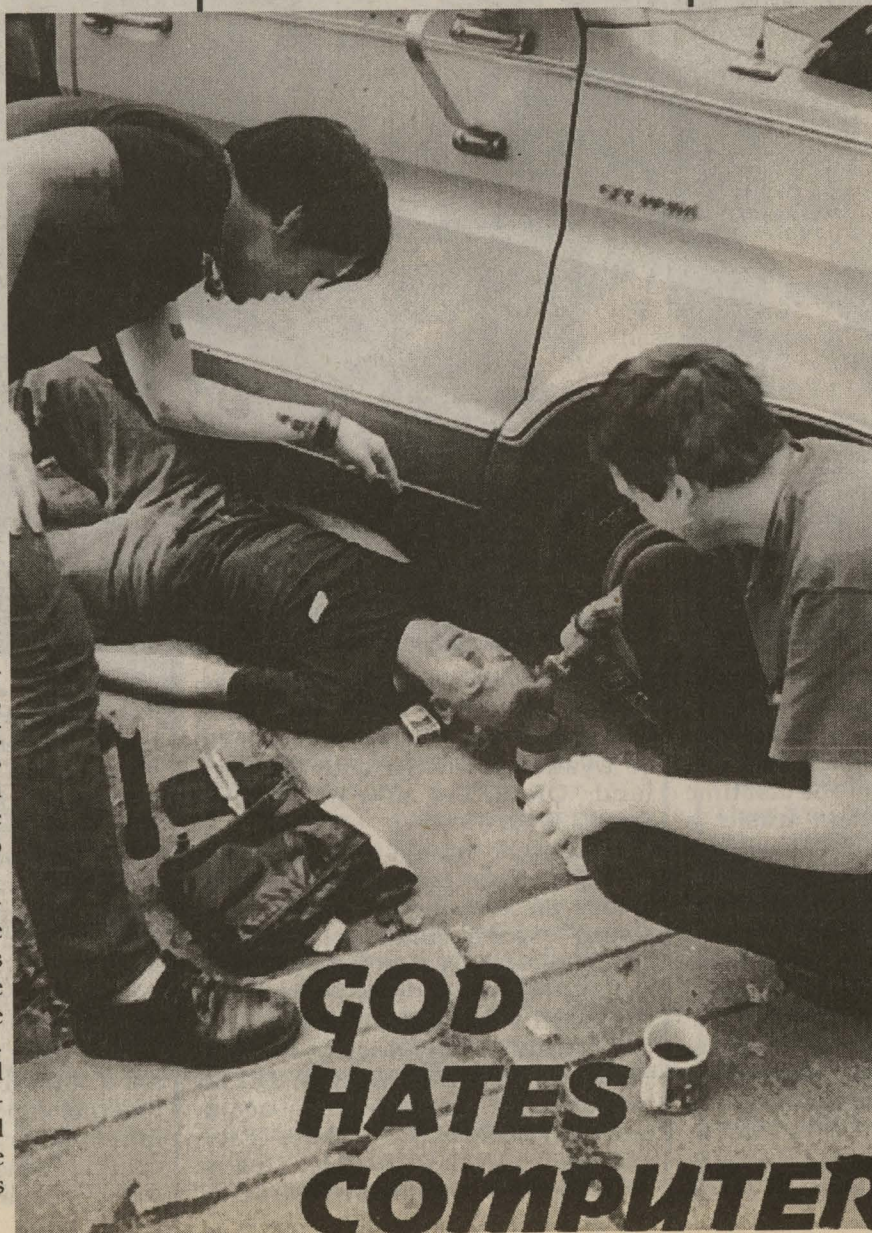
have had miserable draws, they've also hosted shows from bands like Chicago's **YOUTH AGAINST** and **LEATHERFACE**. The people involved include some of the members of **HARUM SCARUM** and Neil from Tribal War Records (among others), and for booking you can call either Frank at (503) 331-0136 or Shari at (503)460-0842.

In the past month, a couple other clubs have tried to pull off all-ages shows as well. One, **Floor Zero**, lasted exactly one night, the operators being evicted after their first show. Another, the **Chinese Tea House**, has pulled off a couple of successful shows, but it's hard to say if it'll last at this point. For booking there you can call Tony at (503)284-9036. In addition to those places there is also the **New Paris Theater**, which is an absolute shit-

hole and should be avoided at all costs. First off, they're usually a pay-to-play venue (when they're not renting themselves out to slimeball professional promoters) and should be firebombed for that reason alone. Secondly, they charge insane amounts of money (\$7 advance, 8 at the door) for shows featuring a handful of local bands and no touring bands. I can't wait to see what the door price will be when **DILLINGER FOUR**, **SCARED OF CHAKA**, and **FIFTEEN** play there next month. Ironically, the Paris seems to be the place where a lot of kids from the suburbs drift into the city to see punk shows.

As far as new releases go, the **IOWA HAWKEYES** have a new single on the way (\$4 ppd from Carbon Cycle Records, PO Box 11741, Portland, OR 97211) and at least two others in the works. Musically, their

first demo tape reminded me a lot of **POISON IDEA** right before they crossed over into metaldom. Fast, rock-and-roll style hardcore of the type that gets stuck in your head. They assure me that their next recordings aren't going to sound anything like that, but I'm not sure if that's a good thing or a bad thing. For booking, you want to call Mo at (360) 864-2974. **DEAD MOON**, the greatest live band on the planet, have a new full-length out on their label Tombstone Records (PO Box 1463, 15230 SE 82nd Drive, Clackamas, OR 97015). The new songs that they've played live over the past month or so fit right in with their older material, carrying on their tradition of desperation driven rock and roll. The **FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM**, recent transplants to Portland from Missoula, have two new releases, a single and full-length on Empty Records out of Seattle. For those of you who



GOD HATES COMPUTERS



haven't heard them or seen one of their incredibly high-energy sets, they do the MC5 thing, and pull it off well. The **GOD HATES COMPUTERS** full-length is finally out on Red Alert Works (PO Box 11752, Portland, OR 97211) with a US tour planned for the summer. **MALCONTENT** just completed their full-length CD-only release and will be leaving on their first US tour late this summer. Musically, they borrow a lot from **NEUROSIS**, and it comes across great live. For booking you can call Spot at (503)282-9048.

HARUM SCARUM used to be

bands with female members more to the forefront of our scene here and to keep the Portland scene politicized. If their work on undoing some of the gender gap in Portland's punk scene isn't enough of a reason to look up to them, they are also a rocking band that puts on a great live show. This summer, **HARUM SCARUM** will be on the East Coast leg of the 1999 Primate Freedom tour, which will also feature the bands **AUS ROTTEN**, **ANTI-PRODUCT**, and (for a different leg of the tour) **CITIZEN FISH**. Beyond the music and bands, the Primate Freedom Tour will also be

OF THE JUANITAS recently located here from Tucson and have been getting some shows around town lately. Musically, they resemble former Portland bands **GERN BLANSTON** and **IOMMI STUBBS**, bands known for their heavy, heavy sound. **LOPEZ** recently relocated here from Wenatchee, WA, and have found their niche in the more energetic end of the bar rock scene.

BERZERK have gotten back together again after at least a year's separation. Formerly Portland's greatest teenage straight-edge band, they are no longer straight-edge and

no longer teenagers. While their shows used to be filled with spit, anger and straight-edge diatribes from their lead singer, their shows now are still chaotic, angry, and some of the funnest shows I've been to lately. Sally Dodd from **STARVED AND DELIRIOUS** has a new band called **PISS CHRIST**. The band also features members of **DIRT-HEAD**, and, while I haven't had a chance to catch them live myself, they are supposed to play some incredibly dark death metal. **DIRT-HEAD** are also still playing shows around town, although infrequent-

HARUM SCARUM



best known around Portland for their singer's amazing acrobatics during their set, but their singer, Erin, hurt her leg a few months back and was holding back quite a bit the last time I saw them play. Their music is straight-forward, catchy hardcore with a heavy emphasis on political and social awareness. Some of the members of **HARUM SCARUM** ran a short-lived club in Northeast Portland called the Maul and are now helping out with the shows at the Schoolhouse, as mentioned above. For years, Portland's hardcore scene was dominated by tough boy bands like **POISON IDEA** and **DEFIANCE**, and the members of **HARUM SCARUM** have done a lot to bring

staging protests at various research centers across the country. To contact **HARUM SCARUM**, write to Erin or Dyanne at 21 SE 18th St, Portland, OR 97214 or call them at (503)239-5707.

Another hardcore band, **THE CURSE**, have recently dwindled from a four-piece to a three-piece. They swung a spot opening for **LEATHERFACE**, **HOT WATER MUSIC**, and **DISCOUNT** last week and will be touring the Northwest sometime near the end of July or early August. As mentioned earlier, the **IOWA HAWKEYES** will be touring the West Coast again, and both **GOD HATES COMPUTERS**, and **MALCONTENT** will be staging US tours this summer as well. **LAST**

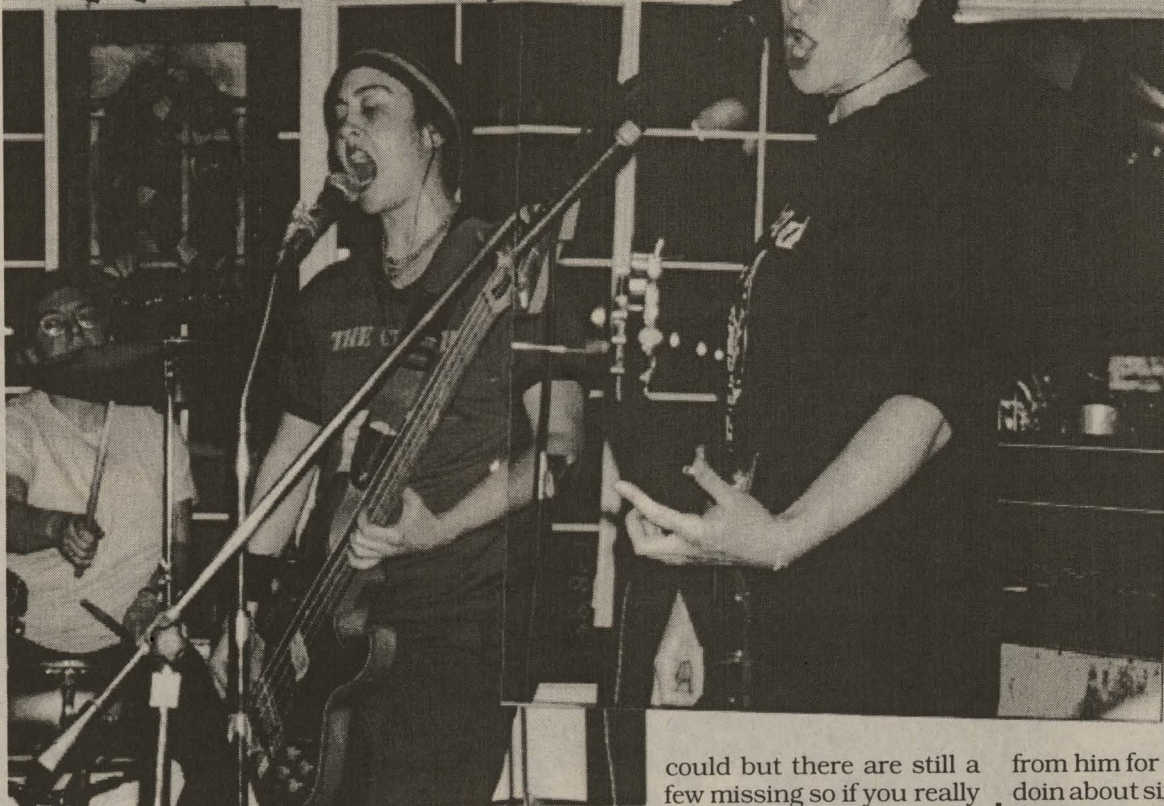
ly it seems.

As far as radio goes, there are a few good punk shows on-air these days. On **KBOO 90.7 FM**, Portland's community radio station, "Drinking from Puddles" puts punk bands live on the radio a couple of times a month, airing at 10 pm on Wednesdays. Immediately afterward, "Life During Wartime" comes on at 1230 am Thursday morning. LDW is also an audio-zine put out by the two women who dj the show. For the audio zine, they interview punks about different topics and then put together tapes of songs about a certain topic (traveling, punk anthems, drinking) and intersperse interviews with people about the topics between



the songs. Copies of LDW audio zine are available from Erin at PO Box

THE CURSE



1113, Portland, OR 97207; write to her for a list of topics they've covered.

That's it for this time round. If you have info on new bands, new releases, upcoming tours, for future reports, send them to me, Doug Grime, at PO Box 6766, Portland, OR 97228.



Hey kids since it's the weekend before finals I decided to use my time wisely and write ya' up a scene report.

First of all, I don't plan to name any of the really popular bands (i.e. 88FL, ALKALINE TRIO) because I'm sure all you kids know them already. I tried my best to find all the addresses I

could but there are still a few missing so if you really plan on coming to these parts give myself a ring and ask me whatever you want to know, I'd be more than willing to lend your band, or whatever else it is that you do a helping hand.

First we'll cover stores, many stores have unfortunately been closing down around here but the ones still around are **Music Werks** in downtown Downers Grove, **Record Swap** in Homewood, **Bizzy Bee** in Naperville, **The Clubhouse** in downtown Chicago across the street from Wrigley Field, then ya' got more overpriced "punk" crap at **The Alley** which is a few blocks down from The Clubhouse.

When it comes to vegetarian food you can get some pretty good stuff at **Jinx** which is located in Chicago on 1928 W. Division and the number there is (773) 645-3667. Besides that store there are always stores where veggie food is available around here.

Now onto labels, there are sooooo many great labels around here it hurts! First we got **Sinister Records** (Sinistrec@aol.com). They've just released a ten year anniversary disc for **OBLIVION**. The owner, Craig is not the most reliable guy but a sweetheart none-

theless. **Smilin' Bob Records** (PO Box 1002, Homewood IL 60430-0002) is working on a **TOSSERS** rarities collection, and a **MARY TYLER MORPHINE/ARRIVALS 12"** is coming some time soon.

Harmless Records (1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660) is a vital Chicago label and Scott is working on releasing the new **WAYOUTS 7"** which unfortunately were pressed off center so we won't be seeing the 7" around here for another month or so.

Static Station (PO Box 803237 Chicago IL 60680) has released the soon classic **MY LAI 12"**. The owner of **Myron's Broken Records** (605 W. Jackson Naperville, IL 60540), Joe, is a great guy and has helped me out a lot. I think you can still purchase the **More Kids More Fun CD** comp.

from him for \$6.00; it has 4 bands on it doin about six songs each. **Smash It Up Records** (PO Box 4681 Naperville, IL 60567) have put out the new **MISDEMEANORS CD**. aaaannndd of course, **Johann's Face Records** I won't list the address because I think they take out ads in here fairly regularly but I must say, Marc, Gar, you guys rule! Not only did Marc allow me to sample his gummi worms at a recent show, they also put out some great records. Order the "Ben Weasel Don't Like It" 7" by **NO EMPATHY**, it's hilarious! Other labels include **Lance Harbor Records** (935 Hiawatha Drive, Elgin, IL 60120), **Disgruntled Records** (827 Somounuk Road, Sycamore, IL 60178), **Afro Pubes Records** (196 Fairfield Elmhurst, IL 60126), and **They Still Make Records** (1349 West Taylor St. 3R Chicago, IL 60607) who did a **MORAL CRUX/BORIS THE SPRINKLER split 7"**.

All right onto venues! The first one is the big one, **The Fireside Bowl** (2646 W. Fullerton). Some of the most popular and least popular punk/indie bands play here. If you were touring I'd recommend this venue for you. They do all ages shows and night shows too. **Community Showers Loft** (773) 262-4470 can only hold around 50-60 people so if you're huge they probably can't help



Brian from Oblivion

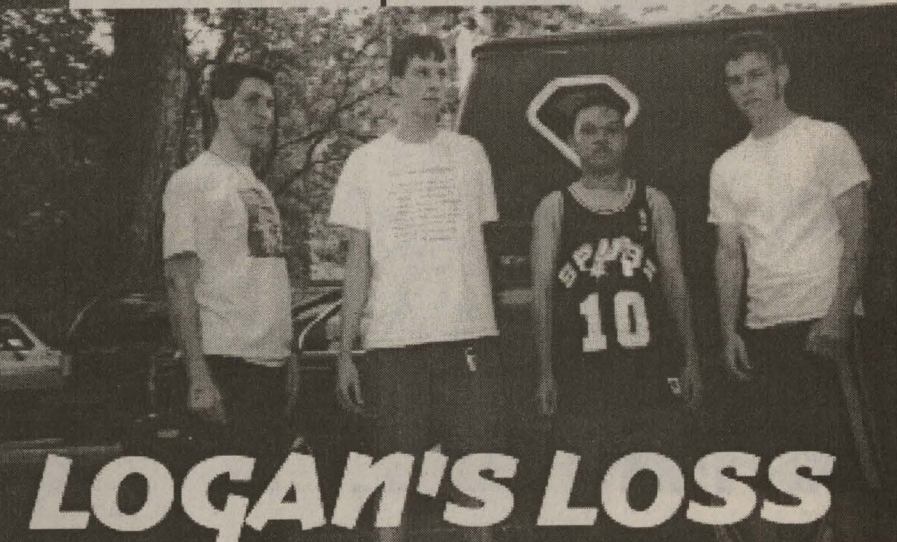
you out but they are still willing to book touring bands so give them a call. **Off The Alley** is in Homewood next to the local Record Swap. I've never visited that venue myself but I heard it was pretty decent. **First Congressional Church** is in my home town, Downers Grove and I am so darn happy that we actually have shows about once a month or so! However if you go, watch out for big "punk rock" jocks, and pseudo-skin heads (I won't mention names but you know who you are!). These are the sort who like to dance violently (I'm all for

dancing at shows but not when it comes to purposely throwing kids on the ground) so they can prove to their friends how "punk" they are. By the way never ever visit The Metro for a show unless you're one of those kids who go to shows so they can beat up on kids, then it might be your sort of place.

Zines, zines are one of the few truly boring things around here, but we still have the most

not write a scene report without some shameless promotion for my own zine, **Teenage Genocide** (2 stamps 4633 Sterling Rd. Downers Grove, IL 60515). Umm it's pretty darn good and I can surely say that it went a long way since I photocopied my first issue, I'm now working on my fourth issue and the third issue is still available and it got props for being a decent high school zine from MRR's very own reviewer LB.

Bands. **LOGAN'S LOSS**- let me tell you, these guys are the kings of the Downers Grove scene and they are responsible for setting up the shows at First Congregational Church so if you go to a show there make sure to shower



important zine in Chicago around, **Underdog Zine** (\$2, 1513 N Western Ave. Chicago, IL 60622-1747). **U-Dog** is great and have done more for the Chicago punk scene than any other zine. **Jaded In Chicago** (\$2 4031 Forest Ave., Western Springs IL 60558) covers the more poppy stuff than anything. They have some pretty good editorials.

Millpool Fanzine has some very funny stuff and they also feature some of the generic punk politics, like FNB. **Filling The Frame** (3909 Central Ave. Western Springs, IL 60558) is an awesome photography zine with a great layout, and some of the best pictures I've ever seen from punk shows. Make sure to send them some stamps for a copy. Other zines include **Palas** (run by a cool girl) and **Rock and Roll High School** by Greg CarryOut, who also runs the punk cable access show **Loud TV**. Email him at loudtv@juno.com. And how could I

these boys with kisses. Musically they are somewhere in the poppy emo genre, with hints of ska (think IMPOSSIBLES). I think almost anyone in Downers Grove who's anywhere near punk has seen this band like a million times, and they just keep on getting better and better! **MY LAI** (773)384-3070 are grindcore legends I suppose. I got their 7", pretty good, pretty good indeed. Make sure to book them because I'm sure their sound is much more interesting live. **TREPAN NATION** (312)850-4905 plays poppy sXe hardcore, very original stuff, believe me. Local pop punk geniuses **OBLIVION** (BriDevo@interaccess.com) have been at it for more than ten years. Their experience shows in their confident live performances. They've put some of their older stuff out on a CD on the Sinister label. **LYNYRD'S INNARDS** (JJChampion@aol.com) also have been playing pop punk for more than ten years. They are so so good. They have a new CD out on Johann's Face. **THE WAYOUTS** (773) 384-6745 are a more poppy emo band with a new CD out on Harmless Records. Ask them about that Halloween show they played with the

Scene reports



Murder City Devils.... **KUNGFU RICK** (630)266-5044 play power violence and are working on an LP that you should get the minute it comes out. **APOCA-**

help with getting shows. **THE DEMAC-RAPS** provide more three chord punk, kinda' like the more aggressive songs on **SCREECHING WEASEL'S** Boogada

Boogada. **MAJOR UPSET'S** style is new school hardcore minus the cock rock metal stuff, good stuff. **IN TRUTH** are most definitely Chicago's premiere hardcore band more in the vein of the Victory stuff, but still

DOCS, BADGE 62, THE GEEZERS, SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY, CHAUNCEY, THE LETTERBOMBS, BAXTER, aaaaaannnnnnnd, LUNK-HEAD. Chicago area bands also include **SUBURBAN REFUGEE, SPARE CHANGE, SECRET AGENT BILL, LAUDO'S 45, AMBITION MISSION,** the mosh-core **FRONTSIDE,** the pop punk **THE KLOPEKS** and chick band **THE REPELLENTS.** Maybe **MUMRA** is worth mentioning, well not really. As far as what's going down in the IL scene, nothing much, a fairly large controversy though is all the "BOLLWEEVIL Era" bands seem to be reforming like, **THE MUSHUGANAS, 88FL,** and **WINE-PRESS.** My opinion you ask, I think it's

GOD'S REFLEX

LYPSE HOBOKEN plays snotty punk rock their records are good, and their shows are usually good unless they're completely and totally bombed and start singing the chorus after the song's already over.... **SUPERSLEUTH** pump out great **SXE** hardcore. They put out a new 7" a little while ago and it rocked my socks off! **THE TOSSERS** play sing along, drinkin' music I suppose. I saw these guys once at an old horse barn

and even all the locals, many of whom were missing appendages were even dancing. **GOD'S REFLEX** play really great poppy emo. The singer has the most beautiful voice I've ever heard! **NOT REBECCA** is an awesome pop-emo band who recently played a show for the first time in a long time. If you get an opportunity to see them take it. **STAND DOWN** (StandDown@aol.com)-I saw them once and I liked them. Please, please I beg you to book them, they play straightforward three chord punk and could most definitely use a little

awesome, just watch out at their shows because they tend to attract some pretty big jerkoffs. Also people worthy of mentions are **JR LOADER, NEW LEFT STANDARD, THE MO-**

NOT REBECCA



crap and is drawing attention away from all the good bands around now! I think it's disgusting enough that the "mainstream" has to relive old trends, but now our scene has to do that crap too!?!

That most definitely isn't all, this is about less than a quarter of the IL scene but I think I've taken enough of your time you can go back to perusing the ads now. Oh wait by the way any of you who live in DuPage County should listen to my radio show on **WDGC 88.3 fm.** It's on Wednesday's 12-2 pm. Make sure to get in touch with me at **JohnyTG@aol.com** if you plan on coming through IL! Thanks, John Meehan.



the Klopeks (picture taken from "Filling the Frame 2002")

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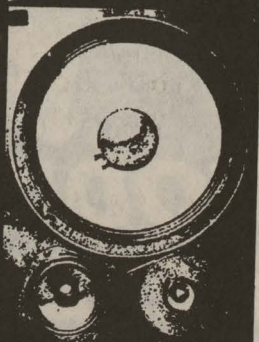
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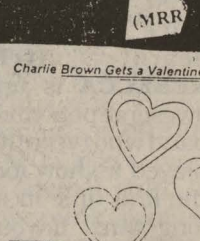
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NEWS

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

Another Letter From Serbia

The war over Kosovo will be remembered for many things. The destruction of a country, the slaughter of many innocent lives by both sides, and the use of the internet to send out information from inside the warzone. Through out the conflict, MRR has been printing letter from kids inside Kosovo, and Serbia. Here's another one.

Dear friends,

Seizure of NATO bombing relieved us here in Belgrade about the immediacy, but left us in a specific state of vacuum and with a great uncertainty about the future. We are choked by the pictures we receive via satellite TV, dominated by horrible evidence of atrocities by Yugoslav militia and paramilitaries conducted in Kosovo, and withdrawal of YU armored vehicles with soldiers waving flags and bottles singing (on withdrawal!?). All combined with home TV full of congratulations "we won", medals to heroic generals and officers, and our dictator not concerned at all for being indicted for war crimes enthusiastically announcing the reconstruction of the country. Pleased that the monstrosities of the war are stopped make us concerned equally about retaliations, despite KFOR heavy presence, against Serbian civil population and Albanians in Kosovo, that are called collaborators even by BBC commentator. After incredible bombardment, which as we envisaged didn't hit the regime, with bitterness we wonder how one should name all of us who worked hard and a with great courage, lobbying all these years, since summer 1991 for peace and right of voice of pluralistic multiethnic civil open society. We are the victims on the ground, expelled from the community by extremes of the regime, from the air by bombs (ecological and psychological impacts are catastrophic) and now the international community imposes on us all the collective guilt and consequent punishment by exclusion of NGOs and academic contacts from any dialogue.

All in all, this produces a really schizophrenic context in which we have to think about our immediate tomorrow with no sugar in shops, no petrol in the pumps and no money in our pockets. It gets more depressing to think of the coming summer with yet another year without any holidays and of approaching winter with no heating; and then what about prospects with the status quo (lawlessness) institutions where we still earn our wages (read humanitarian aid), where new "patriots" are mushrooming. In the first session of Parliament after bombing one smells the internal exterminations, just proving how little the regime is hurt. But how disadvantaged are we, the seeds of otherness, and a community which could generate reconciliation inside the country but more so across the region.

We then listen to Mr. Clinton saying "no help to Serbia so long as the dictator is in power", also stressing "we are not going to get him, you Serbian people should know how to achieve a change". The grim reality as the poor country is getting poorer (and Serbia is devastated economically and financially), the change to liberal democracy is less likely, poverty produces a distribution of misery and an economy of rationing, and junta-type authoritarian dictatorship with this finale of military intervention.

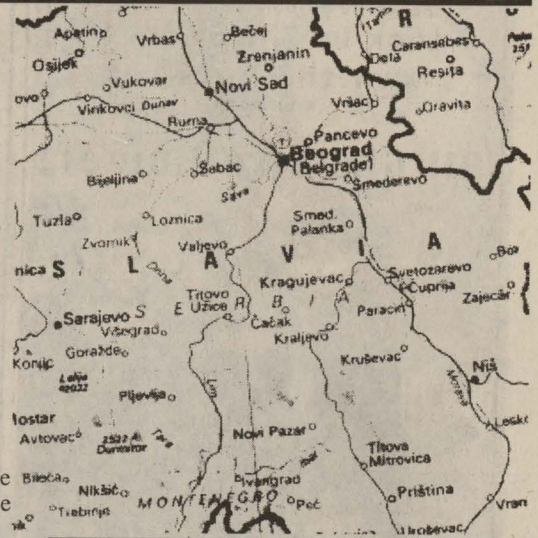
Of course one resists and considers the urge for a change either by free elections - which means unfortunately within a framework of a brainwashed xenophobic "patriotic" population who "have beaten NATO", without the free media to promote an alternative (or at least to make people aware what happened), and without control over ballot boxes and counting. Even if elections were won, the question would be the seizure of power, as in 1996 local elections; the four political parties in power are actually the fractions of a single block, a continuation of single party system. The threshold of democracy has not been crossed.

The alternative and opposition parties are slowly consolidating but in three blocks: all fragmented with numerous leader-dominated parties and NGO groups, disunited, disorganized (with no real resources to travel within the country to promote themselves, even to have reasonable premises). So even with the great dissatisfaction of the vast majority of the population about the real economic issues (with average income of metal worker of DM 41'8 a month, many work without any salary), the "patriotic" rhetoric like a drug dominates media and minds and we fear the future months.

The alternative to this: a much more constructive and legitimized, visible support of the international community to the alternative democratic forces, to proven, long-standing civic society active NGOs, enclaves of free media and alternative democracy-promoting projects conceived even before the bombing started, and dispersed, but not really ruined, in these events.

But in this state of vacuum with all the focus just on Kosovo, the next catastrophe could happen in the core of the country. We fear that this scenario is not enabling us "to put our own house in order" but rather that we will be swept away as well. We plead for understanding and for strongly structured support.

Sonja & Milan Prodanovic



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NEWS

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL



Everybody's Sick PELTIER'S HEALTH CONDITION DETERIORATING

Political Prisoner Leonard Peltier, who is suffering from a severe medical condition which causes his jaw to be frozen open 13 millimeters, requested current x-rays from prison authorities on May 25, 1999. The x-rays would help Maxillofacial expert, Dr. Eugene Keller of the Mayo Clinic, to determine what can be done to treat Peltier. Because prison authorities are not allowing Peltier to be transferred to the Rochester Medical Facility for federal prisoners, a facility where Dr. Keller could examine and if warranted, treat Peltier, Peltier's defense team decided to attempt bringing Keller to Peltier instead. Keller is willing to examine Peltier at Leavenworth Penitentiary where Peltier is currently imprisoned, however, he must have current x-rays before making the trip.

Prison authorities have not x-rayed Peltier's jaw since 1996. Despite this, prison authorities are not allowing Peltier to receive current x-rays. As of now, the LPDC has received two different responses from two different departments of the Bureau of Prisons regarding the request. The first response is from Phillip S. Wise, Assistant Director of the Health Services Division of the Bureau of Prisons (BOP) in Washington D.C. In this May 28, 1999 response letter to Senator Wellstone, Mr. Wise states that Dr. Keller is not authorized to receive x-rays of Peltier because he is not contracted with the Federal Bureau of Prisons. He goes on to say

that, "there is no clinical indication for a second opinion by Dr. Keller.

To the contrary, Warden Booker says in his June 8, 1999 direct response to Peltier, "Please be advised that you are free to provide Dr. Keller with copies of records which are contained in your Bureau of Prison's Medical file." However, he completely neglects to address Peltier's request which was for current x-rays. Amnesty International, France Libertés, Physicians for Human Rights, several members of the European Parliament, and many more human rights groups and concerned individuals have written to Warden Booker in support of Peltier's request for current x-rays of his jaw.

Up until March of this year, prison authorities were willing to transfer Peltier to the Springfield Medical Facility for a third surgery. Because Peltier had already undergone two unsuccessful surgeries that worsened his condition in 1996 at this same facility, he refused to go. Prison authorities are now confident that Peltier's condition cannot be treated at all. Interestingly, prison authorities made this conclusion without the use of current x-rays.

Alarming, Phillip S. Wise of the Federal Bureau of Prisons also stated in his response letter that Peltier is suffering from, "diabetes, a cardiac condition, and hyperlipidemia." The prison has not yet begun blending Peltier's food, and because he cannot bite or chew his food, he must eat mostly soft, starchy foods making it difficult for him to control his diet. This may be a contribution to what prison authorities now say he is suffering from. Leonard has had a stroke before and the above are life threatening making his condition even more urgent.

Please include the above mentioned serious health conditions when writing and speaking to governmental officials about Leonard Peltier's plight. Additionally, please continue to write and ask others to write Warden Booker and the BOP in support of Leonard's request for x-rays. Attorney Eric Seitz is taking steps to ensure that Leonard receives the treatment he needs, but urges you to help. He also wants us to note that when speaking about Leonard's medical, it is important we use only accurate information

In Solidarity, The LPDC
HEALTH:

Ms. Kathleen Hawk / Director, Bureau of Prisons / 320 First St. NW / Washington, DC 20534 / Fax: (202) 514-6878 / Phone: (202) 307-3198

Nardwuar The Human Serviette Hospitalized

Canada has suffered a temporary blow to one of its truly unique personalities. Late on Saturday, July 10, 1999, Nardwuar The Human Serviette, CiTR DJ, guerrilla journalist, asker of the Chretien "pepper" question, celebrity chaser, pop-culture historian and wild man singer of the Evaporators, endured a brain hemorrhage and a series of seizures. Earlier in the day Nardwuar had been complaining of a soreness and lack of control in his left arm which increased significantly as the day wore on. Nardwuar then practiced with his band the Evaporators, when the pain became intense. Soon after the practice, the arm began to flap uncontrollably and just as Nardwuar slipped into a seizure trying to control the arm he managed to yell "Call 911" to his mom.

Once at the hospital, Nardwuar suffered a second seizure and was taken from Emergency to Intensive Care. It was then diagnosed that Nardwuar, age 31, had suffered a burst blood vessel in his brain, and subsequently a brain hemorrhage on the 'motor' side of the brain, affecting certain physical functions. Luckily for the Nard, this only meant temporary non-use of his left arm and blurry, double vision.

Nardwuar has since been upgraded to Special Care, and from his bed, Nardwuar's usual mental intensity has remained 100%. Nardwuar has On Monday, July 12, 1999, Nardwuar underwent an angiogram or "brain probe" to determine what went wrong and why. Results are not yet known, but he is stable condition and is resting comfortably at Lion's Gate Hospital in North Vancouver, BC, Canada. Nardwuar is awaiting further tests this week. Further updates on Nardwuar's recovery will be announced as soon as possible.

Concerned friends and fans can email Nardwuar The Human Serviette at nardwuar@nardwuar.com, and all messages will be delivered to him.

Get-well wishes can be sent by mail (no flowers please) to:

Nardwuar The Human Serviette
c/o Mint Records / PO Box 3613 MPO / Vancouver BC / Canada V6B 3Y6

GET WELL SOON! -Ed.

NEWS

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

RIOTING AGAINST GLOBAL CAPITALISM

All over the world on June 18th people protested global capitalism and the rise of neo-liberalism. Protests ranged from a hundred people marching in Malaysia to full scale riots in London. The following is a first hand report on what went down in the London streets.

On 18th June, as part of the internationally coordinated J18 global day of action, London was rocked by a range of political protests unheard of in a single day. Activities ranged from a huge Critical Mass bicycle protest clogging City streets; through the AAA's surreal demo against the militarization of space; to a surprise striptease 'photo shoot' by the Sexual Freedom Coalition at the Bank of England.

But the biggest and most radical event began at noon when six thousand people set out to reclaim their City from capitalism. The event, billed as a Carnival Against Capital, was not to be a violent invasion though, rather it was a peaceful festival of carnivalesque occupation. The aim disruption of normal business in the city and the replacing of it with something more human. The first aim was a success, however inept (or provocative) policing put pay to the possibility of the latter.

The action started at noon with a lively party of thousands of revelers in and around Liverpool Street station. Following this carnival processions fanned out through the



streets of London. It was then

that things started to go badly. Police in dozens of vans (included some already kitted out in riot gear) began to slowly close in on the crowds. Many streets were blocked by advancing armored police vans as the processions were herded in some unknown direction. At this point the threatening claustrophobic atmosphere caused the crowd to react and split at many points, to exercise a non-violent counter action. Their apparent aim to create space by advancing into the police barriers. Thus forcing them into retreat by sheer weight of numbers, slowly reversing back along London Wall the way they came. The sight of police being pushed out of the city encouraged a more enthusiastic response as vehicles were hit by water guns and a few soft cans and other objects. Others climbed onto vans that stupidly stopped, daubing some in graffiti. At one stage humiliated police piled out of vans and apparently tried to baton charge the crowd causing brief panic, but seemed to think better of it, secured their vehicles and retreated further. Scenes like this were repeated at various locations while other demonstrators blocked traffic junctions. Later we heard reports of various stunts through out the City, including one in which phony bank notes were showered down on the crowd by 'construction workers'.

At this stage tensions were still relatively low and some City workers began to join in the fun. What happened after this is not clear, but the crowd seemed dispersed throughout the City, confused and uncoordinated. The carnivalesque atmosphere began to die out due to the scarcity of any musicians and performers, and the complete absence of any sound systems (the latter being blocked by police perhaps). At previous RTS-type events the presence of these had always put the crowd into a positive mood, but now people were getting bored, and angrier with police tactics. Despite some enthusiastic attempts by the sparse few to get a carnival atmosphere going the main entertainment was increasingly found in drinking and playing cat-and-mouse games with the police, who now began to reassert themselves. Increased numbers of riot police began to move into the area at this stage as demonstrators roamed from place to place. The crowd got angrier and City workers began panicking and reacting against the crowd.

The key event seems to have occurred after a police van ran over a woman demonstrator, who had allegedly attempted to climb on the vehicle. According to witnesses the van accelerated, dislodged her, and ran over her legs. Speeding away the van did not bother to stop and it was left for demonstrators to call for an ambulance and clear a passage for it to get to the scene (with minimal police help). This potentially lethal act may have been the last straw that triggered the most violent events of the day.

In localized small scale actions buildings were targeted and serious damage occurred. A branch of McDonald's was devastated and the Futures Exchange was attacked by an angry mob. In the latter case a water main was burst outside the building, creating a street fountain, and soon after masked activists smashed they way into the building and briefly occupied it. Later it appears the building partly caught fire.

Sporadic acts of violence (some of which were quite mindless) began to break out throughout the City as tempers flared. Police allege the violence was organized and premeditated. Perhaps some individuals, with their own agenda, had planned small scale direct actions, while many more seemed well equipped to defend themselves from the later police aggression, but most of the mass activity I saw seemed driven by anger against the police, with people taking out their aggression on whatever became a focal point of attack. In scenes perhaps unseen in the City since Wat Tyler came to town.

The riot squad then moved in to secure the attacked buildings (to hails of bottles) and increasingly violent skirmishes broke out at various locations between police units and demonstrators. Ironically at the same time crowds began to party as small sound systems were set up and the carnival livened up at various locations. At one point mini riots were occurring at one end of streets while street parties were underway at the other.

But the police entertained no discrimination, charging through revelers to get to trouble spots, and bringing more people into the violence. Eventually the party was concentrated around the crossroads and bridgehead of Southwark bridge, with running battles with advancing police in surrounding streets. Police attempted several baton charges into the main area (including a mounted one) but these were driven back, and routed, by weight of numbers in the counter charges (plus various home made weapons), meanwhile the party danced on. Police claimed 'mustard gas' was used by demonstrators at this stage but I only saw a small amount of yellow smoke and some water jets.

Finally as tension built in the early evening, and police gradually forced themselves forward in more solidly organized ranks, the majority of revelers formed a noisy procession westward out of the City, along the only road left free of police. Leaving a smaller group holding the City site. As I left with this group increasing chaos was reported by people running after us. Apparently the police having moved in in force and sparked a full-scale riot at the crossroads. As we entered the Embankment area billows of black smoke could be seen rising from the City and drifting down the Thames, prompting cheers and laughter from some in the crowd.

In contrast to the chaos of the City, the Metropolitan Police operated a low key approach with less police (and no front line armored vans or horses) shepherding the revelers into Trafalgar Square where the carnival began again, this time peacefully. One fascist thug attempted to provoke the revelers here, but was swiftly dealt with by police stationed around the Square. The party went on into the night with people gradually dispersing.

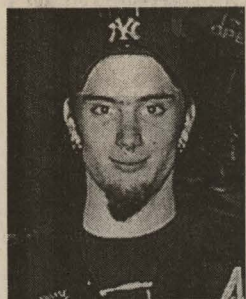
What could have been a highly successful peaceful action was turned into the biggest riot since the poll tax by over-zealous policing. Hopefully next time they will learn their lesson. Not quite a revolutionary situation, but in general a good time was had by most of us.

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?



by Arwen

Today's question: What does Epicenter mean to you? (Asked at Epicenter during the Punk Rock Prom)

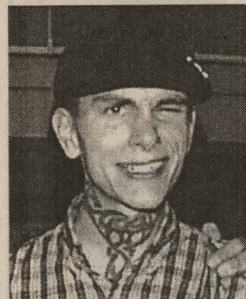
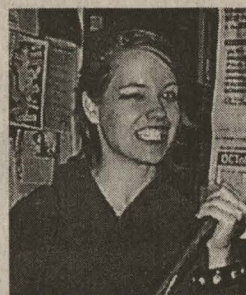


Recan, 17, San Francisco:

I bought my first 7" here when I was twelve. It was a Spitboy 7". I got a lot of good memories here.

Liberty, 27, San Francisco:

It's more than a record store.



Rev, 24, San Francisco:

Grassroots, punk, community space is what it was. And unfortunately a capitalist business, though they didn't make much money, so it's all good.

Stephen, 21, San Francisco:

It's just a fucking record store. Get over it.

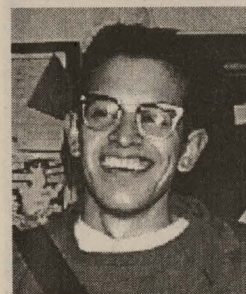


Neva, 18, San Francisco:

It's gotten me a place to live. I'm almost family with many of the people working here. It's a place to kick back, off the streets.

Casey Ress: 22, San Francisco:

A place that before I moved here I used to come up to and it meant a lot. Then a place to drink malt liquor and avoid people.

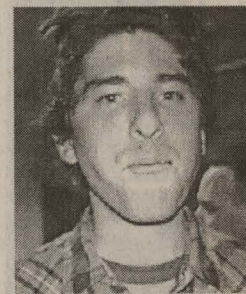


Gilbert, 23, San Francisco:

It's one of the places that resists and persists. Why I'm attracted to places like this is it's been around so long and hasn't changed.

Ben, 26, San Francisco:

A place to go...adapt, I dunno.

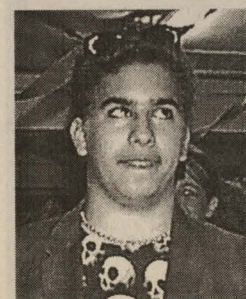


Janice, 25, San Francisco:

Shit, it's my second home. A whole lotta boxes on my porch and in the house. A whole whole lotta boxes.

Jen, 23, San Francisco:

My best friend's life. And freedom.



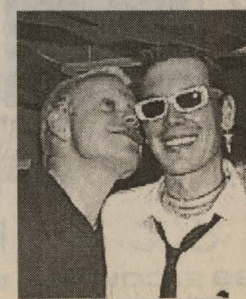
Alexis, 16, San Francisco:

A place where I can come on Tuesdays. For the last couple of months I was like the store bitch.

Andy Darling, 28, Ireland, and Jeff

Bursley, 24, San Francisco:

Hope. Is hope the right word? Or faith. I think hope. Or shit.



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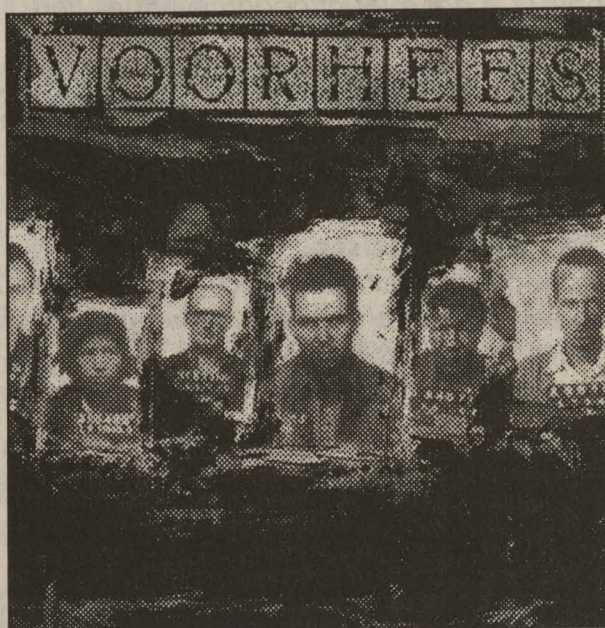
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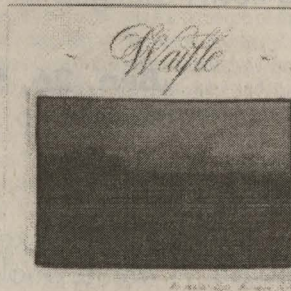
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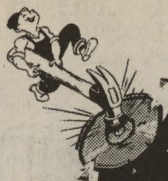
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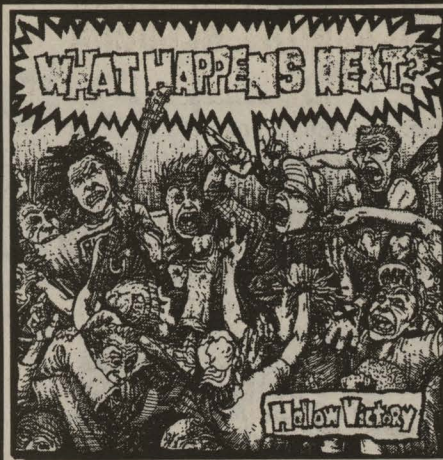
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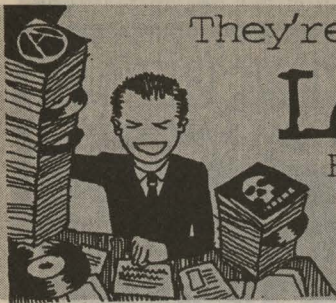
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Label Spotlight

Featuring;

HOPSCOTCH RECORDS

Since I heard the Area 51 discography, Hopscotch Records has been one of my favorite new labels. With every release Mike continues to blow me away with some of the freshest and most challenging music to come out of hardcore in recent memory. On one of Mike's frequent trips up to the Bay, he sat down and talked to me for a couple of minutes, really late at night, after all the bars had closed.

Interview by



Sean S. MRR: So Mike, tell us when you started the label.

Mike: I started the label in San Diego during June of 1996, with my then roommate, Aaron.

MRR: He doesn't do it anymore?

Mike: No. About a year ago he was having some personal problems and he had to quit the label. Since then I've been doing it by myself.

MRR: In the past three years Hopscotch Records has put out a bunch of releases.

Mike: Yeah, this summer I'll be putting out a Hail Mary record and that'll be number twelve. That's not bad, four releases a year.

MRR: I have heard people at Maximum and elsewhere talk about there being a "Hopscotch Sound". I was wondering if

you could talk about both what that sound is and how you feel about people recognizing it.

Mike: I think it's cool, but it's weird that it's even noticed...(pause)...It just sort of came about because the bands I like kind of tend to sound somewhat similar. You know, like Blood Brothers, Death Wish Kids, Area 51 type stuff, it all kind of sounds alike.

MRR: Before you go to a band and ask them to put out their record do you

consider whether they fit the "Hopscotch Sound"?

Mike: Not really.

MRR: Why did you start doing the label in the first place?

Mike: One day Aaron and I were driving around talking about all these kids we knew who were putting out records. We decided, yeah, we could probably do that. We originally wanted to put out a comp, a seven inch comp, and I had just wrote the Death Wish Kids telling them we were thinking about doing a label, and they wrote me back and said yes, we'll do a record with you. Which was totally unexpected and awesome.

MRR: Well, even though you indicate there's not a planned out, distinctive "Hopscotch Sound", there is somewhat of a manifesto in the bands you record isn't there?

Mike: What do ya mean?

MRR: Well your ads and slogans boast things like "Hopscotch: the Sound of Self Destructive Youth" and "Hopscotch: Kids Full Of Venom". Judging from that it

of my involvement with punk there were bands and kids who inspired me. The idea behind Hopscotch is kinda about that, all the kids that are still into being kids. Still, (pausing) I don't know. I'm not very good at explaining it.

MRR: No, you are, you've got the bracelet (Mike's got a bracelet that says "Kids") on it.

Mike: You know, kids into DIY. Cause its more than music, and I know that sounds cheezy but for me its about the people who keep punk alive, only playing all ages shows, making their own t-shirts, playing shows out of town for nothing more than gas money. And with that feeling came Hopscotch. I mean that is what I think hopscotch represents.

MRR: What is with the romanticism of self destruction? Why is it that all the amazing inspiring kids end up burning out?

Mike: I don't know. It seems like all the good bands seem to travel that path eventually. All my favorite bands have been around for a short time inspiring the kids and ending because something or someone burns out.

MRR: Well, on the non short lived front you've had one band, Murder City Devils, who did their first 7 inch with you, and then they jumped into the big leagues and signed to Sub Pop. How do you feel about that?

Mike: Man, it's always back to this question. I don't know, if they're happy with what they're doing, then that's cool I guess. I think that they could have gone another route if they wanted to and that would have been cool also. They're my friends, so I can't really say anything bad about them.

MRR: Sure, but in a larger sense you do have something to say about the

"I know it sounds cheezy but for me it's about the people who keep punk alive, only playing all ages shows, making their own t-shirts, playing shows out of town only for gas money. And with that feeling came Hopscotch. I mean, that is what I think Hopscotch represents"

appears you've got an idea going. There's something behind this besides just putting out records.

Mike: Yeah, well, there is. From the get go

depoliticizing of that kind of scene.

Mike: I mean its weird when the people who helped shape your ideals and your morals suddenly don't care about all the

things that made you look up to them in the first place, it's just disappointing. Plus I think the Murder City Devils kind of sparked this whole rock and roll attitude that seems to be going on now. A lot of kids who were in really good punk or hardcore bands are quitting and starting shitty rehashed rock and roll bands. Continuing this rock and roll attitude, this kinda "we don't care about anything, we're into tits and ass attitude". Which I think is lame. I'm not saying the Murder City Devils are like that, but they have definitely had an influence on the punk scene musically. I've gotten a slew of demos from kids that are just the shittiest rock and roll bands. They assume I'm gonna like 'em cause I put out a Murder City seven inch, and they're just fucking garbage. I don't want anything to do with that.

Not that everything I've put out has been political, but at least the people behind it usually care in some way or another.

MRR: Well, from our point of view, there has been a real sense of the DIY thing with you. You put out Submission Hold and Sake and a lot of bands that have a reputation of being really committed to radical thinking. Is that coincidence or is that something you looked for?

Mike: It is more coincidental than something I look for. Like I said earlier, I put out music I like. But at the same time I look for band that represent that spark in punk rock. The spark that got me into punk, so hopefully I can continue that..

MRR: Talk to us about

grandmother being on her death bed, and he didn't really give a fuck. And he said it so out of nowhere. I was totally fucking amazed. That is the kind of thing that I look for.

MRR: Punk rock and the whole rock thing has always been based around the egos and super star status you get from being in a band, and here you are busting your ass on a label, and you don't get anywhere near the respect

and attention that bands get. Given that, what would make you want to do this for three years? Or how do you keep that inspiration level up?

Mike: Well, I stay in it because of the good relationships and friendships I have made as a result of doing it. I mean I met you guys, and we've become friends. And I met Derrick who was in Death Wish Kids and Area 51 and he's become one of my best friends, and all the kids in Submission Hold and many others I've become really good friends with and believed in. I don't know why else, 'cause it can be a pain in the ass sometimes; it's a lot of work.

MRR: I'm sure it can, and I wonder what makes you want to keep doing it. Wrestling with pressing plants and mastering, and blah, blah, blah over and over again. Plus you're in a band which you haven't put a record out for. So you're doing all this shit for other bands. That is very admirable. I wonder what keeps you inspired to do that?

Mike: Well, fuck, I don't really have a good answer to that. I wish I did. I guess it's that I like being part of something. So if there's a band that I'm really into, it's nice to be able to help them out. Aside from that I don't have any great answers for why I stick with it. Although one thing that really keeps it going is letters I get from kids all around the world. Cause sometimes I'll really be down or kind of burnt out on the label and then I'll get a letter from some kid from some town I've

example Heartattack ads and MRR ads, that comes directly out of my paycheck. As far as covers and pressing records, all



that money is finally regenerating itself.

MRR: It's taken you a while to do that.

Mike: Yeah, it's taken me a long time, and I've spent a lot of money. I never know if I'm ahead or behind. Right now it's just kinda breaking even.

MRR: How have you worked the distribution?

Mike: I did all the distribution by myself for a long time and this last year I was just getting ripped off left and right by fuckin distributors.

MRR: Name names, Mike.

Mike: (pausing and evading question) ...People saying they are going to pay you in three months and don't pay you for a year and a half. For them it may not have been a big deal, but when you are just some kid fuckin sending someone a hundred records, it is a big deal. It's like a fifth of your shit. You are fucked if someone doesn't pay you for a year and a half. So I talked to Sonny from Bottleneck, and I had him exclusively distribute my stuff for me. It's been going really well so I can't complain.

MRR: That's working out for you?

Mike: Yeah, it's working out really well.

MRR: I understand that exclusive distribution lowers the work you personally have to do, but it also can mean a record doesn't get to as many people. Still you haven't found exclusive distribution

to be constraining?

Mike: I don't really know, because I am not always aware of where my records are going. Sonny handles that, he writes me checks for how many records he sold. And he has sold a lot of records. Even if I was distributing them to distributors, I still wouldn't know who was getting my records. And if kids really want to get the records, they can always get them from me. I don't think exclusive distribution is for everyone, many people don't need it.

"Well, I stay in it because of the good freindships I have made as a result of doing it...I don't know why else 'cause it can be a pain in the ass sometimes; it's a lot of work."

Palatka.

Mike: They were the last band I asked to do a record. I went to their show having never heard them before, and they rocked. Mike from Palatka talked about his family and about keeping shit within the punk community, and I was just totally moved by him, his band and what he had to say.

MRR: What was it he said about his family?

Mike: He said something about his

never heard of saying "I really like your label" or "the death wish kids are my favorite band in the whole world" or something like that, and that really keeps me motivated.

MRR: Well, I mean, financially speaking, is it a situation where Hopscotch pays for itself? Or do you kick down from your day job?

Mike: It's starting to pay for itself. I don't have to put any money into putting out new records. Ads however, like for

"Soon the cops came and all these kids got arrested and total chaos ensued. Before the cops left they said to shut down the show. But the kids weren't going anywhere. Instead they just started fucking shit up and stealing shit. I saw some kids had the PA system and were running out the back door with it."

me. I don't think exclusive distribution is for everyone, many people don't need it. But I think if you have been in it for a long time and you have dealt with getting fucked over, you can kind of relate to the desire to want someone else deal with the distribution.

MRR: Yeah it is hard to know whose gonna fuck you and whose not gonna fuck you.

Mike: Yeah, Sonny was the one person who would always take my releases no matter what, when I first started and no one had ever heard of hopscotch he was one of the first people who took a gamble on my releases. Plus he always paid on time, and he's got a good reputation. So I stuck with him.

MRR: After a year doing this you did a festival in Tijuana. Was it in Tiajuana?

Mike: Yeah, One day it was in San Diego, the next in Tiajuana.

MRR: How did that go?

Mike: Well, its was kind of a disaster. Halfway a disaster and halfway amazing. The first day was in San Diego and ten bands showed up that were supposed to play.

MRR: Who was suppose to play?

Mike: His Hero's Gone, Man Is The Bastard, Locust, Apeface, Stillife, Gasp, and a bunch of other bands. When we arrived the guy who booked the show told me the shows had to be over by midnight. By that time, it was like eight o'clock and trying to squeeze in ten bands in four hours seemed ridiculous. People started to catch wind that the show was going to end earlier than expected. And some of

them started to get pissed off. Outside there were all these kids drinking. Soon the cops came and all these kids got arrested and total fuckin chaos ensued. Before the cops left they said to shut down the show. But the kids weren't going anywhere. Instead they just started fuckin shit up and stealing shit. I saw some kids had the PA system and were running out the back door with it. Locust got up and started playing with no microphones. Just screaming in the air. The club management came up to them and tried to clip their guitar.cords. It was fucking awesome, complete and total insanity. The only thing that sucked was all these bands came and not all of them were able to play.

MRR: Chaos, you have a thing for that?

Mike: Yeah, I guess. The next day in Tijuana there were a lot of bands, and it was fun.

MRR:Who played the second day?

Mike: Shit, it's been a long time, I think Hikey played, Fuckface, Resin, and a bunch of others.

MRR: When was it?

Mike: It was about two years ago I think.

MRR: Do you have any plans on doing another one?

Mike: I've thought about it, there's a lot of bands I want to get to play, but its hard to pick a place that everyone will come to. I almost planned one in Seattle. And

there was talk of a Death Wish Kids reunion show, and then I was going to try to plan one around that. But there's the whole responsibility of doing a festival.

MRR: Explain.

Mike: When kids come from far away

I worry that

something will fall through. If something did, then I'd just feel like an asshole. I felt like that in San Diego, all these kids came from really far away, and some came specifically to see one of those bands that didn't get to play. They must have been bummed. Because of this, I felt like a dick and was really stressed out, despite the splendor of the chaos.

M R R : You have had some problems with the law. Stuff involving Tijuana purchased items...

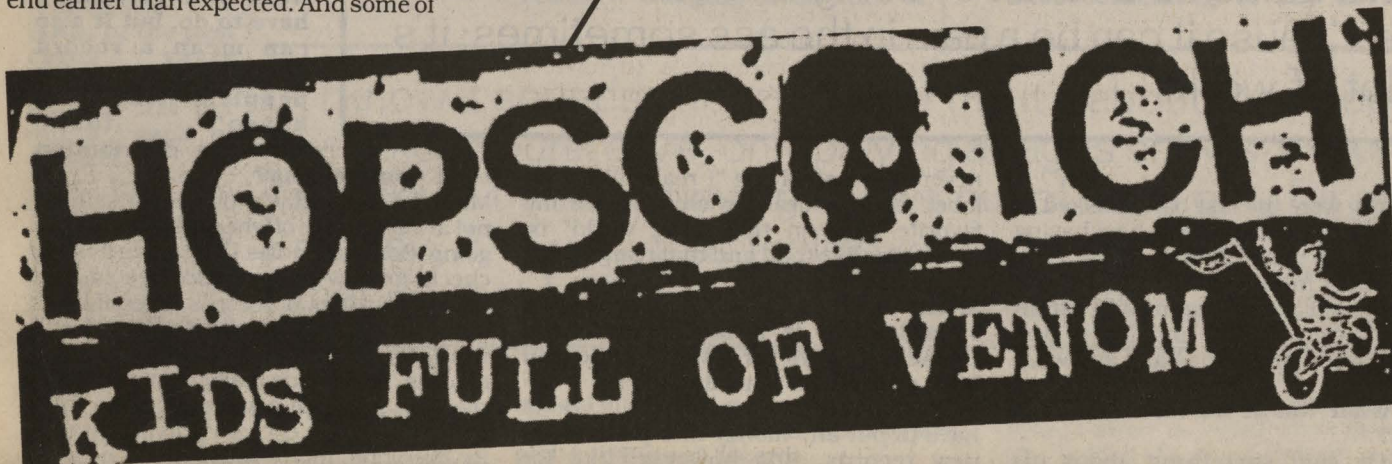
Mike: (fumbles with something it clanks and hits the floor laughs nervously)

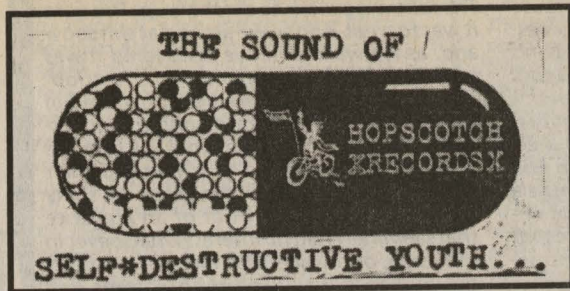
MRR: Why don't you give us a little anecdotal history, I mean the the new Hopscotch stickers, are the pill with the "kids full of venom" logo. Mike, how is that that we come across a pill in one of the Hopscotch ads?

Mike: I don't know. I don't even know.

MRR: Give it up. Tell the readers of MRR about you getting arrested for being fucking drunk in public with pills.

Mike: Yeah, umm, I got arrested in, ah, in Long Beach. I was drinking outside with these kids. We were being idiots and the cops came around the corner, and we tried to make a run for it. Totally stupid, because everybody got caught and we'd probably just would have gotten tickets for drinking in public. Instead we tried to run and all of us got caught. I was the last to get caught, but I got beat up and a black eye. We were charged with drinking in public, resisting arrest. I had pills in my pockets. I was like tossing them over the wall as the cops were coming around the corner. I felt like a total idiot





things. Bad judgment, but at the time it was kind of fun.

MRR: Hey that's the life of a self destructive youth.

Mike: Yeah. At the time it was a rush, but looking back, fuck, I don't know.

MRR: Are there any records you wished you had put out?

Mike: (pauses) Not really, I can't say I have had any opportunities to put out a record and passed on it, then later regretted it.

MRR: Now, even before you were doing a label, you never said to yourself "shit I wish I had been around to put that out."

Mike: Not really. No. All the bands I have had an opportunity to put out, I have pretty much just written. There weren't that many that sought me out. All the bands that have written me to put out their record are pretty much just garbage. They are either just Murder City Devils ripoffs or just some shitty band that has nothing to say.

MRR: Hail Mary is just blowing up now. It seems every month here we get another Hail Mary release. Are they worth it?

Mike: I don't know. I spent a lot of money on their recording, and either way, I will probably lose money on it, but whatever.

MRR: Is that the normal situation you have with bands, where you pay for a recording?

Mike: It's been different with every band. For the most part, if I have money at the time, I will give them money. If I don't, I tell them we will work something out. This record is probably one of the records I have spent the most money on as far as recording.

MRR: Really?

Mike: Yeah. It's a 7 inch, so there is not any real way to make money on it, which is fine. If I can make the money back, that's cool. Even if I don't, the songs are good. I like them, and that's all that really matters.

MRR: So they are recording?

Mike: Yeah, they are recording with Billy Anderson.

MRR: Jesus Christ!

Mike: Billy Anderson at Polymorph, so its costing a lot of fucking money.

MRR: What the fuck do they need Billy Anderson for?

Mike: They called my house and said they wanted to do a record and wanted to do it with Billy Anderson.

MRR: Jesus!

Mike: Yeah, and I said all right. After

trying for a while, I finally got a hold of him to do the recording.

MRR: How was the recording?

Mike: I don't know. I didn't

stay around to watch.

MRR: He is a hell of a lot more fucking famous than Hail Mary is. Billy Anderson is an amazing producer. He has done a lot of good stuff. But he normally produces metal stuff. He is not known for that Hail Mary, Born Against sound.

Mike: Right now, for me, there are not that many good hardcore bands. There is a handful of good HC bands, like Hail Mary and Talk Is Poison. But outside of them, most of the shows are just shitty rock n' roll bands that play bars, and I am just not into that.

MRR: Okay. You have put out twelve releases and not a single one of them a CD. Why is that?

Mike: It is interesting that you ask that. Well personally when I buy releases, I buy vinyl. It also kind of goes back to what got me into punk, all my favorite records are just that records not cd's, all the labels I find to be really punk and have a lot of heart just put out vinyl, like LENGUA ARMADA, even MRR records, although you guys do put out some shitty stuff.

And what's the best way to continue punk the way I found it than to mirror the things that inspired me in the first place, vinyl records by bands no ones ever heard of putting everything they got into what they're doing. We need to keep vinyl alive. Plus just the way that CD's are so impersonal. It's so mass produced and lame.

MRR: Yeah, but records are mass produced also, what is the difference?

Mike: They are, true. But I mean mass produced in the way of a band being around for a month and next thing you know they have a full length cd release out, I guess cause cd's are so cheap to make, not to mention the whole aspect of people just burning cd at home on their computer then selling them for 10 bucks a pop. It's a rip off. There's also a lot of labels who put out discography CD's and discography CD EP's, it's just ridiculous. It's like every band needs to have a discography CD. Bands that no one has ever heard of. (Sarcastic tone) oh you know discography CD 93 to 96, and it's fucking lame. There are certain bands who need it, for example Minor Threat, bands that had a big influence on everyone. Which is totally awesome but when Joe Shmoe's from Portland need a discography CD for one 7 inch and four songs that never came out, it's just stupid.

MRR: Yeah, The Joe Schmoes's are good.

Mike: The Joe Schmoes's are great, I take it back. I don't know it just bums me out.

A lot of it to me seems like just money making scams. Ripping off the kids. You know like here is a ten dollar CD when you can still get all their releases on vinyl. I think it's fucked.

MRR: So you have no plans to put out CD's.

Mike: No, I

don't.

MRR: You are not cash in with the Devils CD.

Mike: I probably probably be a Devils triple CD set. One song on each weird discography will buy it, and I Death Wish Kids 51 one, and a Blood

It's fucking read Maximum, month, there are bands that have discography cd. whose records it's fuckin bullshit.

MRR: You have a stuff is still is on large part, and were that into the would do the work the seven inches.

Mike: Yeah.

MRR: What is the you're putting

Mike: I have a Hail coming out next. I out a Blood A Last Match 10", a possibly I am going Deathwish kids with some demo haven't come out. like 10-12 of each of these, live the high life for royalties and stuff.

MRR: Yeah the Fuckin Life of....(pause)

Mike: (finishing of the 7 inch plus never came out, else I can make (laughing)

even going to Murder City

will. It will Murder City of the seven inch. CD. Some kind of and all the kids probably do like a one, and an Area Brothers one.

lame. Like you and like every three or four some kind of Even for bands aren't out print, it's total bullshit. **good point. The the album for a people if they band, they and fucking find**

next thing out?

Mary 7 inch also am putting Brothers 12 inch. comp 12". And to put outta one sided 7 inch songs that And probably just discography CD's and just fucking a while, live off

Run For Your discography CD

Sean's sentence) the one song that and what ever money on.



This interview was done by Erik Van Haaren, a good friend of the band, at the Product X house in the comfort of Merlyn's room, with an old but comfortable sofa and lots of tea. Merlyn translated and typed the entire interview.

MRR: First up, why don't you guys give a short introduction of yourselves.

Marcel: We are Product X.

Matt: I'm Matt, and I play bass.

Merlyn: I'm Merlyn, I am Product X and these guys are my musicians. (laughs)

Marcel: I'm Marcel, and I play guitar.

Ries: I'm Ries, and I do a bit of everything, and I play some drums. (laughter)

MRR: Some drums?

Marcel: Yeah! They told us that this interview didn't have to be all that serious!

MRR: Ooh, okay then. What is Product X all about?

Marcel:

What it is all about?

MRR:

Yeah,

what do you do, what are you into as a band and stuff?

Marcel: We started out with the idea to form a hardcore band to have some fun and play music we liked. Eventually we started bringing a positive message.

Merlyn: And eventually it became more serious in a way.

Marcel: Yeah, we started out...

Merlyn: As a tacky little band in some shed at Ries' house.

Ries: A shed?! That shed was my room, man!

Merlyn: That wasn't your room, that was not where you slept and stuff!

Marcel: Your bed wasn't in that room.

Merlyn: No, man, there was no bed there!

Ries: That was where I spent most of my time!

Merlyn: That was your dad's storage and do-it-yourself construction shed.

Ries: I slept with my sister in another room.

Merlyn: You slept with your sister?!

MRR: I know enough, you started out as a punk band! (laughter)

Marcel: Yeah, that was the way that people described us.

Merlyn: And they usually did it in a negative sense. Like as if it was a terrible crime of sorts to be a punk band.

MRR: Did you yourselves experience that as a negative thing?

Matt: I don't think we really cared what people said. I don't think we do now, anyway.

Merlyn: What we found so negative about being called "punk" was that people seemed to think that being punk was such a bad thing. It's never nice when you find out that people label you as "just another punk band that you shouldn't like." If they would have said things like "Whoow! What an outrageous punk band," that, of course, would have been far better.

MRR: Despite all that, you did manage to get some sort of record deal with the Commitment label. How did that happen?

Ries: It isn't a real deal or anything. There are no contracts or stuff involved. We just have a verbal agreement with Robert, because he

liked us and our music and style, and because we like Robert and the cool things he does. The fact that we are a straight edge band also helped. And as long as everything is cool like that it's just as good as a deal. He doesn't sign anything and neither do we, just mutual trust, that is what we have.

Matt: But now to answer the question Erik asked, his clarification is important because a lot of people just seem to assume that we have some sort of big time serious record deal action going on, which isn't the case. Commitment Records doesn't work that way. He judged us by our demo. We had made a list of people we wanted to send our demo to, and he was on that list. He must have listened to our demo and have realized that we were a great band. And apparently

The following show he did show up. This time it was for real. And so we arrived at this show and, as we walked in, we discovered it was some sort of cultural community center clubhouse thing and we were being featured in some sort of multicultural neighborhood festivity. The group that went on stage first was a bunch of 13-year-old girls that did their little dance number to the music of some Janet Jackson song in front of an audience that seemingly had no interest whatsoever in the stage, or the acts. Then we got on stage, the audience was filled with parents and interested folk who had never heard of hardcore beside the hardcore they indulge themselves with in adult magazines. We got no response whatsoever, except from a

couple of people that knew us. And just as I thought things couldn't get worse, Marcel told me that that guy in the back was Robert watching us. That really sucked. But after the show it became clear that he still liked us.

Ries: And then we all went to get some fries.

Merlyn: Yeah, we bribed him with those things.

MRR: Did you get any other responses from other labels?

Marcel: There was one more...uh...

Ries: Striving For Togetherness Records.

Marcel: But they weren't really that interested.

Merlyn: And what about that guy from France?

Ries: Yeah, the singer from

Right For Life was quite positive. We had interviewed him for our fanzine and had sent him a demo as well. And he told us that if we had some new recordings that we should mail those to him and he might be interested in those for his label. But unfortunately for him, by then we had already reached an agreement with Robert.

MRR: You just said something about posers. What do you mean by poser?

Matt: Marcel and Ries!

Ries: Shut up, man!

Marcel: (Laughter) Posing, it means looking your best for the camera.

MRR: Is that posing? Because you often hear about...

Ries: You see, you have to pose for the girls! I mean, if you do not look fine and neat and slick, you'll never get the good-looking chicks!

Merlyn: Yeah! With Matt and me this comes naturally, but Ries and Marcel have to work for it!

MRR: You're just giving me a very superficial description of posing. But it is also often used for someone who looks the part but doesn't put his heart in it.

Ries: A poser is also a skater that doesn't

PRODUCT X

Dutch Straight Edge

he made some calls to people to check if some people knew some more about us, 'cause he had never heard of Product X. And then he eventually e-mailed us. He actually was one of the first people who gave any kind of response. And naturally we wanted to react to his e-mail because he seemed quite positive about our demo. And especially because he reacted so fast!

Merlyn: Hey, man, don't fart!

Marcel: The Fart Game!

Merlyn: Well, don't leave any marks on my couch!

Matt: Hey, man, don't interrupt my story! Anyway he was fast and so we made contact with Robert and talked about the possibilities. He even came to one of our shows, and, of course, it was our worst show ever.

Merlyn: Yeah, it really sucked!

Matt: And even then he still liked us!

Merlyn: It really sucked ass bad! He had told us that he would come by and check us out live. And we had this really great show in Extase, a bar in our home town of Tilburg. The show really rocked. The crowd was cool, we were cool. It rocked, man! But anyway, we really rocked, and Robert didn't show up! I felt that he had really missed something.

skate but just wants to look like one because he thinks it is hip and cool and all that.

Merlyn: Acting all tough and serious.

Matt: I think that Erik means something different. Like Guiding Line (cool Dutch band) with their song, "Genuine Poser." And if you read those lyrics and take that kind of posing in account, it becomes something very negative. But it is often used to kid around, being all cool and putting on a fun show on stage. As long as you don't get on everybody's nerves I think it is okay! But there are also some people who think it is obligatory and the only way to go, acting all macho and stuff.

Ries: You have to pose, otherwise the girls won't notice you!

Matt: Now I'll leave it to Marcel and Ries, our own posers. (laughter)

MRR: I have a question about one of your songs, "Dance of Violence." You have recently played some shows with Morning Again. Well, we all know that Morning Again is a band that plays the new-school style hardcore.

Marcel: And they ate all our pizzas!

MRR: They did? Well, I could tell you some more stories, but anyway, they are a new-school band and usually that means a lot of violent dancing! What is your opinion about that?

Merlyn: We have very strong feelings about violent dancing. We feel it's something that is simply not to be done! But I guess you have to be open minded about it all. I mean when you go to an old-school hardcore show and everybody is having a great time, finger-pointing, singing along, the occasional pile-on and stuff, and a few guys start tearing into it, all violent dancing and beating about like madmen, it will ruin the show for the rest. And I think it is unacceptable! And the most annoying thing of it all is that when you step up to one of those guys and tell them to stop it, they'll turn all aggressive. They'll tell you to mind your own business and start asking if you're looking for a fight. But at new-school shows there is a lot of violent dancing going on and people who go to these shows know and accept or even like it. In those cases, I guess it isn't such a bad thing. But the violent

dancing that we encounter usually ruins the show and ends up in fights and stuff, although some guys do some violent dancing for fun. In these cases it is usually more of a mockery.

Matt: Violent dancing is caused by a violent attitude and I simply hate that shit.

Marcel: I guess it is hard music and dancing hard is a part of it all, but you can push it too far! I've seen girls getting hit and fights in the crowd as a result of violent dancing, and that is where I draw the line. That is where it goes too far.

Matt: Hardcore is for fun. Even new-school is for fun, that is why people are into hardcore. But this violent dancing has nothing to do with having fun.

MRR: But don't you think that there is a certain logic to it all? Society is getting more and more violent, everything is becoming more and more...

Ries: It's just macho behavior, that's what it is!

Matt: Let the man finish his sentences!

MRR: In the beginning of hardcore and punk, dancing was all about bumping into each other and hopping around a bit. Later on with hardcore came the slam-pit, and now new school seems to bring along violent dancing. Isn't it some sort of dance evolution thing that you simply can't stop? That people will keep on doing anyway?

Ries: If you think like that, what will be next then? Real live mortal combat where people bring knives and shit into the pit?

Merlyn: I guess it just evolved like that. If it is a change for the good or the bad, I'll let people decide for themselves. But when I go to a new-school show, I simply know that there will be a lot of violent dancing going on. And I'll be prepared. But when I go to an old-school hardcore show, I'll expect a good night's fun filled with sing-alongs and finger-pointing. And when some ass in a Healy Hanson jacket starts windmilling against the back of my head, if you know what I mean, I'll start looking around for my friends and start thinking about ways to throw this guy out!

Ries: Don't start any fights yourself, now Merlyn!

Merlyn: No, no, I said throw out, not beat up!

Matt: Yeah, I guess that is

where I draw the line. I mean, you all talk about how things change, but where does it stop? I mean, violent dancing often ends up in beating each other up. What's next? Hardcore slam-pit knife fights? How far will we let it all go? It has to stop somewhere.

Merlyn: Well, you must keep in mind that the violent dance is usually something that is done with a group of friends. There is some sort of mutual control. I mean, if Marcel and I were to decide to go violent dancing, we wouldn't purposefully go about beating each other up. What usually happens is that when a stranger joins in it, it isn't seen like something cool like "Hey, man, another violent dancer, rock on! Yeah!" It is a stranger and suddenly people start to think things like "Hey, man, that guy is beating me! Let's retaliate!" or "Hey, that guy's coming down hard on my friend, let's get him. I can. It's violent dancing, it's allowed!"

Marcel: It's just showing off who's the toughest.

Matt: It's so ridiculous.

Merlyn: It becomes some sort of beefcake muscleman showdown. And people start losing interest in the band on stage.

Matt: If you like that shit, you should go and do martial arts training or something.

Merlyn: Please, no! That would make them even more dangerous! It's just like I stated in the lyrics, "If you got so much violence, man, why don't you join the army then?" Go defend democracy or something, with your bad-ass attitude. Go sit in some boat and shoot cruise missiles at camels and shit! (laughter) If you are into that, you don't even belong in this scene.

Ries: We got some going on!

Matt: Hey, man, don't go shooting camels!

MRR: Well I know that most of you are vegetarians as well. How do you feel about shooting at camels?

(Laughter)

Ries: Shooting camels is wrong! PETA (an animal rights organization) Go!

Merlyn: And that is why violent dancing is

wrong, because they

PRODUCT X



all want to shoot camels. (laughter)

Ries: And most of the stupid violent dancers in Europe are vegetarians!

Marcel: That just goes to show how stupid violent dancing really is! (laughter)

Ries: That's what you get when you get your brain moshed up every weekend.

MRR: But most people will view the slam pit as no different from violent dancing!

Merlyn: But violent dancing has a distinctive macho attitude to it. It always reminds me of the headbutt contests that the rednecks in my small hometown used to engage in. These two guys would headbutt each other until someone went down. There would be people cheering and stuff. And when the ambulance would come to take a loser away, there would always be people smiling and shouting "Yeah, man, my best friend just got himself a minor concussion. Yippy yeah!" (laughter)

Marcel: That might be the new trend amongst the violent dancers.

MRR: Has anyone seen an ashtray or something?

Matt: Ashtray? Get out of here!

Ries: No smoking, no smoking allowed!

MRR: Stop that militant shit man! I'll skip the cigarette break and go straight to the next part of this interview. I'll let you hear some songs and you must tell me what band it is, what you think about the music and what do these bands mean to you.

Merlyn: Oh my god, a Ries-o-rama! (laughter)

(Tape starts with chosen music fragments.)

Ries: Minor Threat! Yeah!

Merlyn: Oh yeah, Ries is fast! There's a reason why we call this game the Ries-o-Rama!

Ries: That guy is a genius!

MRR: Okay, explain!

Ries: As soon as I hear one of their records I get an instant hard-on!

Marcel: What guy?

Ries: Ian McKay, of course!

MRR: Well, that's quit clear! What is your opinion Marcel?

Ries: You get a hard-on, don't you?!

Marcel: Minor Threat kicks ass.

Merlyn: He has a melodic voice. Ries always gives me tapes and stuff with Minor Threat on them. I got quite accustomed to listening to them, and I like it. It's just that I've made it my personal policy to never listen to a lot of Minor Threat when Ries is in the room, 'cause he'll really get a hard-on and when he does ejaculate, I'm bound to get wet! So to speak.

Marcel: I think Minor Threat shows you how related punk is to hardcore.

Ries: I'd like to add that all the records of the eighties bands that started out with hardcore are the records that still inspire and move people the most. These bands are the bands that people tend to remember. They

started the hardcore music style, and they are the bands that, according to me, have recorded the best albums ever.

Merlyn: Like 7 Seconds?

Ries: Like 7 Seconds and, well, you name it.

MRR: Matt?

Matt: Conclusion! Well, I think everybody should know these bands. And you only need to hear them to know why.

Marcel: They are the roots!

Merlyn: Lately I hear a lot of people dissing punk. They want to make this big distinction between hardcore as being good and punk as being wrong somehow.

These people do not seem to understand that they share the same roots.

Marcel: Straight edge is punk.

Merlyn: It is punk.

It's rebelling against society.

Punk used to be all

about doing drugs, drinking and behaving badly, besides getting involved in political issues, action commities and rebelling against the establishment. Nowadays, few people are surprised to find out that lots of kids do drugs and drink a lot. Straight edge, in turn, rebels against this behavior and can be seen as punk behavior. Though it still incorporates the antiestablishment movements and politics. And people who are straight edge are usually involved in lots of movements like veganism and animal liberation.

(Next music fragment.)

MRR: Let me give you all a hint: it has something to do with a tattooed front man.

Marcel: Black Flag!

Matt: Henry!

MRR: What do you think of Black Flag?

Ries: Their logo with the four cubes is really great.

MRR: It has no special meaning to you?

Marcel: Well, it's the first time I ever heard any music by Black Flag.

Merlyn: Well, I do hear a lot of Black Flag since I tend to come over to your place a lot. I do not think that they are a great band in terms of music, but they do have some good lyrics. Henry Rollins really is a cool person, I like his spoken words CDs. And his tour reports are fun to read/hear.

Especially when he tells you about all the times he got beat up or when shows really sucked. He can be very hilarious!

MRR: Merlyn just told me he wasn't really impressed by their music, but I do feel it has a lot of energy.

All: Yeah!

MRR: It is the most aggressive sound I've

ever heard in my life. You can really feel the energy that they put into it.

Merlyn: I once heard someone describe it as the perfect riot music.

MRR: I believe the quote was "the perfect soundtrack for a full scale riot."

(Next music fragment.)

Merlyn: Product X.

Ries: What are you trying to pull here, Erik?

Merlyn: This is a song by Product X, one of my favorite bands. They have good music and lyrics. Very energetic, too!

MRR: How does Product X influence your lives?

Ries: Well, Product X practically is all I have besides my girlfriend.

Merlyn: In that order!

Ries: I spend most of my time

with the rest of the band. The rest of the youth crew I only know from small talk and short encounters, so to speak. I think this was a good trick question. It just comes to the fact that they are my best friends, and we do almost everything together. The band is my life.

Merlyn: Especially since we live in one house and we buy each others' toilet paper.

Matt: First I had a life and I played in a band. Now I have a band.

Merlyn: And no life!

Matt: The band became my life. In what way does it influence my life? Well, I now live with three friends in one house, two of which play in my band, and even though Ries doesn't live here, he does come around all the time! So there's no getting 'round the band in a way.

Marcel: You shouldn't think of it as just a band, but more as a circle of friends.

Ries: And as I do most of the organizing and band p.r., it has become more of a part-time job.

Merlyn: Well, I also notice that a lot of people lose sight of good friends as they go and get jobs or go to college and move off to other towns. They develop different interests and inadvertently lose touch...

Matt: It is the tie that binds!

Merlyn: It certainly is! And for me personally, it is a way to express my personal views and feelings about things.

Marcel: The pie that blinds! (laughter)

Merlyn: I also find it very gratifying when people come to me and tell me that they liked my lyrics or could really identify with one of our songs. As long as only one person tells me he liked my lyrics or shares views about these issues, I'll be satisfied.

Marcel: We share everything, like Ries' girlfriend.

Merlyn: And, toilet paper.

(Next music fragment)

Matt: The Dead Kennedys!

MRR: Well, because Matt reacted so fast, we'll start with him!

Matt: I'm very glad that you made me listen



to them once. When I heard it, I thought to myself, "What kind of noise is this shit?" Then I started to read the lyrics, I heard some more of their music, and now, well, let me put it like this, Joy just played some music fragments of older classic bands, and I think the Dead Kennedys are one of these classic bands. But I must add that their music has never influenced me in anyway, especially when you take in to account that I have not known them for a long time. I still remember the first time I heard them, and I think that just like Black Flag, they make very energetic music. And, of course, a person like Jello Biafra helps to make a legendary band!

Ries: I think that the Dead Kennedys are one of the most versatile bands I know. I mean, the CDs that you lent me three weeks ago? I'm still trying to figure out their style! One of their songs almost has a surf sound to it. And other numbers are very brutal, while the next song is more rock 'n roll.

MRR: I still want those CDs back, Ries, one of these days, if possible.

Ries: Those CDs are a full night's entertainment, very varied, just as if you are in some club and some DJ is playing cool tune after cool tune, from varied artists and bands. And I like their lyrics as well.

Merlyn: I think that they are a wonderful band that shows the versatility of punk music. They have all aspects: hard and fast songs, more melodic songs, serious lyrics, fun lyrics, etc. And Jello Biafra falls in the same category of cool persons that Henry Rollins does. He has humor, his messages have substance, he's great.

Matt: I heard he almost got to be mayor.

MRR: Yeah, he tried!

(Next music fragment)

All: Gorilla Biscuits.

Matt: I heard that right away!

Marcel: Gorilla Biscuits absolutely rock! Then came C.I.V. Which didn't rock quite so hard. And now they have this pop/punk rock album.

Ries: Which still rocks!

Marcel: Well, I don't really know about that. It's not what it used to be.

Matt: Hey we're supposed to talk about the Gorilla Biscuits. I don't even want to talk about no C.I.V. I mean they are the band that put out that fabulous 7" record. And all these bands tried to follow their example but never quite got close. The Biscuits have this very distinctive sound.

Merlyn: They recorded at Don Fury's studio, didn't they? 'Cause in All Ages he tells this story that after he had recorded the Gorilla Biscuits, all these hardcore bands came to his studios to get the Gorilla Biscuits sound.

Matt: That's what I mean.

Merlyn: And the song "Biscuit Power" is even well known among people that don't really know hardcore music. My girlfriend and her

little brother had heard that song before they even really knew what hardcore music was! They really were one of the leading bands in hardcore.

Matt: I also like the name!

Ries: I also know a lot of people that like them more than they do Youth of Today!

Merlyn: There are also a lot of people that are afraid to admit that they don't really like Youth of Today all that much. It seems that as soon as you say something like that, that people on one hand run for the roadside to look for a tree while the people on your other hand are tying up a noose around your neck.

Ries: Yeah, don't fuck with Ray!

MRR: But I think that a lot of people that do not really identify with Youth of Today might very well like Better Than a Thousand better.

Marcel: Well, the way that Ray sung in Y.O.T. is very different from the style he has in

course, I like Mike's voice a lot! A lot of people nowadays no longer seem to appreciate the more heavy sounding hardcore bands.

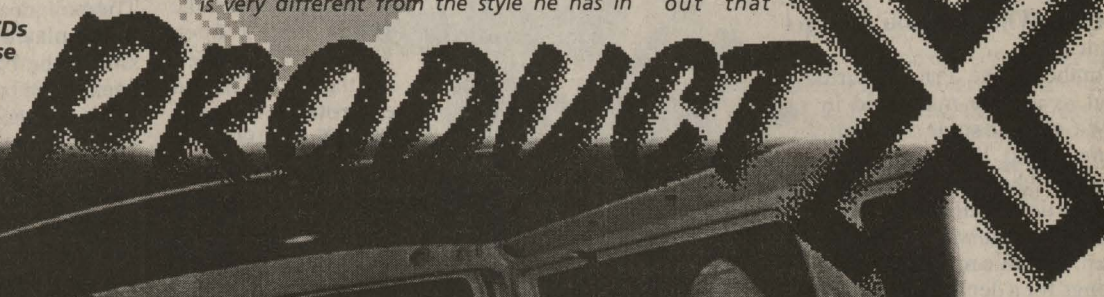
Marcel: New York-style!

Ries: But the new New York-style bands are very different!

Merlyn: I also find it very amusing that people always tend to think of Judge as a very militant and extreme band, but when you read the lyrics or listen to the CD, I do not really find these aspects.

Ries: Well, I don't know about that. I think of them as the life-line of the lost straight edgers at the end of the eighties.

Merlyn: Yeah! Right on. You can really feel that in their music. They have a bit of a tired, disillusioned but proud and defiant sound. As if they want to scream out that



everything is falling down around them, and they are the only ones left standing defending the banner of straight edge all alone in the dark.

MRR: That is exactly what was going on at that time, wasn't it?

Merlyn:

Yeah, exactly, the last ones standing in a collapsing scene. That is one of the reasons I usually wear a Judge shirt on stage. Especially when I have a feeling that there will be only a few people watching the show. I'll be wearing my Judge shirt and feeling like I'm the last one standing. And then I no longer care.

Ries: What are you talking about "a few people"? The place is usually packed!

Merlyn: Well, anyway, Judge is like my armor on stage. To me it is a very special band. Hey, why don't we just send this interview in Dutch? That will keep them boys (Boys?-Ed.) at Maximumrocknroll busy for a while! It'll be like "Hey you guys, here's the Product X interview. We did it all in Dutch, as to give you something to work on! We also included this Dutch-English dictionary absolutely free to help you translate!"

Better Than a Thousand or Shelter.

(Next music fragment)

Matt: Judge-style!

Ries: We play a Judge cover.

Merlyn: This is really good!

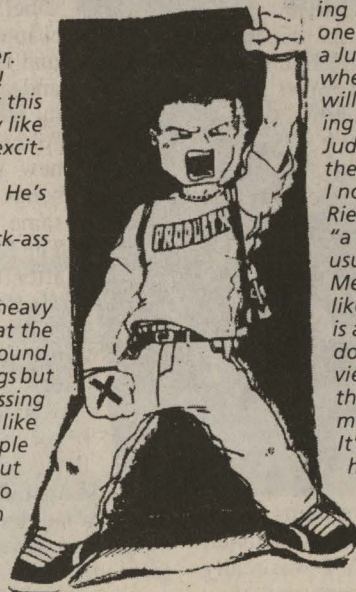
Matt: First of all, we cover this song, second of all, I really like the way our singer gets all excited when he hears Judge!

Ries: Check out Merlyn! He's getting a hard-on!

Merlyn: I think this is a kick-ass band!

MRR: Why?

Merlyn: Well, I like their heavy sound, and I really find that the lyrics really match the sound. Lots of bands have nice songs but the soul seems to be missing from the songs. It feels like they just thought up a couple of nice riffs and then put some lyrics on the tune to make a song. Not so with Judge. I like to sit down, put on my Judge CD or MD and just read the lyrics. It's all about the lyrics! And, of



THE PRICKS

The Pricks totally rocked my world when I heard their split with the Hives. I sent them a message via Hard On Recs letting them know that we wanted an interview for MRR, and they sent in some little turd of an interview that was too embarrassing for even us to run. I contacted them again and threatened them with castration unless they came through with something decent. I don't know who did the final interview, but Tom Hopkins and I helped out with some of the questions, so you can thank us later.
Love, Jacqueline.

MRR: When did you guys get started?

Tomboy: The Pricks started out as a three-man-band in 1996 and had some different lineups. It was the bass player who was replaced all the time until I got in the picture. That was in October 1996. We recorded some songs for a demo, but we only made a few copies, and we didn't really care about it. Then in January and February 1997 we recorded some of the demo-songs and some new ones, and we made our first 7" called "Press Play On Tape". The title is a tribute to the old C64-computer. Two of the songs from that recording also made it to a Swedish compilation-CD, which came out simultaneously as the 7" did. The 7" was pressed in 500 copies, and I don't think we'll ever do a repress on that one. We still have some copies left. The line-up were Janne=vocals & guitar, Sami=drums & vocals and me on bass.

MRR: How did that record turn out, was it a success?

Tomboy: I don't think it was a success. Some people loved it and others hated it. But it's a fun record with the worst possible sound, and I don't regret making it. And at the time of that release we got Anderson on bass, and I took care of the other guitar. Two weeks later F.Y.P. was on their European tour and we played with them in Kumla and in Stockholm. The Kumla was Anderson's first performance with the band, and we pretty much sucked. He didn't know the songs that well and Sami was drunk. But F.Y.P. was really cool. We traded some records and they stayed at Janne's house. The next day we

went to see them in Stockholm. We asked them if we could play some songs and they said sure. We ended up playing on their instruments (Anderson weren't there so I played the bass) and we played three songs and then the people who worked at venue shut the power off. I think F.Y.P. thought we were pretty stupid, but it was a fun gig.

MRR: Did you manage to go on tour with that record?

Tomboy: No, we didn't play that much that year.

We only played a few towns with bands like Henry Fiat's open sore, Idyls, Skelett and the Hives. Instead we wrote new songs and in July 1997 we went into the studio and recorded the "Shoot You In The Head" EP. Things felt better now, cause we had better songs and the production was much better. I think that record sold out pretty fast.

MRR: I have noticed the word skateboard in one of your songs. Is skating a big satisfaction for you guys?

Janne: It used to be that, but nowadays all the skaters in Sweden are so phoney.

MRR: How did you hook up with the Hives for the split 7"?

Janne: I met Nicolaus Arson of the Hives in Örebro one time when I was drunk. He was drunk to, I guess. I told him about my label Hard-on Records and that I wanted to do a split with the Hives and the Pricks. He liked the idea and talked to the rest of the guys in the Hives. They liked it to, I guess. And after that they recorded three new songs, and we took three songs that we had recorded the same time as the "Shoot You In The Head" EP. A couple of weeks after the release, we had a big release-party in Örebro. 250 people came to drink beer and listen to good punk rock. That's the whole story.

MRR: Tell us about your new album.

Tomboy: Well, it took almost a year for that album to come out, from when we recorded it in April 1998. I think it's the best we've done so far. It's got a few songs from the previous EPs, and it's a total of 17 songs in 20 minutes.

Janne: Yes, it's a great album. But I must say

that I'm a little tired of some of the songs. I really like the new songs we recorded now in May. We're right now busy sending out Demo-CD's to labels. I hope any American label want to put out anything with us.

Anderson: Tomboy almost got that question covered, but I think our two songs on the brand new 10" comp on Hard-on Records are rawer and more "in your face" punk rock then the album, but after those two songs it's definitely the full-length debut.

MRR: You've got a new drummer now, right?

Tomboy: Yep, his name is Carlos II. He didn't play on the album though. Sami was still in the band at that time. Carlos II has been in the band since July 1998. His drumming can be heard on the "Trash 'em up baby!"- 10" compilation on Hard-on Records.

MRR: I know you cover two FYP songs.

Tomboy: Yes, "Allergic" and "Shut up". "Shut up" is on the "Shoot you in the head" EP, and "Allergic" is on a comp. CD that came with a Greek magazine called "The Thing". Too bad the magazine is in Greekish so we can't read it. But the CD is good. It's got Devildogs, Turbonegro, Phantom Rats, Hookers and more.

MRR: What about the tour with Henry Fiat's Open Sore?

Tomboy: Well, we've done some shows with them across Sweden, and we're gonna do some more. We're probably going to Germany with them too, later on this year. I think they're the best Swedish band around, (Yes! -Ed.) and they're also very nice people too. We're about the same type of punk bands so I think it's only fair to let the world see us together on the same bill.

Anderson: Yeah! Henry Fiat's open sore sure is the best Swedish punk act around.

Janne: The tour was great. I met a lot of good people and drank a lot of beer. I hope we can do it again sometime.

MRR: What about Kumla? Is it a good punk rock city?

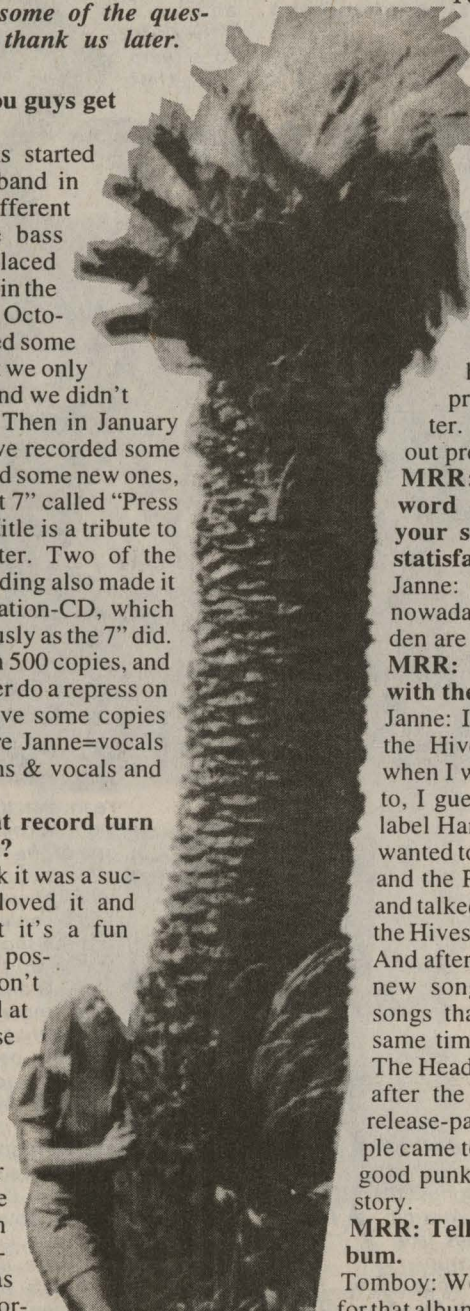
Tomboy: I think not. I'm from Örebro, which is a nearby town, and I have to go by train to Kumla when we rehearse. Otherwise I don't spend anytime there. I don't think much happens there and the only good band I've heard in Kumla is Saibon. Sometimes there're bands playing, but there's hardly any crowd. It was pretty much when F.Y.P. played though.

Anderson: As Tomboy said, it's not. It's more of a mainstream town were 99% of the population listen to the same shit.

Janne: I wanna kill all the people in Kumla except maybe 20.

Tomboy: I agree with Janne about the hometown being a shithole.

MRR: Are there any other good bands around Kumla?



Tomboy: Strollers.

Janne: We have Saibon and there's Voice Of A Generation.

MRR: How is the crowd in Sweden?

Tomboy: Since we haven't played in any other countries, we can't compare. It's really different from place to place. But it's safe to say that the best crowd is at clubs where you're allowed to drink. Otherwise people stands in the back looking bored. But at bars, maybe people just come to drink and don't really care about the bands playing? And there're a lot of gigs when 10-15 bands are playing on one night, and that really sucks. I think three bands are enough.

MRR: Does everybody in Sweden eat meatballs and Smorgasbord?

Tomboy: Yeah, most of the people do, I think. Except for the vegetarians and the vegans. I like meatballs.

Janne: Who cares about what people eat?!

MRR: Do you have any t-shirts or something to promote yourselves?

Tomboy: Yes, we've got T-shirts. Three different ones! We've also made these environment-friendly shopping bags and we've got some stickers as well.

MRR: Have you heard from any labels who are interested in releasing anything with you?

Tomboy: There's a label called Caravan Records in Sweden who were interested in putting the album out, but they didn't have the money to do it. And another one called Bad Taste Records, also from Sweden, who wanted to pay for the CD only. But in the end they didn't have the money either. Hopefully they want to release something with us later on.

MRR: Well, any future plans?

Tomboy: We have recorded some more songs now. I don't know what we're gonna use the songs for. Hopefully some label is willing to release something. I think we're gonna do a split 7" with Henry Fiat's open sore. And besides from that, we're of course gonna play anywhere we can.

Anderson: We're gonna make some promo-CD's to send all over the world looking to find a good label to release our upcoming stuff on.

Janne: Two of the songs will appear on a 7" comp on Kenrock and one more song on This Is Bad Taste Vol. 3 by Bad Taste Records. Bad Taste is now currently distributing our album. I guess these records will be released after the summer.

MRR: What has inspired you to play this kind of music?

Tomboy: Really good punk bands like F.Y.P, Zeke and Berzerk.

Janne: Yeah! F.Y.P is a really good band. We played with them twice on their Euro-tour in '97. I like the Dwarves too and the New bomb Turks.

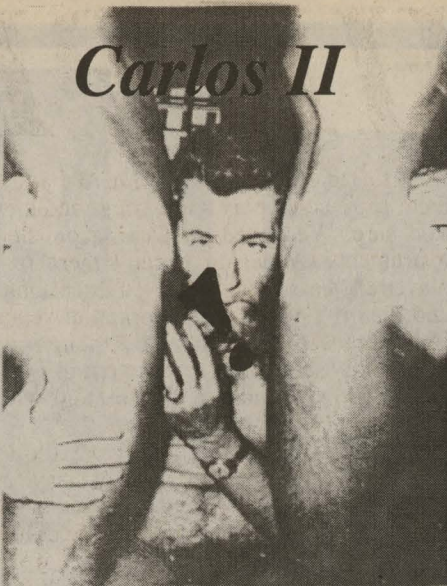
MRR: Are there any other good bands around Kumla?

Tomboy: Strollers.

Janne: Saibon are great. I put out their records.

MRR: How realistic is it for a Swedish punk band to tour the US? What about

Carlos II



Tomboy



Janne



a punk band to tour Sweden?

Anderson: I think it takes a lot of money and a lot of determination to pull off a US tour for a band like the Pricks. To tour Sweden has got to be much easier, cause you don't have to fly there to play, you just get in the car and drive.

Janne: Yeah. It's the money that's the problem. It would cost us like \$2,500 to fly to USA. We don't have that kind of money right now. We could take a loan; it would be worth it. So if enough people want us over there just get in touch with us. We're right now working on a Euro-tour with Jet Set production in Örebro. Any help is welcome.

MRR: Has the European Union had any affect on the punk scene? Is it harder or easier to tour. Are records cheaper or more expensive?

Anderson: Pardon? I don't think it has affected anything at all! I think the EU sucks!

Janne: It's more expensive to send packages inside the EU then it is to the rest of Europe. That sucks. I don't know the part about touring, but I guess it's no difference.

MRR: Is the Swedish punk scene all white or have immigrants begun to be represented?

Anderson: You certainly don't see many. I'd say that you probably see one in five shows.

MRR: Any good tour experiences to share?

Anderson: The coolest tour-experience, or gig-experience maybe I should say, must be our gig a Kafé 44 in Stockholm with Skelett, Henry Fiat's Open Sore and Kids Are Sick. After 10 songs the crowd got a little out of hand. They started to trash the place up! There were people everywhere and the show ended in chaos. Tomboy got his geetar soaked in liquor and Janne got a lot on himself too, that's got to be a cool gig-experience huh??

Janne: Yeah I remember the day after when we recorded some songs that the instruments were smelling liquor. I threw up on the stage when some guy from Skelett poured liquor in my mouth. Everybody went nuts. People were running around and stuff. It was crazy.

MRR: Who are better looking, the boys in Refused or the boys in the Hellacopters?

Anderson: Who are better looking than us? Maybe the kick ass boys in Henry Fiat's Open Sore!

Janne: I don't know. Refused used to look like skaters, but now they all look like 60's garage guys, I think. They don't play anymore, so I don't know if you can tell how they look as a band anymore. Hellacopters looks like you should when you play that kind of music (they were first). I'm pretty much sick of their look. No hard feelings to them, but almost every band in Sweden look and sound like Hellacopters or Backyard Babies. That's bad. It would be so much funnier if all the bands where looking different to each other.

Contact The Pricks through Hard On Records at Klockarbacken 10, 692 38 Kumla, Sweden.

I caught up with Orchid via Pac-bell. Owing to a temperamental rigged message recording machine, I had to ask the same question a number of times. Anyhow, if your not familiar with the hardcore outfit better known as Orchid, you're missing out. 4 kids- Brad, Jeff, Jay and Will play blistering screaming hardcore and are sure to put almost anything you own these days to shame !! Orchid interviewed by Brian on 2-25-99.

MRR: How did you guys meet musically?

Jay: We met, well I think it started when Will had a bunch of songs together on guitar, and he just asked me if I was interested in starting a band and wanted to sing. We tried for a while to get some people together, and we had me and Brad working together on stuff, and we tried to get this kid who is the drummer from Skavovvie. We had one practice with him, and some other people, and it was really, really horrible. I was pretty sure we were never gonna do it again, but eventually we got together with Jeff, and it just started working out.

MRR: Is Orchid just a "Hardcore" band, or does it represent more then that to you as far as getting a message across?

Will: If defiantly means more. It's an emotional release. Jay could probably answer more about getting a message across lyric wise, but it's very important to all of us. I don't know if there is a message behind the music with no words, but there's definitely a feeling that's important.

Jay: It's mostly an extension of our friendship too. And in that way it's more than a band, something we all do together, we're also really sincere about it, and love doing it. In that way it will always be more than a band to me. Lyrically, I am not trying to get a message across, just all things I feel I need to yell about and for our love of how much we like to play this music.

Brad: I would say it also has to do with our being into DIY music, so that's the way we like to do our bands.

Jay: Do it DIY!!!

MRR: Your lyrics tend to deal with what I can see as "Personal Struggle"; does this represent a big part of Orchid?

Jay: Well like I said before, I can't really write something for Orchid that I don't feel I have to scream about. I have to really want to yell it and get it out of me. Most of it is pretty much all personal experiences with other people, I am usually not someone who talks about my problems to other people, and this is really one of the only ways I have an emotional release.

MRR: What keeps you all busy besides the band?

Jeff: I graduated already and am just working in a coffee shop. It's a really crappy job, but we're all in other bands so we keep busy with that.

Jay: Yeah the rest of us are all in school still, and Will's rocking Clean Plate.

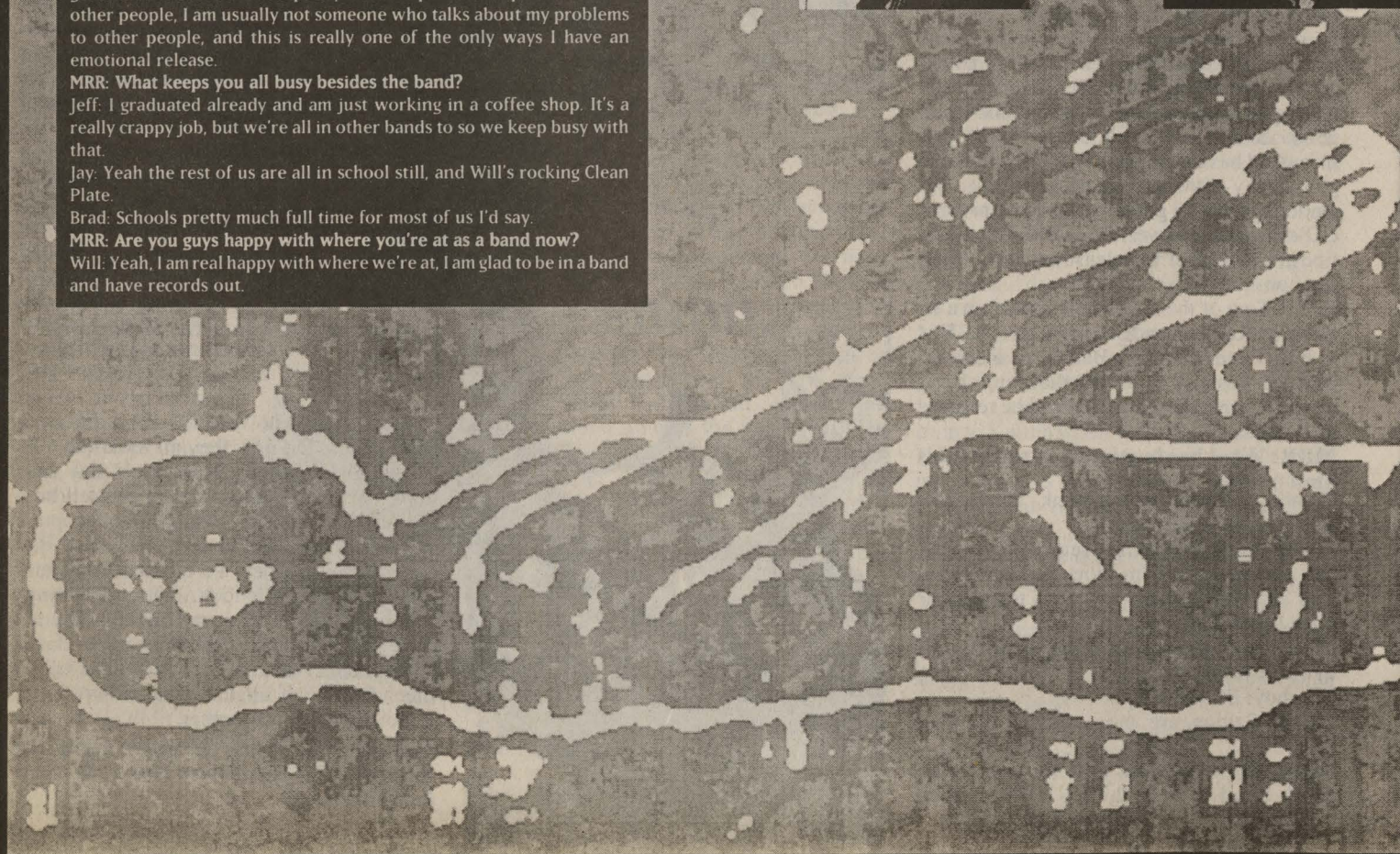
Brad: Schools pretty much full time for most of us I'd say.

MRR: Are you guys happy with where you're at as a band now?

Will: Yeah, I am real happy with where we're at, I am glad to be in a band and have records out.



orchid



Jay: Yeah, just playing shows is plenty. Anything beyond that is totally surprising and fun, so I am totally happy with where we're at.

Brad: I am constantly surprised. I see bands that are around for years, and no one ever even cares about 'em. And some people, a few people at least, seem to take notice and seem to like us, and that's pretty cool.

Jay: We've received a few letters, and that's cool. It's crazy to me when we play shows, and people know the lyrics, are familiar with the songs, see us as a band they like and listen to the records. It's really hard for me to conceive. At least for Will, me and Jeff, we have all been in other bands that have been hated. And we have records out that no one knows about and no one cares, so to have someone care about the music, I mean if it's one or even two people, it totally surprises me.

MRR: A lot of bands seem to identify themselves as "Hardcore" or "straightedge" or "emo" etc. How do you guys identify yourself. If there is anyway?

Jay: We're a Straight Edge - Emo - Hardcore band. Hahhahh.

Will: Hahhahh, no grind Hardcore band, hahahaha.

Jay: We were described as chaotic emo grind in something? Haha.

Brad: And once, surprisingly, the new category of emo crust.

Will: Ahhahahah, bringing tears to bullet belts.

Jay: (Sarcastically) We're most often described as "Will from Clean-plates band". And it's not grind what the hell! (as everyone laughs)

Brad: To be less complicated we're just a Hardcore band.

Jay: How would you describe us?

MRR: "Will from Clean Plates band" Hahahahahah.

Will: I am big time now! Ahhahaha

MRR: Who or what would you say influences you the most?

Jay: Lyrically the new stuff I have been writing, I'd say it involves my personal relationships, along with theory stuff I have been reading, stuff about the situationists and Michael Foucault.

Will: Musically, mainly it's a lot of German bands like Systräl who I can't get enough of. That was my main intention originally when I was writing songs, they were a lot heavier, one might even say moshier, but something changed in my writing. It started to take on, well a lot of people would call it the "Canadian sound". Which was really never part of my thoughts, but kind of turned to anyway.

Jay: But we can't be pinned down.

MRR: How was your Summer tour, and do you play a lot of local shows?

Brad: Yeah we play a fair amount of local shows.

Jay: Will sets up a lot of shows around here, so usually if he gets good bands, it's kinda hard for us not to play. Surprisingly, the whole time we have been a band we have never played Boston.

Will: We want to play Boston but...

Jay: Boston hates us, hahaha.

MRR: How is the scene in Amherst and Boston. Do you get a wide variety of kids at your shows?

Jay: Yeah, well, Will brings in the crusties and the grind heads. But we play a diverse amount of shows really. The shows in Boston I guess are really not diverse at all, it's the same Hydra Head bands all the time, like Converge and Cave In, all those great bands. There are actually a lot of good bands from around here, like Tipping Canoe.

MRR: Are you planning on touring the US again this summer?

Will: Yeah we're going to do two tours this summer, one big one in the beginning of summer mainly all through June, we're going to go out west with Jeromes Dream, and at the end of the summer, we're going to do the east coast with Tipping Canoe. Probably a total of 6 or 7 weeks total of touring.

MRR: Any memorable moments from last summers tour?

Jay: Yeah, well, in Gainesville, Jeff and I stayed with Drew from Asshole Parade, and we were staying at this apartment in what they called "cracktown", and at 3am there was someone banging on the door, and it was the kid who lived there, and he was mugged and beat for ten bucks only a block away from the apartment, so we ended up taking him to the hospital and stayed there for hours.

Will: Nothing too specific stands out in my head, but, well, whenever touring, I just think about the awesome people we meet whether they are in the bands or set up shows or go to the shows. That's a big reason I get excited.

Jay: I had never been anywhere. The furthest west I been was Jersey. So just to travel was great and do it the best way and see punk bands was great and meet people I wanted to meet.

MRR: Do you plan on touring outside of the US?

Jay: Germany hahahaha.

Will: It depends if Canada will let me cross their borders, as they have refused my entrance before, but I always sort of dream of playing in Europe so...

MRR: At this time you have a 7" and 2 split 7"s and a split 6" out; what does the future hold as far as releases go?

Will: An upcoming LP/CD on Ebullition which we're recording for in a month. After that we're not sure what we're going to do, we don't really have any definite plans or even the songs to make those plans so.

Jay: We also don't want to have a million releases out so people get sick of us.

MRR: Are you happy with the labels that you've been on so far?

Will: We love Hand Held Heart, hahahahah, bands send demos, hahhah, its on Lisa Kelton Place, hahah.

Jay: Hahah, I think we've been lucky, and I am happy with everything we have done with Witching Hour, your label and amendment, fuck cleanplate he ripped us off hahha. It sounds dumb, but I have always imagined having a record on Ebullition, so I am really excited about that.

Brad: Yeah everyone's been great. We have made many new friends.

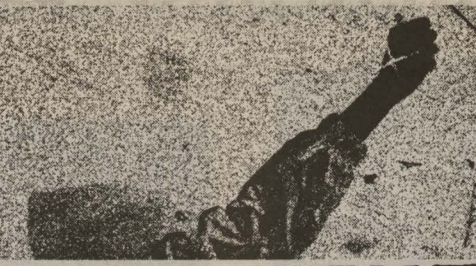
MRR: Any last words or regrets?

Jay: Regrets, that's pretty rough. Ahahah, we're thrash punk, we don't care.

Will: Nope.

Contact: Orchid * PO Box 709 Hampshire College * Amherst, MA 01002

REACHING FORWARD



REACHING FORWARD

REACHING FORWARD

Just before they hit the studio to record their full-length album 'For The Cause', I grabbed three of the five youth crew maniacs from Reaching Forward by the throat for an interview. It turned out in an afternoon with a lot of laughter, high-five-breaks and some good ol' chatting about the band, the youth-crew and Dutch hardcore, read it for yourself. Reaching Forward is: Johnny Forward: vocals, Harm: bass, Emiel: guitar, Tuur: guitar, and Pieter: beat. Spokesmen were: Johnny Forward, Harm and Pieter. Interview by Pytrik -I.R.T.- Schaafraad

MRR: What was the coolest thing that ever happened during a Reaching Forward show?

Pieter: When Johnny didn't show up at the sound-check in 013 and finally came in two hours late.

Harm: No, it was cool when Tuur fell off stage, he tried to make a cool move, but then he fell off the edge. And another cool thing was when Jeroen (Mainstrike) drove us to a gig, he wanted to make a turn, but we ended up standing in the middle of the street with cars coming from all directions. That was scary.

MRR: What was the most embarrassing event ever?

Johnny: All our first five shows...

Pieter: Tell the vomit story!

Johnny: Harm drank a whole bottle of Coke just before we had to play. Then we started to play and near the end of the show he threw it all up. All the Coke and french fries came out.

Harm: It was horrible. When I threw up, I passed out behind my amp and the kids were screaming 'one more song, one more song man!', but I passed out. Our guitar player was like, 'where is Harm, where is he?' Then Johnny saw me lying behind the amp and he said, 'what are you doing here, what's up?' Johnny: He just passed out!

MRR: A serious question now, I heard you're going to record a new album next week. Tell us something about the new songs.

Johnny: Harm and Pieter wrote the songs.

Harm: We wrote eleven new songs...

Pieter: Eleven new fast and hard mosh-songs.

Harm: The record can be perfectly filed under 'youth crew'. There are two kinds of songs on the record: first we have some posi-songs and

than we have some hard and angry stuff. Feedback all over the place, pounding drums. It just moshes hard.

Johnny: This guy here wrote some lyrics. I got a little older, so the lyrics are a bit more serious, more personal, no more jokes. They're about the more serious stuff in life, some about hardcore, and of course a couple about straight edge.

MRR: What kind of serious stuff are they about?

Johnny: Some personal experience, about how I was a couple of years ago and what became of me. A little bit about changing society, but I think you should change yourself first, so the lyrics are more about that. Personal lyrics are more interesting to me than political ones.

MRR: Hans of Sober Mind is going to release the record. How did you get hooked up with Uncle Hans?

Johnny: I know Hans for a couple of years, so when I saw him at a show I asked him if he wanted to check us out. He liked it and wanted to put something out. We negotiated a bit over the internet and decided to do a full length. We were very happy with Commitment Records, but he didn't want to do a full length. Because we wrote so many songs, we preferred to do a full length. Uncle Hans just was down with us. There might be some youth crew kids that think Sober Mind is not that cool, but Hans showed that he likes many kinds of music and that he is down with the straight edge. One of the most important things about Reaching Forward is that we are a straight edge band, so...

Harm: Hans only wants to release records by straight edge bands.

Johnny: He released some records we don't like, but that doesn't mean we don't like the label. Every label has some bands you're not into. Commitment has them too, though I like most of the Commitment bands.

MRR: What is the Reaching Forward attitude?

Pieter: We stand strong for our ideals, but those ideals should not block out other things in life.

Johnny: We don't want to be too serious about everything, it should be fun too. People know what we stand for, so we don't need to tell them 100 times. We want to have fun at shows. Straight edge and vegetarianism are most important to us, but other topics don't

have an important place in Reaching Forward, though we all have our individual ideas of course.

Harm: And we want to play brutal and powerful music.

Johnny: We're socially conscious and critical kids, but we have different opinions on some topics, so as a band we don't sing about these.

MRR: Some of the songs on the 7" are about people with 'attitudes'.

Johnny: Well, I wrote the first song on the 7", because people were talking shit about old school hardcore, saying the music is way too simple, with only three chords and stuff. But I think it's quite hard to write a good song with only three chords. The Beatles didn't use many chords, but managed to write some classic tunes. Good music comes from simple ideas. Some bands use all kinds of techniques to cover the emptiness in their songs. To us that's not really hardcore.

Pieter: Hardcore is music from the streets.

Johnny: It's all about the feelings! (high five-break)

MRR: This is your chance to tell the MRR readers on the other side of the world about the Dutch hardcore scene.

Johnny: A couple of years ago there were cool bands too, but when I saw Man Lifting Banner for example, there were not that many people into it. Now there are way more kids, so that has changed for the better. We have a lot of bands too. Not all of them might be that good, but there are a lot of young bands like us. Thanks to Robert from Commitment, who gave a lot of these bands a chance to record a 7", it is growing pretty fast. It goes up and down, but I think that happens all the time. Some of the bands we have here are Guiding Line, Spirit 84, Oil, Building, One X More, Product X, and we have Mainstrike, of course, my brothers. Those are some of the old school bands. It's a pity that old school scene became a bit separated. There are all these separated scenes, metal, punk, crust and old school. It would be cool if these would bond together, than we really would have a strong hardcore scene. Some years ago everyone liked it all you know. Mainstrike played with Unbroken and Battery and all the sxe kids came and had fun, but now it's grown apart a little.

Harm: I think that happens also because there are so many bands in every style. Therefore everyone only goes to shows where bands of their favourite style play.



Johnny: That's a pity, because now we play with the same bands and for the same kids a bit too often. They're all cool, you know, they are our friends, but we would like to play for other people too.

MRR: But you're not going to change your music for that?!

Reaching Forward: No way!

Johnny: We'll always play pure hardcore. The new songs are a bit slower than the ones on the 7", with more mosh-parts.

Harm: That's also because we became better musicians. We'll always play fast hardcore.

Johnny: The first hardcore record I bought was the Cro Mags, and they're not very fast either.

Pieter: The youthcrew style is still our main thing.

Johnny: We have some New York style influences, but we will stay youth crew. We actually only like youth crew.

Reaching Forward: Yeah!

MRR: What do you like so much about it?

Johnny: There is also a band called Youth Crew, but we only like the music style.

Harm: It's all the positivity, finger-pointing, stage diving, you know.

Johnny: It's also about the idea of staying young. Even if we get a bit older, staying young inside.

Pieter: Youth crew is also being yourself, a lot of those metal kids have these attitudes, trying to be cool and stuff. You know, with all the hip-hop wear and shit like that.

Johnny: We just like the simple hardcore thing, not the Helly Hanson jackets that cost like \$250. A band shirt, army-pants and a bad haircut, that's all we need. It's about having fun and not about being the coolest around, or doing the coolest kickbox moves.

Pieter: I'm too fat for that anyway.

Harm: It's ridiculous, it has no use. Hardcore is something special, something different, but when it's going to be about being cool, you're gonna be just like the rest of the sheep.

Pieter: You conform yourself to the mainstream then.

Johnny: Then hardcore becomes the same as R&B. A lot of those new-school bands already lost the message too, sometimes it seems like everything that was hardcore about it disappears.

Pieter: Some new-school bands have positive things to say, like One King Down, or Driven.

Harm: But others just sing about demons and Babylon and nobody understands what they're talking about. In the old school it's sometimes becoming quite similar with all the 'old' shirts and coloured vinyl. It's cool, you know, but not when people pay like \$75 for a damn shirt.

MRR: Harm, tell me again, how many

Ensign shirts do you have?

Harm: Nine shirts, two hems, a jacket, a workers-shirt and the sweatshirt is on its way.

MRR: OK.

Harm: But I didn't pay ridiculous prices to get them.

Pieter: This guy is an Ensign freak.

MRR: Why are you guys actually straight edge? It seems to be quite important to you guys, at least that is the impression I get when I look at the 7". There are Xs all over it.

Johnny: We tried to get as many Xes on the 7" as possible. I think it's a scary idea to lose control over your mind to alcohol or drugs. It's a comfortable feeling to be able to determine my thoughts and actions.

Harm: It's also about being responsible for yourself and just being conscious of what you're doing.

Pieter: If you want to change certain things in your life, someday you get confronted with the fact that you're actually doing exactly what you're expected to do and what everybody else does, drinking and smoking pot. It's a personal choice, you know.

Harm: I was at a party last Thursday and there was this guy who said he thought it was really cool what we're doing, being straight edge and vegetarians and stuff like that. He said he wanted to do all that too. But I said to him, you're criticising society and all, but with your drinking you're doing exactly what they want you to do, what do you think you're doing? It's not just words, you know.

MRR: How important is the straight edge for the band?

Johnny: It's the tie that binds!

Harm: Reaching Forward is a straight edge band, it's what we're about! (highfive- break)

Johnny: We're never going to mitigate our message like some bands do to become bigger. We'll always be outspoken straight edge. We're proud about it, not in the sense that we feel better than other people do, but in the sense that we're proud about the choice we made ourselves. Someone else can be just as proud about his own choice for something else.

Harm: I can't imagine Reaching Forward not being a straight edge band.

Pieter: That's also why we threw out our old singer.

Harm: Yeah, you know, I was sitting at my girlfriend's and Six Pack Pete (Pieter) came walking in and he was like all laughing and stuff. So I was like 'hey, what's up?' He said 'Kay (the old singer) is at this party and he's all drunk!' And I said 'What's up, Kay's drunk? He can't be drunk, he's in Reaching Forward!!' But Six Pack said 'No man, it's true, come and see!' So we went there and I saw Kay all being drunk so I said 'Yo, whars up! You're in Reach-

ing Forward, you can't be drunk!'

Johnny: That's when they asked me...

Pieter: Yeah, Johnny was down with us!

MRR: Something completely different now; what's your favourite metal band?

Johnny: Liar and Emperor.

Pieter: I think Driven is cool, but I don't know if you can call them metal. I like Liar too.

Harm: Eh...I just don't like metal. I only like youthcrew and Sunny Day Real Estate. I also like pop-music.

Johnny: And I'm down with hardcore-gabber and all kinds of dirty and filthy electronic beats.

Harm: Skatepunk is okay too.

Johnny: Actually we like all kinds of music, but the only music that makes us scream along, run around and mosh is youth crew music.

Pieter: We're just youth crew-maniacs!

MRR: I'm out of questions, so do you have any last comments?

Johnny: I actually hope people are finally going to take the Dutch youth crew seriously. Most bands here are laughed at by foreign kids, because we don't wear cool clothes. That's not what we're about. If people only respect bands because they look cool and not because of their spirit, then they better fuck off.

Pieter: Our roots are more with the old bands you know, punkbands.

Harm: Our roots are more with the Exploited than with Floorpunch.

Pieter: I remember that Harm and me went to see the Exploited, I was 13 and he was 14 and we had to walk more than two hours, it was the coolest show we ever saw.

Johnny: The only difference is that we express our punk aggression in a positive way. That's why we're a youth crew band and not a punk band.



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Interview with Grissle by Sue She-wolf.

MRR: Who is in the band?

Scott: My name is Scott. I play bass; I sing; I'm Cesarean-section-born.

Bill: That's a little bit more information than I needed to know...I'm Bill. I play guitar. That's it. I don't sing.

Roger: I'm Roger, and I beat the shit out of the drum kit and shout at the microphone once in a while.

Bill: And says a lot of stupid things.

MRR: How would you describe your sound?

Scott: Um, loud.

Roger: Bring your earplugs.

Scott: Loud, fast, loud rock and roll.

Roger: I think I'd describe it this way: think of it like Misfits meets older Bad Religion with maybe a little old D.R.I. on the side. The key there is *old*; old school punk.

Bill: Quote. Unquote. We sound kind of like UK Subs.

Roger: Yeah, we don't play ska. We're like the only band in town that doesn't play ska.

MRR: How long has Grissle been around?

Scott: Three years.

MRR: Who are your musical influences? What kind of music are you listening to?

Scott: I like the Misfits, Supersuckers, Teengenerate, and Fear.

Roger: I think "Billy" is.

MRR: Well, who writes the lyrics?

Scott: I usually do.

MRR: Then, what's the best song?

Scott: I like "Escape From Outer Space."

MRR: What's it about?

Scott: It's a sci-fi story. It's about people going out to space on a space expedition and they get lost, and they land on this planet and all these mutants tie them up, throw them in a cage and they have to escape.

Bill: Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah...

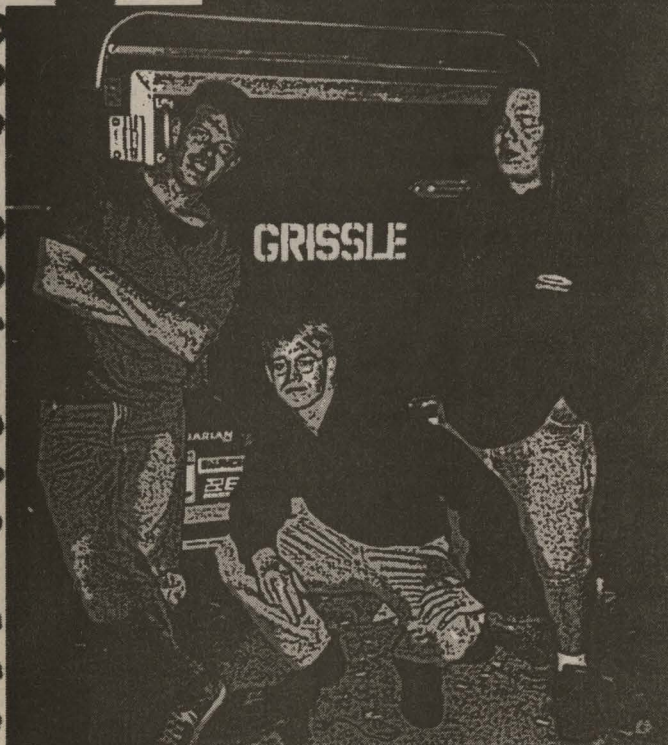
Roger: It's kind of like an old, not Ray Bradbury, like an old Robert Heinlein novel.

MRR: Who do you market or promote your music to? What type of person?

Bill: Oh, Jesus!

Roger: Punks hate us, even though that's who we try to market towards. We try to get punk shows, because we're a punk band, but all the younger punks hate us. They look at us and think, "They're old."

GRISSE



PHOENIX, AZ

Bill: A lot of different kinds of music influence me, not just punk. Jazz, rock, rockabilly, everything.

Roger: Yeah, I know what you mean. A lot of things I hear, a lot of new school punk playing this ska stuff influences me to *not* want to play it, to be honest. I like to listen to old Fugazi, but I don't know if I want to play that style. There's lots of stuff I listen to. Even some older country and western. I like jazz, too. I'll listen to damn near anything, it all influences me one way or another. But let's face it; punk is just too perfect. Why change it?

MRR: What is one of your best songs?

Roger: One?

MRR: One.

Roger: One!

Bill: I think "Born In Tulsa" is one of our best songs, if not *the* best.

Our biggest audience seems to be in their 20's and 30's, people who grew up with Black Flag and Dead Kennedys and then moved on to alternative stuff. Then when we get on stage and play our set, they're all like "Wow, man, that takes me back man, back in the day, man, that was the shit!" And *that's* our most receptive, most enthusiastic type of audience. That kind of sucks though, because, what about the kids?

Bill: We're not very popular amongst the kiddies, they like new punk.

MRR: Why don't you make your music more popular?

Roger: Why? Well, why *should* we? To make more money? If I wanted to get rich, I'd go sell real estate, okay?

Scott: We tried to market in Pennsylvania in the Amish community, but I found out that they don't listen to the radio and don't believe in electricity, so, *that's* why we aren't popular; it was a bad marketing scheme.

Roger: We're starting to get an audience in Japan, according to the hits on our web page. I put a counter on the page that tracks hits from the ISP of origin. The United States hits the most. Outside the United States, Japan is right up there, then it filters down through different European countries.

MRR: Are you going to play in these places?

Roger: I'd like to go play in Japan.

Bill: I'd love to go to Japan.

Roger: It would be cool if we could do a tour of Europe. I mean, "have band, will travel."

Bill: I'd have to quit my day job and starve.

Scott: Exactly.

Roger: That's the key there, because I do have a house, a wife, a son...I'm married; I've got a mortgage to pay; I've got a day job. It's not like I can just pack everything up, say "fuck it all" and go on tour, because, I've still got those bills to pay...

MRR: If you were punk rock, you'd just quit your job, get in the van. Isn't that how the old school punks did it?

Bill: Take your wife and kid with you.

Roger: Yeah, then what happens to the house when we come back? It's foreclosed.

Bill: Sell the house.

Roger: I like that house.

Bill: It don't matter; spraypaint it; we could all live there, it's punk rock.

MRR: What is the biggest musical difference between band members? Like, when you try to write music, do you have any differences?

Scott: I don't know. I like songs [to be] short. I think I have the song written, and I think that it's short enough, and then Roger says that it's too long. So does Bill.

Bill: The shorter the better.

Roger: Yeah, and Scott always bitches when I play in these weird-ass time signatures like 5/7 and so forth.

Bill: Or when you play a slight difference through the entire song.

Roger: When we're writing, I try to experiment somewhat to see what sounds good. Sometimes I'll do something real stupid and Scott gives me this look on his face like "Oh, God!"

Bill: Scott has that look on his face most of the time. Scott's real picky when we write songs.

Roger: But that's good. He *should* be anal in that sense, because then you're not going to write crap.

Bill: That's true.

Scott: Thank you, Roger.

Bill: I'm just saying that he's picky.

Roger: Yeah, that's true. Am I picky when we load the trailer?

Bill: And Roger's picky when we load the trailer.

Roger: All singers are kind of picky.

Bill: They're all dickheads.

Scott: I don't think I'm *that* picky.

MRR: What's the Phoenix punk rock scene like?

Bill: What punk rock scene?

Scott: I think it's right here.

Roger: From what I see, it's really segregated...

Scott: It's too sunny out here to have a punk scene. I mean, everybody's tan.

Bill: Everybody's happy, punk's angry.

Roger: When we went to Tucson, everybody seemed to get along together more. The skins and the mods and the punks were all hanging out together.

Scott: But they spend a lot less on education down there.

Bill: Education?

Roger: So they're uneducated? Is that your theory?

MRR: Where's the best place you've ever played a show?

Bill: Good question.

Roger: Very good question.

Scott: I thought that Club Congress was the best show, in Tucson. It was the coolest bar...

Roger: With the coolest people in there!

MRR: Why?

Scott: Because whatever I said or did, they loved, they bought me beer after the show.

Roger: And then Los Federales got up on stage and everyone just showered them with beer; it was fucking cool!

MRR: What direction for plans for the future do you have?

Roger: Keep playing and having fun, the moment it gets boring, we quit.

Scott: Yeah, it's my creative outlet, I want to use it to travel.

Roger: Even little weekend trips, like to San Diego, Tucson, or whatever. We were trying to score a show in New Mexico, but it kind of fizzled. They changed venues three times on us in two weeks. It was sounding like a non-event waiting to not happen.

Scott: And the band gives me an excuse to go out, since I have no friends.

Roger: Yeah, it's my number one creative outlet. Without the band, what would I have? Work, eat, sleep. I'm sorry, that's not an existence. Punk rock is my culture; it's what I grew up with; it's who I am; it's my identity.

Bill: Can you answer that any more cheesy?

Roger: Cheesily? I'll try to if you really want me to.

Bill: I'm just kidding.

MRR: What have you guys put out so far?

Scott: Put out?

Roger: Scott puts out every time he changes girlfriends!

Scott: Well...

Roger: I'm married, so I only put out every couple of months. I hope she's not reading this... I won't put out all year!

Scott: Well, we put out one CD called *A La Carte*, two 7" records, one's a compilation, one's a split, and two, make that *three* demo tapes.

MRR: When's the next one coming out?

Roger: Right now! I've just got to dub up all the copies.

Scott: Maybe tomorrow, it's called *Red Alert*.

Roger: That's basically it; we'll have some more CD compilation stuff coming out from Ecocentric Records, and some stuff from Panx if they ever come out with what they promised, a triple 7" compilation.

MRR: How can someone contact the band?

Roger: Well, they could write to us, or check out the web page. I'll write down the addresses for you and all. Do you want to give your phone number out Scott?

Scott: No.

Roger: Neither do I.

Scott: Call 867-5309.

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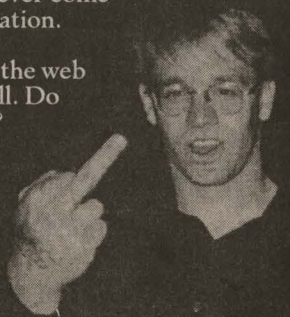
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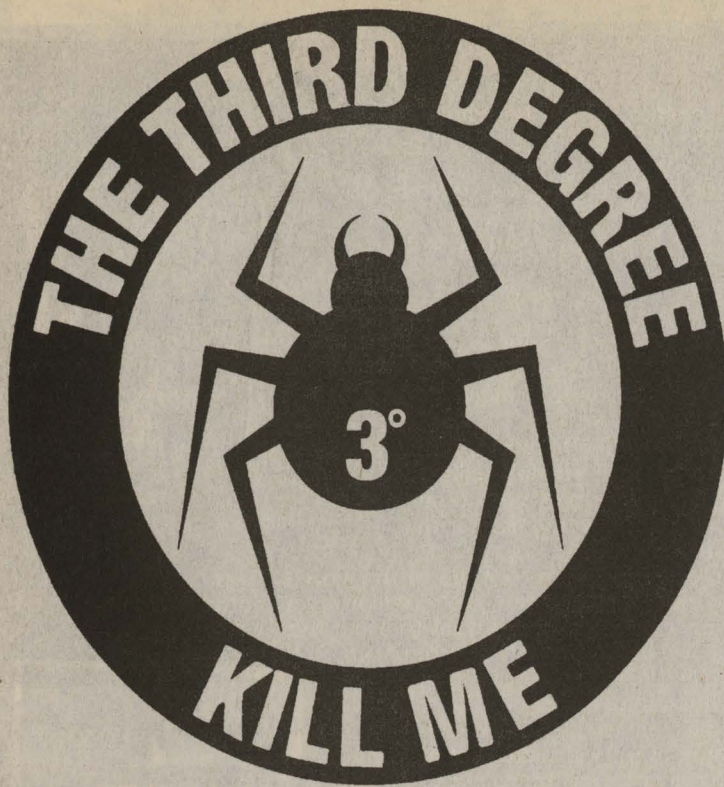
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Too many bands, especially hardcore bands, get caught up in all the bullshit politics that come along with having a band, and more often than not, the importance of writing good songs is lost in it. I have known the guys in The Third Degree personally for a long time, and their focus in past bands and now has always been on the music itself. The intensity of their live shows and of the songs themselves are proof of this. For the sake of those who don't know, or have not heard of The Third Degree, they are a three piece hardcore band from Huntington Beach, California and have been around for a little over one year. Their approach and style of music can best be related to early Black Flag, although not completely. The Third Degree's songs have a strong presence of a groove, whether by accident or on purpose, and are always delivered with a strong sense of urgency and direct intensity, with an overall heavy sound. It's hard to articulate with words exactly what a band sounds like without using comparison after comparison of other bands, and doing so would be unfair to the Third Degree. Therefore, I suggest you either go watch them live if you get the chance, or pick up their record. This interview was done on May 9th 1999 with Jason Hampton (guitar, vocals), Reid Black (bass) and Kevin Panter (drums) before they left to go play the last of three shows that weekend. Interview by Todd Evans. Photos by Todd Evans and Fred Hammer.

MRR: How were the shows last night?

Kevin: OK. Last night in Santa Barbara was the best.

MRR: How has it been getting shows lately? Has it been hard?

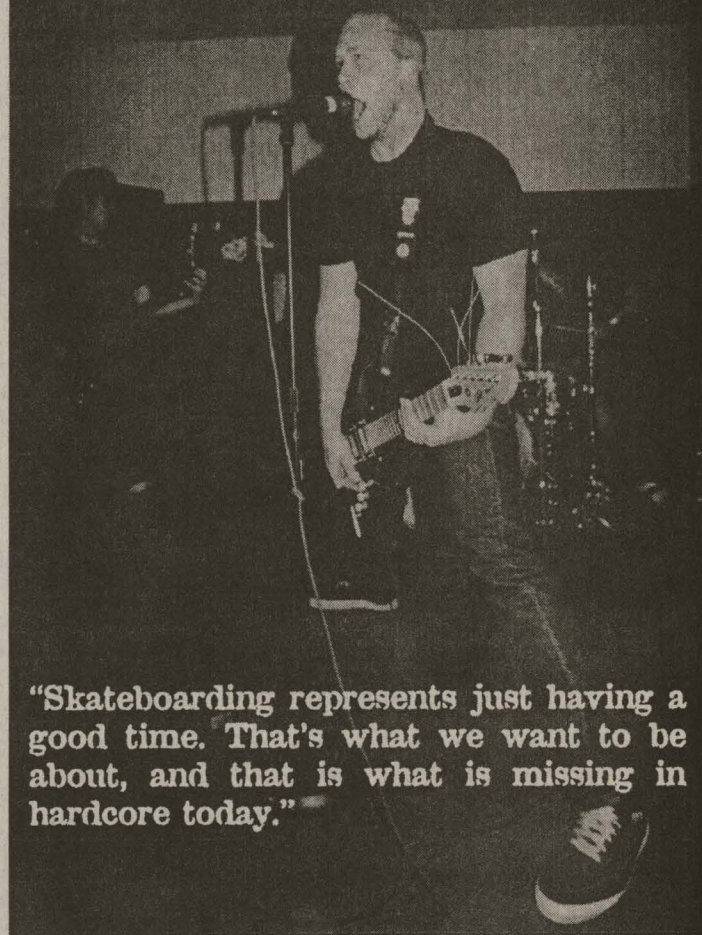
Jason: Not really. It's been easier than most of the bands I have been in.

MRR: Explain how the song process works in the band?

Jason: Most of the new songs have started out with a lyric pattern, and then from there I will try and write music to it. It's kinda new for us, but it seems to be working out well. Our songs are fairly simple so...

MRR: Do you all come up with parts?

**THE THIRD DEGREE:
SKATE ROCK OR NOT?
YOU DECIDE...**



"Skateboarding represents just having a good time. That's what we want to be about, and that is what is missing in hardcore today."

Jason: Someone usually comes to practice with an idea and then the whole works on putting it together, **MRR:** Explain the lyrics to "Seventeen".

Jason: Let's see. It's basically a lot of ideas compiled together. A lot of it has to do with an ex-girlfriend I once had that was addicted to fashion magazines. She was never happy with the way she looked. No matter what I said to her, the only thing she believed and trusted was what some fucking magazine was telling her. It was telling her what to wear, what to look like. It drove me crazy. It also has a lot to do with the city we live in too, Huntington Beach. All the kids around here are so wrapped up in all that shit. I really look up to girls that are themselves.

MRR: Are all the lyrics personal like that?

Jason: No. Our lyrics are all over the place. We have lyrics about personal stuff and we have lyrics about skateboarding. I guess it just depends on what kind of mood I'm in when I sit down to write them. I can say that the other day I sat down to write lyrics to a new song and I was like, "OK, what pisses me off". So I write a few lines down, read them a couple of times, and I'm like "fuck this". I'm tired of writing about depressing shit. I'm tired of being depressed. I don't want to write about that shit anymore.

MRR: Is there one particular thing, either musically or non-musically, that influences the band as a whole or individually?

Jason: Skateboarding. When we set out to do a new

band, we were like, "let's try and combine the two things we have spent our whole lives doing, skateboarding and music". Skateboarding represents just having a good time. That's what we want to be about, and that is what is missing in hardcore today.

Kevin: For me it's not really skateboarding. I don't really skate that much. I just like being in a band.

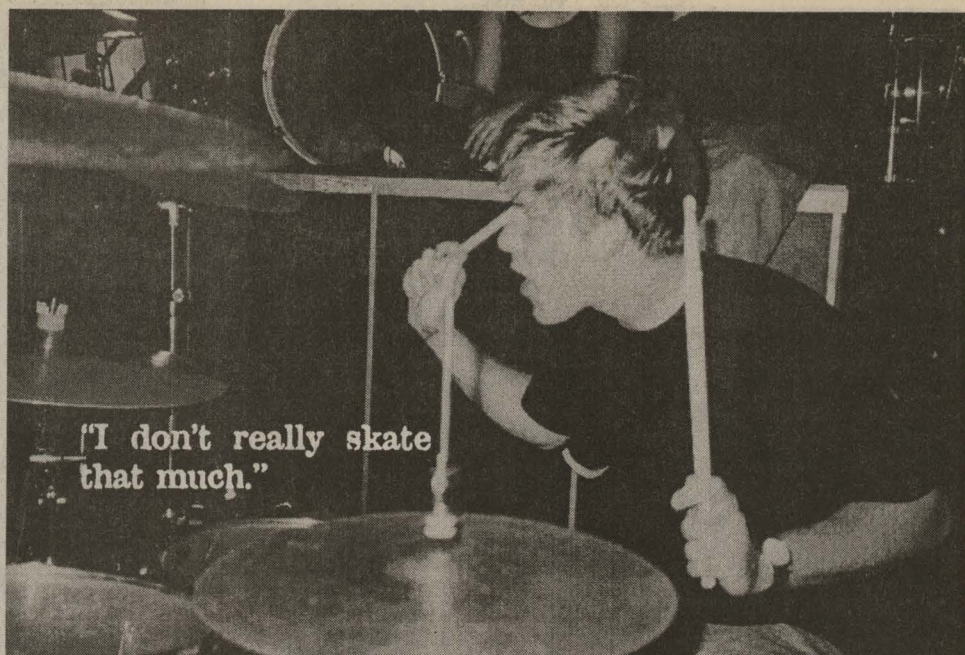
Reed: I just like the idea of writing music with my friends.

Kevin: Being in other bands, we have kind of realized what works and what doesn't. Stressing on when your next record comes out or when your next tour is takes the fun out of it.

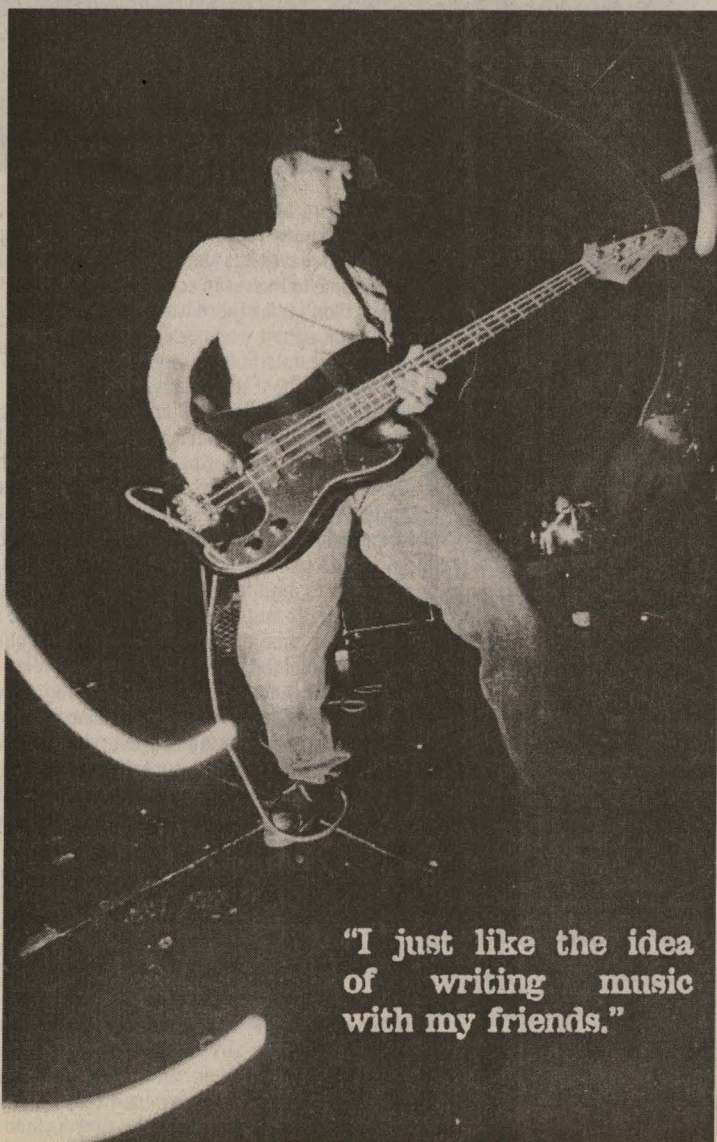
MRR: Do you all have the same musical influences?

Kevin: I don't even listen to music that much anymore.

Jason: There are a lot of great punk bands and hardcore bands right now. I am all over the place when it comes to music.



"I don't really skate that much."



"I just like the idea of writing music with my friends."

MRR: Would you consider the band to be part of any scene?

Jason: Deep down we are a hardcore band. Although, from the responses we get after shows, I think we can appeal to anyone. All it is, is pissed off punk rock.

Kevin: Ninety percent of the people that ask us to play with them are hardcore bands.

MRR: What do you think of the other hardcore bands in Orange County?

Kevin: I don't know, I'm kind of out of the loop now. At one time, all of our friends were in bands, but they've all slowed down now. As far as bands that inspired us to play music, they don't really exist anymore.

Jason: We'll play with anybody, but as for hardcore bands around here, they are mostly metal. It's hard for us to play with a bunch of metal bands. The older more open-minded kids are stoked on us. But the younger kids, that just want to hear metal, are pretty bummed. I can't count how many times we've gone on stage after a metal band and people just stared at us thinking, what the fuck are these guys doing?

MRR: Have any of your shows left a lasting impression?

Jason: There are two for me. One was the other night in Oxnard. There were a hundred fifteen year-old little kids there just having fun. They weren't into the whole hardcore political thing yet. As soon as we started playing, there was this huge fifteen year-old circle pit. It was great. Another time was when we played with Ignite at this teen center in El Segundo. It was the same thing, kids just having fun.

Kevin: They weren't over-reading anything.

MRR: Are you touring anytime soon?

Jason: We are doing a West Coast tour in August with Kill The Messenger.

MRR: Any last comments?

Jason: Ya, we would like to thank all our friends at Black Label Skateboards and everyone at Accel High Performance Urethane. Thanks.

Write us: The Third Degree at 7071 W Warner Ave F-217, Huntington Beach, CA 92647



MRR: What do you get outta playing?

A: Of course, there's just the sheer, primal joy of playing an instrument. When I started out, just like any kid playing an instrument, it's "cool being on stage in front of a zillion people" or whatever, and that's the kind of images we're fed. But I'm not really interested in that. For me, it's more an issue of communication. And where we find that we perform best is not in big rock clubs, with fifteen foot high stages, like that old Dead Kennedys song... Our favorites tend to be house shows. We've had fewer of them on this tour, than on the last tour. I don't know if there's just fewer people doing them, or clubs are being more receptive to what we're doing. Also, there's fewer overhead costs with house shows, which means any d.i.y. band can go out on the road and at least come close to breaking even, because you don't have to pay security and the bar...

MRR: A lot of times you're more likely to get paid.

A: Yeah, something, at least gas money, so you can move on to the next town, continue doing it. But yeah, primarily it's about communication and forming communities. You noticed probably that Brian does a lot of talking in between songs. And some people get bored by that. Of course, that bothers me. When people decide to express their boredom or whatever, they're not really listening. Because the difference, I think, is unlike a lot of other bands that have maybe dubbed themselves political punk, and we like to think of ourselves as a political punk rock band, we're not up there preaching about this, that or the other, and you have to do this, that or the other, specifically. We speak very broadly, we do speak in a lot of generalizations. Some people don't like that,

catharsis

When I found out Catharsis was playing in the Bay area, I made darn sure I would be there. I love their self-titled CD and split LP with Gehenna, and had read Christine's high praise of their live show in Slug & Lettuce. The band rocked the Gilman stage (and floor) extremely hard, meeting and exceeding my high expectations.

Catharsis is based out of North Carolina, and have been around for six years. The current line-up (Matt - guitar, Ernie - bass, Brian - vocals, Alexei - drums) has been together for two years; Brian and Alexei are original members. After the show, I talked with Alexei - first on the sidewalk across from the club, and then on the stairs at SF's Franklin St. house. Questions and photos by Jeff M.

they want to be told exactly what they're supposed to know and exactly what they're supposed to believe. But we're trying to allow people to come to their own conclusions.

MRR: I didn't think there were many generalizations, I thought it was pretty specific.

A: So, we're not a political punk band in that, "ok, this song is about the chopping of mahogany in South America;" [we're] political in a practical aspect. Because we hear about politics every day, and it becomes boring to us. The people who are in charge of those politics live in another world. Politicians live in a world completely different from your average human being. What's political to us is anything that affects your life, one's day to day life on a practical level. Making sure that it's not being wasted. That you're making the most of what you got. For us, punk rock is the one thing we felt we were qualified to do, to do well enough to keep us traveling, which we love to do. That's our way of making sure that we're living every day, and not everybody gets to do that. So one thing we really, really try to reinforce on the crowd every night. It's like, look, we're doing what we want, we're on the road, we're playing shows, we're traveling, seeing all these new cities. You're paying money, your hard earned money, that you slave away for every day for somebody you probably don't like, to come see us. And a good number of them are standing in the back watching like it's a movie, except no seats, a big screen tv.

MRR: Instead of sitting around at home that night.

A: Right. They leave the show, they don't really talk about what they experienced, they go home, they go to bed, they wake up the next day and go

to work, so maybe they can see another show next week. While we are performing for the audience, and performing as hard as we can, we encourage them to use it as sort of a stepping stone to finding, maybe, some way that they can not only find what makes them happy and find something that they can do on a day to day basis that makes them happy, by contributing to a community of all of us... You noticed tonight we had some people not just playing music, we had some non-musicians joining in, playing music [bringing out drums for the crowd to beat on]. We definitely like to encourage general crowd participation with what we do, whether it be playing a spare drum that's sittin' around, or blowing fire, or juggling, whatever. If somebody wanted to break dance during our set, so be it. Awesome, cool. That's their form of expression. We're just basically trying to encourage everybody to express themselves on a day to day basis. At this point, I just rambled on for so long, I probably just answered about ten of your questions.

MRR: Well one thing I wanted to ask, Brian does talk a lot between songs, is there a situation where he's saying something that other people in the band don't agree with or don't stand behind, and later people expect them to stand behind it?

A: No, never. That's part of the reason to speak in broad, sweeping terms a lot of the times. Because when you get down to real specific issues, you're not gonna solve your own life's problems, you're not gonna solve the world's problems, settling on one issue you're gonna focus on. Everything's intertwined. If you were to speak in specifics and piss off this faction of the audience over here, or that faction over there, he's instantly lost their attention and their cooperation and their willingness to be a part of this community we're trying to work on.

MRR: It seems like there's the potential for that anyway. Like when he was talking about sexuality, and he was kind of caressing that guy's face in the front of the crowd... I'm sure there's a lot of places a lot of people wouldn't like that at all, and would get pissed off.

A: It's a thin line. People being honest with one another about how they feel is a large part of what we're doing. It's become a larger issue in the last couple of years, as we get away from smaller issues like the typical Joe Schmo straight edge zine: "Are you straight edge? Are you vegan? Do you like Star Wars?" As we get more and more away from that and into real communication, it's opening so many doors that we realize that that kind of communication is really key. If we have disagreements on specific issues, whether it's within the band or with members of the audience, then there's definitely a time and a place to address them. But because we are trying to balance our message with our music... We could go on and on like this, like we're doing right now, on stage, but I don't think it would draw as much attention. Not to reduce our music to a gimmick to get people's attention,



"We seek to express and inspire emotions with our music: to give voice to some of our feelings, and to produce feelings of similar intensity in others.

We are not content to merely make angry music without considering what the causes of this anger might be. To make a religion of your discontent, to focus your art and life on your own misery without trying to do anything about it, is to give in to despair, to accept a life of powerlessness and failure. To do this while you are alive, while you still have desires and dreams, is merely stupid.

Our aim is not to "educate you," but for all of us to learn from each other. Our ideas aren't necessarily any more correct or important than yours are. Many of you have knowledge and experience much different from ours, and we want to learn from you at least as much as we want to express our own beliefs. We all stand to gain from considering and discussing our lives and our world.

Because we are *not* content with the world we live in, we are not willing to just make music and keep silent."

- from the "What is Catharsis?" flyer



Our rage against the machine is sold for the benefit of the machine! We're fucked!

because it's something we love to do in and of itself, as well.

MRR: One thing specifically Brian said that I want to take issue with, he was talking about how it's important to realize your desires as much as you are able, "no matter what they are." What I thought of is people who are into being violent, just from being fucked up people from whatever reason, from their upbringing or whatever reason, you know what I mean?

A: Yeah, right.

MRR: There are people who are totally fucked up that way, and they're into being violent. Even at a show, some bigger guy who's just into moshing all the little people around and stuff like that.

A: Understood, definitely. That's a relevant point. I think it's pretty apparent that we live in a culture of violence. Not just in the United States, although westernized rest of the world. We live in a culture of violence, and this violence is taught to us. And I like to believe, and I guess I'm speaking for Brian too, since he can't talk [he rests his voice after shows by not speaking at all], we'd like to believe that that's not really that important an instinct. It is an instinct in any animal, and we are just like any other animal, but it's not that prevalent. What it is is reinforced by what we're taught from day to day. Whether it's because President Clinton sees fit to enforce peace in this or that country by using force, which is obviously paradoxical in itself; or whether it's the fact that almost every single female I know has been beaten, sexually assaulted or raped at one point in her life. That's the kind of world we live in. It's taught to us. It's a natural reaction, when we're surrounded by violence, to be violent. It's also a shield. Violence keeps us from adequately expressing what we're actually feeling. We could legitimately be feeling anger towards somebody, but it's not very clear why or from where that anger comes, by just being violent. As far as addressing the violence at a hardcore show or whatever, that's people that are expressing themselves the only way that they really know, from what they've been taught. We're violent when we're angry, and we go to hardcore shows to have a good time, and then we're violent when we're having a good time. It's everywhere. That's fucked! There's no way that that's a natural thing. As far as expression goes, when people are violent at hardcore shows, at least these days, they create their own little bubble on the floor, literally...

MRR: It was a big bubble tonight, when Trial started.

A: ...where other people can't cross. And in this culture of violence, we do that everyday. We do that with our love affairs. When we find somebody that we can finally connect with and bond with on a really deep level, our tendency is to run off with them and box ourselves up and shut out the rest of the world. When it's you against the world, bet on the world, 'cause there's more of them...

MRR: [laughs] That's for sure, definitely.

A: So our point is, whether it comes to violence at shows or love relationships, which is something we address just about every night, every aspect, whether it's punk rock or real life, has to do with being open and honest and not shutting off the rest of the world and not being afraid to show people what you've got. So, while violence exists, instinctively - we've all

heard of the fight or flight instinct, because we are animals. We're also the only animal that's been able to prove that we can change our environment. And if we change our environment to such that violence is unnecessary, then ideally it will just disappear. A lot of people would just consider that stupid hippy crap, but if we don't have our idealism then we don't really have anything.

MRR: In practice, though, it doesn't seem like violence is going away. You can say, "if we had a better world, people wouldn't have such a desire to be violent." But in this world, when you're saying "express yourself, whatever your desire may be"...

A: Well, you start small and hope to spread it around. When Brian and I both got into hardcore, several years back, it was all about tough guy macho posing, whether it was Slapshot or Chorus of Disapproval, it was all macho posing. That's how we were introduced to it. And on one hand it was good, because it brought us into hardcore and into punk rock, which is where we are today. But it also reinforced certain negative patterns that the rest of society reinforces. We've been fortunate enough, to a degree, to break free of it. It's a day to day struggle. It never ends, but you give it your bestshot. You don't just start making excuses for why you can't.

MRR: One thing I got, reading *Inside Front*, which I guess Brian does, well other people work on it too. I got the impression that Catharsis was a band of homeless kids who stole and scammed, who didn't work real jobs and were constantly flouting The Man's authority...

A: Maybe the way it was written, maybe it's romanticized. I have been waiting tables the last several months, back home, barely scraping by. It sucks. I'm not well versed in real elaborate scams. On this tour, just for shits and giggles, we've been keeping a log of everything we've stolen, whether it be from gas stations or grocery stores or any other big multi-corporations that are conveniently around when we are hungry and have no money. We are all homeless at this time, except for our guitar player who has a fairly inexpensive room to pay for back home, where he shares a house with a whole batch of other punk rockers. So it's really not far from the truth. Brian has a way with words, he made the ugliest shit sound awesome... It's true. We steal and scam. We don't steal from our community, we don't steal from our friends. I've gotten harassed by cops and almost arrested a number of times on this tour for not being afraid to speak my mind to them when I thought they were going too far, whether it's shutting down shows or writing somebody a speeding ticket. I'm, personally, not very good at biting my tongue. We do tend to speak our minds. A couple of our members, crew and band, were arrested the other day in Seattle, then unarrested, fortunately, before they actually got downtown.

MRR: "Unarrested" means the police let them go?

A: Yeah. We do have our run-ins.

MRR: What were the circumstances of gettin' arrested?



SON, REVOLUTION IS NOT SHOWING LIFE TO PEOPLE, BUT MAKING THEM LIVE.

"Never work.

There is a difference between life and mere survival. The capitalist economy would sell you mere survival at the cost of your life: it does this by making you spend your life working towards other peoples' goals rather than your own, in order to earn the money to buy things that their advertisements and media have brainwashed you into believing you need.

Raise the stakes.

If a little bit of freedom is a good thing, then a lot of freedom is a great thing. If a little bit of pleasure is nice, then a lot of pleasure is glorious. We are not content to settle for whatever scraps of self-determination and joy come our way under the system that proscribes our lives today. We want everything. We want complete control over every aspect of our lives; we want to taste the sweetest happiness and the most exhilarating liberty this existence has to offer; we want to lead lives that are as heroic and magnificent as any we could read about in books. We want high stakes; we don't want to just let our lives pass by us, mediocre and tiresome, as so many others have before us. For this, we are willing to risk anything; for this, we are willing to fight!"

- from the "What is CrimethInc.?" flyer



A: I wasn't there, so I don't want to...

MRR: Just the gist of it is fine.

A: I guess they were in a park, they did have alcoholic beverages on them, but the cops didn't know that 'til they were right up on them. From what I understand they beelined towards them, because they were three punk rockers in the park. They just wanted to see what these suspicious characters were up to. They later let 'em go... They said, "we should throw you in jail just for drinking this shit. There's some great microbreweries in this town. Go check them out."

MRR: [laughs]

A: So they turned out to be cool or whatever. At least one of them was gay, which, wow, I've never...

MRR: Harassed and released by a gay cop, that never happened to you before?

A: That's pretty bizarre, that a town will even stand for that. Because as Brian said on stage tonight, homophobia is so rampant in our society. Politically, and again this goes back to politics, what we see on tv, and politics on a practical level, it's one of the most conservative places I've seen. And yet, hey, they have gay cops. But I've had nothing but negative experiences with police, and I'm not afraid to stereotype when it comes to a blue uniform and a badge.

MRR: How about having fire at your show? That's one thing that I didn't see before. I was up front for part of the show, and Brian was all out in the crowd, singing and getting in people's faces, interacting, and I was fine to watch the band. But when people started juggling fire [down on the floor], I turned around and made sure to watch, 'cause if something actually went down and someone was getting burned, I wanted to know about it, you know? Then there was the crazy fire spitting and all that... Do you do that at every show? Do you talk to the promoter about it?

A: We've done it at a few shows. Yeah, we always have to talk to the person running the club, to make sure there's high ceilings.... [break in the conversation as we switch locales] As far as the fire... Sally's a good friend of ours from Birmingham, Alabama. She's got lots of friends who are into crazy, different types of performing, whether it's fire tricks, fire breathing, sword swallowing, a lot of magician friends and the like. So she's learned a bit, a few fire tricks from friends of hers. We met some of her friends along the way who also joined in, in Chicago and in Lawrence, Kansas, as well. So it's not just the same people every time. And she's actually taught me and Ernie to blow fire, too. We haven't incorporated me and Ernie so much into it, 'cause we're still playing our instruments at the end of the set. There was one show we played in Lawrence, Kansas, where we actually, during the big drum cadenza at the end, had everyone pick up the drums, physically remove them from the venue and take them outside, and we continued outside where Sally and Ernie and I all spit fire. It's really pretty spectacular outside at

night, it's a lot of fun. As far as people getting burned and stuff, she knows what she's doing, and actually blowing fire's a lot easier than it looks. There's little physical danger involved, as long as you've got high ceilings. Greg Bennick, the vocalist for Trial, he juggles and fire eats and unicycles and stuff, that's his living, that's what he does when he's not in Trial. Whether it be to preschool kids or as a corporate motivational speaker or whatever, he incorporates whatever into the show to make it appropriate. And that's awesome, 'cause he loves to do it. He's managed to find something that he loves to do...

MRR: Sure, that pays his bills...

A: And he could do more than just cover his bills, he does it only enough so that it stays fun for him and gives him enough time left over for Trial or political activism or whatever floats his boat. Hanging out with his partner. He was there juggling tonight.

MRR: You folks do your own label, CrimethInc.?

A: Yeah. It's a collective effort. We're not divided up into departments. We're very much opposed to the whole division of labor thing. There are times when people are just too busy to do this, that or the other. If they do it because that responsibility has been bestowed upon them, then it becomes a job, and not something they enjoy doing. So as far as the members of the CrimethInc. collective in general, their specific responsibilities, it's always in motion, it's always in rotation. In regards to the putting out of records, the records themselves, that to a large degree is a collective effort as well. Specifically, I know one of the latest releases, the Zegota record, Zegota had a huge part in it. So while they may not be the founding members or considered by some people the central members of the CrimethInc. collective... The goal is to keep it d.i.y. Brian does oversee a lot of the whole putting out of

records process, and he takes care of the tedious business aspect.

MRR: How many people are in the collective?

A: Like I said, it's in flux.

MRR: Oh, depending on what project you're working on.

A: Like, for example, the guy who up and volunteered one day to do our website, a kid named Jason. You should check the website out sometime, it's really impressive. I've only met him face to face one time. People come and go as they please. You don't have to be a member, or carry a little piece of plastic that says "I'm in CrimethInc." It's just a matter of how much you're willing to put in, and it depends on what you expect to get out of it as well. If a band says, "hey dude, we're looking for a label to put out a record," it's not as easy as that. We all work together on stuff.

MRR: Another idea I got from some CrimethInc. propaganda was the idea that you should be acting out your desires all the time, pretty much, in that every moment should be joyous, and that things shouldn't be hard labor, you shouldn't have to



force yourself to do something.

A: That's an ultimate goal, sure. As far as hard labor, it depends. You have to learn to work, you have to be willing to work for what you want, and not as in, well, I want this fuckin' yacht, so I'm gonna work for somebody so I can make lots of money and buy this boat. Not in that sense so much as directly taking part in achieving it.

MRR: I was thinking in terms of gardening, or something like that.

A: Gardening is hard work.

MRR: Sure. Every moment is not joyous.

A: Exactly. If you're working toward something you care about, it's a labor of love. And that's what this band is. It's not fun and games all the time. It wears me out, I'm pretty fuckin' beat right now. And driving all night from fuckin' Portland, Oregon to Berkeley, California, from one show to the next, and playing with hardly any sleep in between, is not my idea of a good time. But it makes it that much more worth it when you play a good show. And I thought we played pretty well tonight. We made some connections. I'm never quite satisfied with the number people that we make connections with, 'cause you can only talk to one person at a time and have a meaningful discussion. And after a show, like I mentioned earlier, what we've been programmed to do is consider a show like that's something we do on the weekends, we segregate it. So we have our fun for two or three hours or whatever, then we go home and re-enter the routine. And so, a lot of people, when the shows over, they go home. And that sucks.

MRR: I heard in Europe it's a lot different, at least in squats and stuff. [An extreme generalization from someone who's never been.]

A: Sometimes. Some places, it's too scary to be there American [? hard to hear]. We played in Germany, there was a lot more of the whole machismo, tough guy thing that runs so rampant here. In parts of Belgium as well. At the same time, Belgium is one of the places where we have the most friends, and people most dig what we're trying to do. It has its ups and downs. Play-

ing Salt Lake City in front of a bunch of heckling, macho tough guys the other day is not my idea of fun at all. It was a fucking miserable experience. At the same time it reinforced even more in my head, what we're trying to communicate, and those are the people that... Granted, they'll listen when they're ready, you can't can't make an alcoholic quit until they make that conscious decision. As suck ass as that was, to me, it's that much more important that we go back and try again. There were a few seconds at that show where we connected with a few people. You can't get everybody in one fell swoop. You communicate, you exchange ideas, one person at a time,

and as a result your ideas sort of evolve, as do theirs, and you benefit from each other in that respect. We made a couple of friends there, you could probably count on one hand, but that's a start.

MRR: Sure! That's worth it in itself.

A: There are places we love to play 'cause we have a whole bunch of friends there, but at that point, we're doing it for fun, we're preaching to the converted. Sometimes it is a labor of love. A lot of hard work with not necessarily much return.

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INTERVIEW BY MATT GLEASON OVERDOSE RECORDS

This interview was conducted with Brian and Matt from Emerge. It took place in Salisbury, MD. Interview by Matt Gleason from Overdose Records.

MRR: Who's in the band and what do you guys play?

Matt: Well the line-up

is Mike on bass, Lucas on guitar, Matt on the drums and Brian on vocals.

MRR: How did you guys get together?

Brian: In the summer of '97 it was a guitarist and a drummer (Matt) just playing around, and we decided to get a vocalist and started writing songs. We tried a few bass players but some didn't work out. After that we picked up Mike and our line-up has been stable ever since.

MRR: What was your guys' first show?

Brian: Our first show was with Brother's Keeper in DC. I think Bridgewater, POC and some others played. It was an awesome first show for us. We had a good response and it made us feel like "This is going to be what we do."

MRR: What have you guys released?

Brian: We put out a demo of probably about 100 copies that sold in a couple weeks. We never made anymore 'cause the recording sucked real bad. Then we released a split 7" in December of '98 on Division Line Records. The split was with Disbelief. They were like one of the best bands to ever come out of Maryland. They influenced us a lot, not just on a musical level, but what they did for the scene.

MRR: How did you guys get hooked up with Disbelief?

Matt: Well, you hooked us up with our first

supportive towards us since we started out. We asked Mike (singer of Disbelief) to do a split with us and he was all down for it and that's that.

MRR: How has the 7" been doing?

Brian: The 7" has been raging since the day it came out. I think there are like 70 copies left of it, so if ya want it you'd better move quickly. You can purchase it in almost any state and all over Europe. It is Disbelief's final recording, so you gotta check that out.

MRR: Are you guys playing a lot of shows now?

Matt: Well, we have been playing a lot of out of state shows recently, 'cause the MD scene has kinda fallen a little bit. We are tryin' to change that though and set up shows and get the kids back in the scene. MD will be right back on the map in no time. Out of state we like to play in Erie, Long Island, Pittsburgh. We like to get out and play as much as possible.

MRR: What bands are you guys playing with and what bands are you into?

Matt: I think Buried Alive is one of the best bands to come out into the scene in a while. Those guys are cool as shit, too. Brother's Keeper

are awesome, they hook it up Erie-style. Brian: I've just

show, and you had been releasing stuff for them for a while. Brian knew all of them from work and stuff. They had always been real

been listening to a lot of old stuff lately like Cro-Mags, Leeway, Cause For Alarm, anything like that.



**MIKE - BASS
BRIAN - VOCALS
LUCAS - GUITAR**

MRR: Do you guys have anything new planned for release?

Matt: We are going into the studio soon for some comps and a 4-song 7" that's gonna be released on Division Line again. After that comes out we are going to be looking for a new label to release some other stuff for us.

MRR: What's going on for the summer?

Brian: We are going to kick off the summer with a short tour through Canada with Buried Alive. A big East Coast tour is planned after that, but we're not sure yet who we are going to go with.

MRR: How do you guys see hardcore in a few years down the road?

Brian: I think that hardcore bands will eventually fall into the mainstream. In our hometown it's not that big right now, but... But I also think that the idea of hardcore could never be accepted in the mainstream because of its natural underground roots and politics that go along with it.

MRR: What's the scene like in Maryland?

Matt: If you can get kids to come out to a show, then you're lucky, but that's

not the way it used to be. A couple of years ago, the scene was pumpin'. Tons and tons of kids would come out to shows and it would be a great vibe. But I guess some people can just turn their back on it and forget that they were a part of something great. But it's all in cycles, and I think it's just on the low end of the cycle right now, and it will be back and in full effect.

MRR: Who are you guys playing with in Maryland?

Matt: There are really no set bands to play with in Maryland 'cause the scene is so unstable right now. We aren't really that cool with some of these bands that are coming out right now. But we just get thrown on a bill with them and it's all good. But there are a few bands like Disbelief, Longshot, Underneath, Mendoza, Sevenknotscrain, DeNada and Haddonfield. But a lot of those bands have broken up. But we are trying to build Maryland back up and put it back on the map. Since the fall of Disbelief, things have been kinda hazy and no one really cares about the scene. But there are people out there who do and those are the kids setting up shows or

whatever, and they do whatever they can to help the scene.

MRR: How do you see Maryland different from other scenes?

Matt: The scenes that we have played in have a stronger unified feel to them. Everyone knows each other and they are tight. In Maryland it used to be like that but like I said...

Brian: Every man for himself!

Matt: In Maryland you have a lot of different scenes. You've got Baltimore, Bowie, Annapolis, and DC. And when you get three big places together like that, you are going to have a lot of different people getting into the

Matt: Up in Long Island, NY. Queens area. Anywhere north of us is good. We are planning to go check out some more southern states on tour. We'll hit up NC, SC, VA Beach and that's about it.

MRR: What are some of your influences?

Brian: A lot of my lyrics can be influenced from, like, Life of Agony, VOD...

Matt: Musically, just aggressiveness, but we have a wide variety of influences musically. Our guitarist is a big metal head, but still manages to bring a very unique style of playing to the band.

MRR: You guys mentioned Life of Agony and

VOD. Would you guys still consider those bands hardcore bands, even though they don't play smaller shows anymore?

Brian: With VOD on Roadrunner a while now, they are a lot more metal and do play with bigger bands like the Deftones and stuff. But I don't think that they have the same hardcore heart and pride that most smaller bands and labels have. But it's still good! As for the shows, when you get that big you gotta play bigger



EMERGE

MARYLAND HARDCORE

scene with a lot a different ideas and for some people it might cause tension.

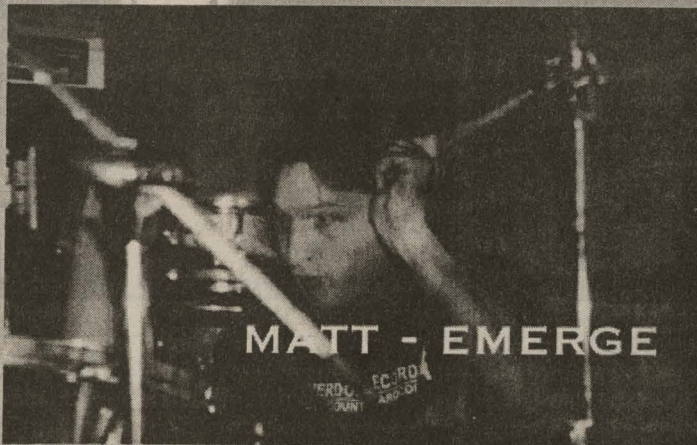
MRR: What are some your favorite places to play?

rockstar-type shows.

MRR: Closing comments and shout-outs?

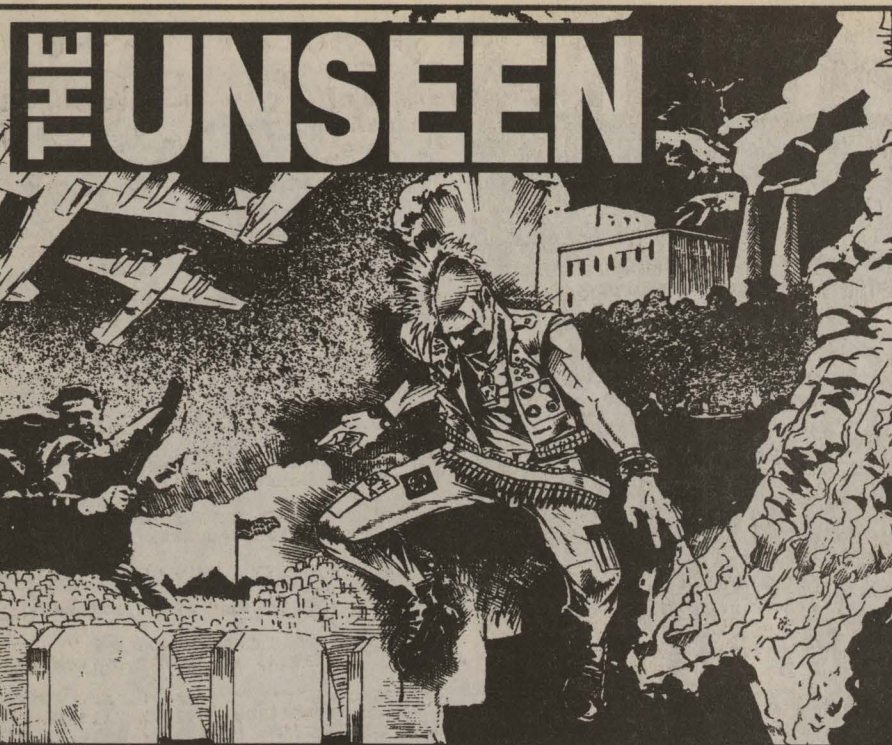
Brian: Check out our 7" on Division Line Records. You can send away for it at 1272 Indian Landing Rd, Millersville, MD 21108, and get some free stuff along with it. Look for our new 7" as well.

Matt: Shout-outs go to everyone from Buried Alive, everyone in Brother's Keeper, Shutdown, Disbelief, Longshot and any other band that we have played with; Division Line Records, Overdose Records, all of our friends, people who



Brian: Definitely PA, Pittsburgh is great. Um, Erie is good.

set up shows, do zines, support Maryland hardcore and hardcore worldwide.



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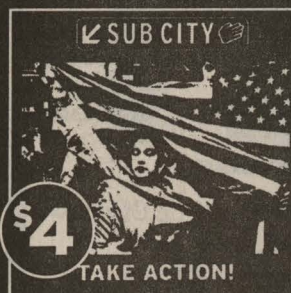
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TIME TO DIE

It is with much regret that the Epicenter Zone collective has decided to close. Over the past few years, our financial situation has deteriorated, and we have not been able to function at the level that we would like. The collective has decided that it is more important to maintain the store's integrity than to continue with compromised values. In our current financial situation, we are able to close Epicenter without placing workers in further liability or defaulting on debt. We felt the risks we would face in keeping the store open, far outweighed the possible outcomes in closing the store. In turn, after nine years of serving the community, on June 30th 1999, Epicenter Zone will be closing for good.

The reasons for our dire financial situation are quite varied. When Epicenter first opened, it was among few places in the area that carried independent label punk music. Since then, a number of new record stores carrying music similar to ours have opened, and a strong network of small distros, labels, and CD Internet sites has developed. In addition, as the Mission District has gentrified, our rent has increased, and was scheduled to rise beyond our means by mid-2000.

Over the past few years, Epicenter's community activities and shows have been practically non-existent. Several years ago, a sprinkler pipe was pulled down during a show that resulted in us losing our ability to legally put on events. The outcome of this has been the loss of foot traffic through the store. This was one of the vital elements in keeping money flowing into the space, which in turn lent to us being able to be an asset to the community.

Epicenter has had many extremely dedicated workers who helped make the store into a landmark within the punk community, both in the Bay Area and throughout the world.

Unfortunately, the enormous undertaking of running a collective record store and community center placed undue burdens on many of these people and inevitably burned them out. As a result of this, the store became understaffed and has gradually lost its momentum to develop and its ability to adapt to the times.

Over our nine years of existence, times have changed and the needs of the community have changed. In the past few months, despite the declining financial situation, Epicenter volunteers have started to realize this and have been making changes for the better. We have begun to see the need to bring together the many factions in our community on a common ground. Many of Epicenter's volunteers have felt this way in the past and at times the store more than accomplished this goal. We feel that it is time to do this again but we also feel the need to put our renewed focus into a

project that will better suit the needs of our community.

We would like to thank everyone who has worked at Epicenter and who has helped us throughout the years. It is



EpICENTER ZONE

1990—1999

our hope that in closing Epicenter Zone we will raise people's awareness to the need for such spaces. Even though we are closing, a number of the collective members are developing new projects. We do not feel that we can let our store be like another commodity in the market place that is lost as the fad passes. We will continue to look for new avenues to bring together the vital elements of our scene and be a resource for those who need us.

THANKS TO EVERY-ONE FOR 9 YEARS OF SUPPORT !!!!!



¶Time to die. Apparently Epicenter Zone's closed its doors for the last time as I write this (a day after the Summer Solstice, a week after DeForest Kelly's death, and a month after Video Nook instituted its Two-For-One Tuesdays). Just as well. I quit pulling a shift at the store around October of '95, so I gotta say that the place definitely lost its magic for me a long time ago. I'd still make the trip up the urine-scented staircase and make a charity purchase every now and then, but I stayed a respectable distance from the strange Mansonesque cult that operated behind the counter. I numbered among that group for over three years, but it turned out that I had neither the stamina or the optimism to contribute much more than the occasional wisecrack.

¶Let's turn back the clock, shall we, to the halcyon days of 1992—San Francisco was still rebuilding the damage caused by the Loma Prieta 'quake, George Bush was still in office, Green Day were able to walk the streets unrecognized, and I had just moved to the big, scary city from the cultural backwater that is Modesto, California. I'd read about the opening of Epicenter Zone in *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* (in an article that featured photos of Tim Yohannon playing ping-pong!), and figured that volunteering there would be a good means of meeting people and insinuating myself into a punk scene that was composed entirely of strangers. The first store meeting that I attended—which seemed like a Narcotics Anonymous meeting where everyone was jonesing for their next fix—featured plenty of arguments, bad vibes, and withering glances, and controversy surrounding an after-hours vandalizing of the store. At one point, Matt Wobensmith of *Outpunk* 'zine turned to me and asked, "so, are you alienated yet?"

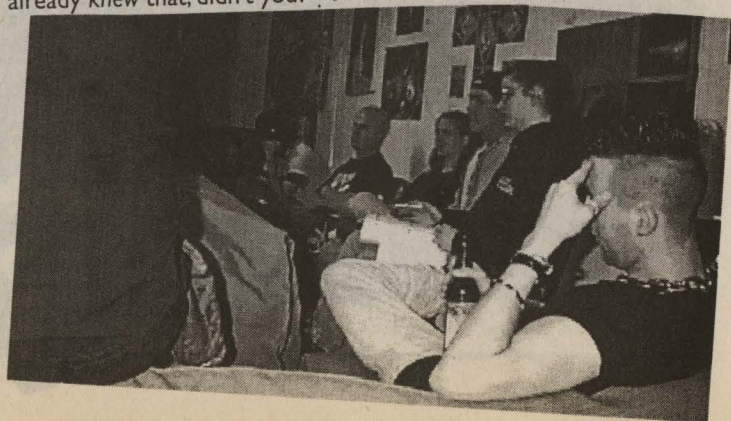
¶More than a little, but I stuck around anyway, and started working a couple of five-hour shifts a week. Filing records, sweeping the floor, ringing in sales, and organizing the wrinkled vinyl record bags that were constantly lying everywhere. Eventually I started cultivating friendships with the punks that worked at the store, and that led to roommate situations, deep spiritual bonds, lavish record-buying sprees, alcoholic abandon, and even a stint writing for the mag you're reading. In fact, I can probably trace two thirds of the people I'm friends with back to my involvement at Epicenter Zone in one way or another, something I'm grateful for on a daily basis. But, what about all the bad, nasty things, Jeff? Give us the dirt, and don't spare any of the details...

¶No details, only generalities. For all the talk of community involvement and progressive politics, EZ could be incredibly exclusive and cliquish, to the degree that there was an impenetrable barrier between the insiders and the outsiders. A safe haven to make fun of the cold, cruel world that had rejected you during your formative years. I know, because I was there with the rest of them, making snide remarks about clueless customers from Walnut Creek, in the city for an afternoon to blow this week's allowance on a DRI boxed set or whatever was in favori at the time. Epicenter became a *tabula rasa* that workers would project their own insecurities and fantasies on, everything from shrill, half-baked politics to Napoleonic delusions of grandeur. It didn't help that there was money involved, either, and that it was being handled by those who shouldn't be handling it under the direst of circumstances.

¶The most useful purpose EZ ever served, I think, was to provide a space where people could meet, socialize, fight, plan things, get drunk, play records, fall in love, and organize a Punk Prom or late-night hike to Ocean Beach. Whatever politics the store had were an extension of that, though others certainly felt differently.

¶So, thanks for the memories, the friends and enemies, the bruises and hangovers, and the Deadbeats single that I snagged off the pricing table before it was left to the mercy of the general public.

¶Oh, yeah—the best records never made it out to the racks, but you already knew that, didn't you?— Jeff A. Heermann



¶Epicenter smelled bad. Since the flood. The smell of dry rot that offered a convenient metaphor for the store's gradual dissolution over the past two years. Epicenter was a place that I loved and hated, a place that I talked much shit about as well as a place that I worked, in varying capacities, for the past four years. Epicenter was a conglomeration of contradictions, crossed wires, unfulfilled desires, and unholy halfbreed between political goals and record geekdom; it was the geekdom that kept the store afloat for ten years, and the politics that made the place matter at all. It was the absence of both that made the place go to shit I guess. The moment when bare survival was not just a scare but a struggle, a perpetual tug-of-war with the quicksand of consumer demand and bill collectors (and, ahem, mixed metaphors).

¶At its best, Epicenter was better than a punk rock record club (though, thank god, it was that too)—it was a scene in which music was only a part of the lingua franca of the place. Insular, maybe, but that insularity produced bands and zines and shows and moments and activism and arguments and bullshit sessions and drunken binges and speed-addled simultaneous monologues and scrawled record descriptions and friendships. I kept working at the place because it gave me my best friends, and if I could steal a sharpie from the can by the register and scrawl a heart on the wall (before we leave it to whoever is unlucky enough to inherit its warped floors and overpainted graffiti) it would say "from Julian Danger to Sarah K, Brooks, and Brian"—all of whom have long since left Epicenter and San Francisco. I want them back. Those friendships were the best thing the place ever did.

¶Renee set up a show there last week, and it was only upon cleaning up the dust and glitter and bottles in ragged paper bags that we realized that this was probably one of the last times we'd see the place. We threw on a Need record and sang along as we cleared the tables and added bulk to bulging trash piles. I think both of us wanted our Epicenters back again—an Epicenter that was vital and important to people, an Epicenter of crazy dykes and shows and struggles and too many records and...

EPICENTER ZONE

fuck...enthusiasm? Relevance? The flood washed a lot of things away, in the end.

¶I once asked Mary Lashes why she still worked a shift at Epicenter—we'd both begun working there around the same time, in 1995, and three years on both of us had moved on to other places and projects. It was increasingly not the place where we found our friends or the music we loved—was it for anyone then? She said something that might have been "...sentimentality" but I remember it as "faith". As good a eulogy as any.—Julian Danger

QUESTION MAN / Conti

SF CHRONICLE 1982

What Musical Style Won't Last?

(Asked Backstage at the Bay Area Music Awards)



Zohn Artman, Zohn Artman Presentations owner, Pacific Heights:
Violent music. Punk music. Protest music. There's a pessimism to it that precludes its survival. It's so negative it'll burn itself out. Besides it has no melody to it. It's ugly music.

Teri Horn, Happy Cakes Etc. full catering service owner, Sausalito:

New Wave. Punk rock is basically violent. New Wave is a rehash of what we didn't like very much in the 60's. It's all been brought back again out of boredom. It's the ersatz of rock 'n roll.



Eric Christensen, KGO TV news writer & producer:

The 60's music evolved into positive statements, but punk, which started in England as a thumbing of the nose at the economy, has no positive statement and without it, won't last.



Bonnie McGaugh, stage & screen actress, Larkspur:

Punk. Anything negative won't last. On the other hand, the music out of London called the New Romantic where they wear beautiful romantic lacy outfits has a positive message.



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WHERE PUNK IS ALWAYS IN STYLE

TIME TO DIE

¶My personal reaction to Epicenter closing is sadness, but not surprise. It has been clear to Epiworkers for a long time that the store had several crucial problems: lack of money, lack of records, and lack of structure. A good number of competent people, using different approaches, have tried to pull the store back together over the past several years, but to no avail. We went down fighting.

¶The last thing Epicenter can do for the community is to try to give as accurate a description of the problems here as possible, so that others involved in planning similar projects can be well-informed. I will try to outline the problems, as I perceive them.

¶There are a number of financial reasons why the store was no longer viable: the scene is very different than when we started in 1990—now even chain record stores carry a good proportion of the music that we carry, while there was very, very little overlap in 1990; we were no longer able to put on in-store events after the flood, which also decreased foot traffic; we weren't able to keep a wide enough selection in order to keep up our sales, which in turn meant that we didn't have money to buy a wide selection of records, in a large spiral downward; the rent in our rapidly-gentrifying neighborhood kept increasing; and bedroom distros and internet music stores with little rent to pay beat us in price.

¶I think Epicenter stopped working like a collective a long time ago, due to having so few people taking on responsibility. Epicenter needed to have a lot of connections in order to maintain the cutting-edge, and this requires having a lot of people participating in our community. A space like Epicenter can only really survive by constantly having new blood, new ideas, new enthusiasm. We've been drastically understaffed for a long time. We had fourteen shifts a week, and often only twelve or fewer people who would take responsibility for all of these shifts, when we should have at least three people on each shift. We ended up having people work numerous shifts, sometimes four or more a week (hi Brendan!), while other shifts would have only one or two people working them. It can be lonely and boring working alone, not to mention stressful when the store was busy.

¶In addition to filling the shifts, there was a lot of work that went into making Epicenter run: ordering and processing new music, designing advertisements and getting them into zines, figuring out the taxes, paying the bills, organizing shows and events, running the website and e-mail list, training new volunteers, tabling

shows, keeping the records and CDs organized, cleaning the space and painting over the graffiti, having a zine buyer, making sure the shifts are all covered, organizing the zine library, having knowledgeable used buyers around, etc. To do all this, we'd probably have needed about seven to ten people willing to devote a large portion of their time to Epicenter. For the last few years, we've usually had about one to four people at a time with this level of commitment, and a number of other people doing a good amount of work. This lack of distribution of responsibility lead to worker burnout, and the store became unstable because of the high turnover of workers. Also, since the whole store relied on a couple of people, everything turned to chaos when one of those people got sick, went on tour, moved, etc. We rarely could get people lined up and trained, so that if someone quit, for weeks or months, some important part of the work would go undone. In addition, many of the competent people in the area wouldn't want to work at Epicenter due to the disorganization and chaos of the store.

¶There were those morale-killer problems: getting rid of stupid junkies constantly trying to shoot up in our bathroom, hallway, or entryway; dealing with the utterly incompetent local postal service; being held up at gunpoint; dealing with shady companies who target small businesses, phone slams, etc. For some time now, we haven't had enough money to buy the records, CDs, t-shirts, zines, patches, and tapes of the scene we wanted to help; we were paying our bills late to all the small labels and distros that gave us lenient terms and supported us. In short, we could no longer function.

¶After numerous benefit shows, sales, swaps, ads, volunteer drives, loans, donations, and heart-breaking shows of dedication from workers, we found ourselves in no better position. We decided to close before we went into debt, because we didn't want to risk screwing over other punks. We owe everything to the people who have helped us out: countless people who donated their time, zines, music, books; labels and distros that gave us lenient terms, people who organized events at our space; people who brought their friends. I'll especially miss the awestruck foreigners who stocked up on several hundred dollars of records and said, "We don't have anything like this back in _____" and the next wave of sheepish teens buying satanic-looking patches and records, dragging their horrified parents along. Epicenter's dead and in hell, but that's where all the good punk bands are. Take care.—Liberty

¶Now that Epicenter is finally giving up the ghost, I find I can actually reflect over the years of my life I spent at that place without a feeling of overwhelming regret. It's ending pretty clean. I can't tell you how many great shows I saw and obscure records I picked up at that dingy hang-out on Valencia Street over the shitty used clothing store. When I walked in the door to volunteer five years ago after shopping there from Day One (July 7th, 1990, by the way), there was a big crisis over a sudden turnover in staff over some stupid 'Riot Kid' bullshit, and all the buyers seemed to be leaving. Talk about a kid in a candy store, for a record geek like me that was a license to go apeshit. Within six months I was pulling at least twenty hours a week there on top of my day job just to keep up with all the stuff that was coming out in the post-Green Day punk explosion. I nearly got fired from my 'straight' job due to me getting phone calls at work and hunching over the counter to order Drop Dead 10's and import noise CDs. We used to put on shows that were WAY too big for that place (Bikini Kill anyone?) and total chaos was the rule. There hasn't been a live space quite like it in the City since the crusty morons ruined live shows there for good a few years back, which resulted in a lawsuit that I feel was the final exhaustive drain on the space. Fuck punk rock, ya know? The cause of and solution to all of our problems. Still, anyone who volunteered at that place expecting a sane and safe experience of collective punk harmony was in for a big shock. You did as much work there as you were 'stupid' enough to sign up for, and calls for order always elicited return fire of 'You mean fascist, you're trying to take over!' Eventually the gradual shift in the Mission district, uh, 'demographic' resulted in fewer and fewer people going there to buy records, the sale of which was always the lifeblood of the place, like it or not, especially with live shows gone under threat of instant eviction. I see lots of 'punks' grazing at Amoeba these days that I used to see at the 'ZONE. Oh well, nothing good lasts forever, and nine years is a fuck of a lot longer than anyone could have predicted for such a high-stress volunteer gig. I'll miss it.

Ryan Wells



I guess my memories of Epicenter are different than those of a lot of the other people writing for this magazine, in that my experiences are from the other side of the counter. I was an Epicenter customer.

Before I moved here, about three years ago, I used to take a semi-regular pilgrimage to the Bay Area. When we would arrive early in the morning, we would drop our stuff off wherever we were staying, and head over to Epicenter.

I don't know why I was so blown away by that place. Maybe it was because it was the first time I had ever seen a place like that. A place where young (and old) punks could come and hang out without having to buy anything, without having to pay an admission fee, and without constantly feeling that you had over-extended your welcome. Maybe it was the fact that it was a record store that was entirely committed to punk records. Most other record stores I used to go to would sell some crappy major label pop to make money, and then a few punk records to try and maintain some modicum of respectability.

Maybe it was the zine library, being able to spend hours sifting through old zines from all over the world that were so far out of print that no one could ever hope to ever see them again.

It might even have been the records. Towards the end, the selection may have gone downhill a bit, but there was a time that I would save all my money in anticipation of going there and walking away with records I never could have found in LA.

In the end I think what made Epicenter something worth traveling across the state (our the world for some), was its existence as something that I never saw before, nor have I seen since. There are many record stores that are punk rock, they sell T-shirts, jewelry, zines, records, have shows, etc., but in the end you always feel pressured to buy something. Epicenter, however, was not a punk rock record store. It was a punk record store. It was dedicated to punk, not punk's money. In the end, that's probably why it died. The fact that it lasted as long as it did, should serve as a testament to our ability to create our own safe spaces, free, in many ways, from the pressure to spend and sell.—Casey

EPICENTER ZONE

It was probably one of the most difficult decisions I've ever had to make. Don't get me wrong I didn't single handedly decide to close Epicenter. Several of us had been working together to come up with a "whatever it takes" plan to get money and bring the life and vibrancy that Epicenter once had back to our space. We were searching every avenue possible to find a way to make Epicenter happen. In the end our blind idealism was shattered by the grim reality of the situation. We kept saying the overshadowing reality was that we had no money. But the truth of the matter is that it's not about money at all. Sure money was the cohesive element in our decision making process. Though the decision to close the store came when we looked at what we had to work with and our own ability to continue to pour our blood, sweat and tears into a bottomless pit of disparity. All the money in the world could not change the fact that Epicenter was poorly managed, misdirected, and unable to maintain any semblance of structure. In the better days there were more volunteers and more money, which helped mask the infrastructure downfalls of the store. When we went up against the wall of truth and reckoning, we all came to the same conclusion. Epicenter needs to close so that people will realize the mistakes that have been made and stand up again on solid footing and give it another go.

It is my sincerest belief that the Bay Area breeds apathy. Being part of the punk scene in the Bay Area is much more of a spectator sport than it is in other parts of the country and the world. Convenience breeds apathy. On any given night there are several shows you can go to. There are record stores carrying punk rock music and bookstores carrying zines and alternative literature all around the city. There is an organization to fill any of your political directives and just as many collectives and co-ops to go along with them. This is not the case where I came from and for most of you out there who are reading this. DIY means doing everything you can to make what you love happen. For some reason many people lose that ethic, as they make their pilgrimage to the promised land of the Bay Area. The hardcore few keep plugging away as the masses settle down to watch. Epicenter was taken for granted by a lot of these people. During the years that I worked at the store, when it came down to doing the grunt work, the calls for help often went unanswered. In closing Epicenter, one of my hopes is that people will realize what it really takes to make a place like this happen and heed the call when it comes again, but that's my endless idealism coming out again.

For the past four years since I moved to San Francisco, Epicenter Zone has been the center of my life. I made my best friends and worst enemies as a result of that space. It was more than just a store or a community space to me. It really was my life and my home. As many hours as I spent there with friends I spent there alone. When we made that painstaking decision to close the store it was truly as if my best friend had died. I cried for days, and then started the two-month process of slowly dismantling everything that many others and I had given our lives to. We tore apart nine years of a dream that had lived a full life then died of a self-inflicted disease. I believe it was really hard for many people to help with the process of breaking down the store because it was like, as one eloquent Epi-worker put it, "embalming the corpse." After endless hours of work, four tons of garbage (yes, literally), and as many events as we could fit in (shows included) Epicenter has finally closed. We tried to document for the future some of the touching last moments in the store. MRR's Floyd came down to be our last customer and our last record sale to him was a J-Church 7" (Does it really matter which one it was?!). The last punk to crash on the couch was some guy named Daniel who reluctantly gave us his name as he stumbled out of the store to the important engagement that our cozy couches had helped him just about miss. Most importantly, as our record collection dwindled, the most frequently listened to music, hold on to your seats kids, was Greenday's "Kerplunk" as well as any and ALL Cringer records or CDs. Now you know things were bad in the end! But we made it through and I would like to thank everyone who pulled together to help Epicenter close in the best way possible. Thanks to everyone, especially Lance and Brendan for the endless nights of movie watching and shit talking. Now that the store is closed we'll have even more shit to talk about! In all sincerity, as sad as I am to see the store close, it was time and I will move on knowing that Epicenter will live on in our hearts forever. So long! —Kate Short

¶Too much happened at Epicenter.

¶Epicenter opened in 1990 to provide a little bit of everything—punk, with a smattering of politics. It was a collectively-run record store and otherwise amorphous space (sometime community center, sometime art gallery, sometime venue, sometime riot HQ, sometime dance party). With the Switchboard in the library and Blacklist Mailorder in the back room, it felt as if 475 Valencia—and the Bay Area in general, with *Maximumrocknroll* close by and Gilman across the water—was the Punk Rock. Kids from all over converged on the second-story space to come face-to-face with subcultural potential, realized. But the store was also the stage for too many of my own ups and downs, best friends and bad relationships (only one of these was mine), a grab-bag of enthusiasms and frustrations. Just like any other volunteer, I think most of us were of a divided mind about our shared love-hate object—punk or Epicenter, or both.

¶I moved to the Bay Area in 1992 for school and to be closer to the action, frustrated with golf-course Republicans and the militaristic nationalisms of San Diego. Somewhere I still have the one and only Epicenter collective zine called *Learning to Fly Despite Missiles*, an anti-Gulf War project I coveted as a protesting senior in high school, surrounded by miles of yellow ribbons and flag-waving fervor. I was deeply envious of course; by way of *Maximum* I learned that Epicenter served as a focal point for both legit political organizations and angry rioters during the war as well as the Rodney King verdict, and I knew what I wanted most was to be there.

¶I mean, "open all holidays, closed for riots"—that was ad copy I always could get behind.

¶I worked Saturday, all day, from noon to eight at night, BARTing in early to sweep and putter around before unlocking the doors, staying late after counting out the till. I remember the summer that followed like a home movie—full of clicks and whirs, awkwardly pieced together. The rented *Kiss* flick on our twenty-inch set, blackouts and torch lights, handing the kids candles as they came through the door, in-store frisbee with bargain records, my hand on the bicycle seat trying to convince Karyn to put her feet on the pedals, pushing her around the store. Whatever tom-boy prankster I nurtured still got ample opportunities to stretch her legs at Epicenter, scaling the metal fire-ladder out behind Blacklist, late at night, armed with water balloons, committing small acts of vandalism at four a.m. on our getaway bikes.

¶A few of us started EWOK—Epicenter Women's Outreach Coalition—for punk rock feminist purposes, throwing together benefits to raise money for women's self-defense scholarships and battered women's shelters, co-sponsoring shows for AIM and other political organizations we variously supported. Kristin and I would curl up on a couch after a meeting, making jokes about "smashing patriarchy" and drawing up the agenda for the following week. We even organized a Women's Outreach Weekend at the store, making some of the

collective a bit grumpy ("how are we supposed to run a business?") but also (we hope) making an impact on the hundred or so girls who showed up for the workshops, films, discussions, and of course, the Safer Sex Sluts getting hot 'n' heavy on the floor.

¶But then there were the white boys and their displays, pumping righteous vegan fists in the air, shaving heads to Earth Crisis, waving pipes and bats to the vitriol of jock-edge rallying cries, something about beating up junkies in doorways, they were all thieves and scum anyway. New volunteers came and went after a few weeks of being ignored—or ridiculed. A girl and 475 co-worker came to me after a Saturday shift and in the relative quiet of the library room, pulled up her green dress to show me the bruises up and down her back. She left town a few weeks later. Her ex-boyfriend stuck around for years.

¶It made me sick.

¶So I walked away from Epicenter.

¶When I came back, I pulled records and talked to the kids coming in through the door, painted the bathroom, did my best to stay away from in-store politicking. I gave away show posters off the ceiling to sweet but surprised Japanese kids, ready and willing to pay for a piece of punk rock history and amazed that it could be had for free after all. The Riot Kids vandalized the store, something about it being a whitestraightpunkboy scenester circle jerk, and accused Epicenter of gentrifying the local neighborhood. Of course, less than a third of those with responsibilities were straightwhitepunkboys—half were women, a third people of color, and not a few of us queer. I heard it was an assignment of some kind, pictured them in all their revolutionary fervor plotting and sipping coffee at Muddy Waters, buying their duds at Clothes Contact and sex toys at Good Vibrations, making it late to class at New College, all within blocks of each other—and Epicenter. About the same time I stopped listening to grind or hardcore and instead picked up Team Dresch and Slant 6, bored with male pain. Because I wanted out, my then-boyfriend got piss-drunk and threw a bottle at me, just outside the Epicenter stairwell. I learned to want him dead, standing at the iron gate with whisky soaking through my shoes.

¶I left the second time because I didn't want to be reminded.

¶When I came back, I posed for an *SF Weekly* photographer with Floyd and Kevin—the rest of the collective, knowing ahead of time she was coming, declined to show. I was only upset because I had actually washed my hair the day before. Afterward, Kevin and I talked about race in punk rock, quietly, and wondered what we were doing here. I went to Q-TIP shows, danced with Iraya in her terry-cloth daisy dress, watched cute girl bass players and armored keyboardists bang out somehow melodic chords. I sent the drunk punks who called Epicenter looking for Chaos Days to the Haight and organized a few meetings with people of color in various stages of p-rockness. And I remember sitting in the library with Miriam, looking dapper and dashing in a pin-stripe three-piece suit, as she said, "It's all going to hell. It's all going to burn down in flames and I don't care."

¶I left a third time, moving to New York City to become a graduate student and to get away. But still I heard stories about girls in platform sandals putting feet through glass doors, throwing punches at dykes, high on PCP; enthusiastic crusty kids pulling down pipes and starting floods; clean-cut white girls disappearing into the bathroom to shoot up, naked; former workers staging farewell heists, cash from the till stuffed into pockets and backpacks. I ate up all the news and the rumors as if I still lived a BART ride away, and always felt a bit sick, afterward.

¶Since I moved back to the Bay Area in 1997 to finish graduate school, I've probably returned to Epicenter ten times in the last two-and-a-half years, and only to browse for zines. After the first few times I asked to see the old photographs that once were stashed in a desk drawer. The desk was gone, of course, and so were the snapshots. The wall of Epicenter photo-flyers had been dismantled, the room that had housed both the library and switchboard rented out as studio space. The refrigerator Christopher and I had once spent the wee hours scrubbing clean of punk rock stickers—and to which we'd lost several layers of skin in the process—had disappeared. My name was still on what was my box, ineffectively crossed out with green marker. And someone—I won't name names—had thrown out the store journals, full of in-jokes, drawings, petty shit-talking and not a little bile.

¶Good riddance, I thought. I wouldn't want to re-live it.

¶I couldn't ever stay for long after I came back; the store seemed dimmer, more cluttered than I remembered despite the empty and half-empty bins. Still, news of its imminent demise struck a bad chord in my gut, I worried over the financial state of the store for the first time in years. Going to one of the last meetings to discuss the fate of Epicenter, I watched the kids who worked there most recently talk about opening up a newer, better space, an infoshop, or a café, or a real community center. But the vast amounts of energy they kept referring to, I couldn't feel at all, or it didn't feel familiar. Somewhere along the way I lost Epicenter, it was no longer mine either to cherish or revile.

¶So I let it go.

¶What stays with me are the people, as ever, especially Rachel Szego, Karyn King, and Iraya Robles. And hell, I even met my boyfriend icki, by a very circuitous route admittedly, by way of Epicenter, which is a very, very good thing. —MIMI NGUYEN

WHAT ARE WE?
The Epicenter Switchboard is a telephone referral system. People call who need help, who need to know how to get basic survival information, or who find themselves adrift amongst the sea of information, not knowing where to start. We are a good first step. We maintain listings of almost 1,000 programs, people, and services. If we can't give you the phone numbers and addresses and helpful directions that you need, we know who can or where to look to find them.

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WHEN ARE WE?

Our phone line is attended between Noon-6pm on Monday through **Saturday**. We plan on extending our hours to cover further into the evening and eventually 24 hours a day, but for now an answering machine will answer off-hours and list emergency referrals on 911, aid for battered women and children, Poison control, rape treatment, suicide prevention, and AIDS nighttime.

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WHY ARE WE

The all-volunteer staff of the Switchboard all do what they do for individual reasons. Some work on other direct-action organizations like the Free Clinic, Food Not Bombs, and Homes Not Jails. Some come from the punk, anarchist, and/or activist community, where Do-It-Yourself ethics call for people to form their own families and networks to confront societal ills such as racism, sexism, homophobia, hierarchy and exploitation. And some are simply motivated to help others by any means necessary. We are united in our belief that all people deserve food, clothing, housing, and respect. And that there must be alternative sources of information free from the influences of government and corporate control. It's our desire that along with the insight (incite) knowledge fosters, so will grow alternative solutions to the problems imposed upon us.

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WAYS YOU CAN HELP: Let your friends know you use the Epicenter Switchboard. Let us use a flyer, work on a publication or media, give us a testimonial, or help us with a project. We need an organization or on a project that should be listed, call to action, and a list of people who are involved. (We need in need of financial contributions, as is everyone, and it supplies primarily) are welcome.

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I'd heard about Epicenter when I lived in Belfast and when I eventually made it to San Francisco it was the first store I went to. The Bay Area was very much the hub of the punk rock universe, and it centered around institutions like MRR, Gxilman, and Epicenter. There was so much going on I couldn't wait to get back here, and on my return to the city I didn't think twice about volunteering at the store. I was unfortunate to have missed the "glory days" at the space—there were no longer any shows there, and the stock had severely dwindled (I was, however, fortunate to also have missed the bad old days of the scene police and political elitism which damaged the store as much as anything else). Still, it was a cool place and I felt it to be an important part of the scene. A scene which had a multitude of bands, labels, zines, and distributors, and it seemed natural for it to have some kind of retail outlet where people could go to buy stuff and hang out. People and bands would come from all over to go there, and similar stores around the world were set up using the Epicenter model. Then it all went wrong...

¶ There are a number of reasons why the store didn't stay afloat. One main reason was that we were unable to have shows anymore for reasons I won't go into. This meant we lost a lot of foot-traffic, and because of the lack of a store-front (being on the second floor) we didn't have any walk-in business, and so the store started to get in deep waters financially. It is an irony that although the store is radical in nature and collectively operated, it relies on being able to function in the market-place, and we no longer could.

Another big factor was that the scene has changed a lot in the past nine years, punk has to a large extent become commercialized and assimilated into mainstream culture. People no longer need to go out of their way to buy records they can just as easily buy at a chain or large independent store. This makes a place like Epicenter largely irrelevant (aside from being a cool idea) and financially sunk. There also appears to be somewhat of a generation gap in the scene. A lot of the older crowd have moved on or become jaded, and the younger kids who should have replaced them are unaware of the store or the concept of what it stood for.

I guess we have to realize that being into punk now is different from being into it ten or fifteen years ago. When something is spoon-fed to us by commercial radio, magazines, and even MTV it can't help but lose a lot of its meaning. I think the closure of Epicenter represents the end of an era, and no matter what you think about the scene in general, you have to admit that there has been a great decline in the sense of community spirit that was present at the turn of the decade. I know I'm being nostalgic for some arguably nonexistent golden age, but I think it's sad to see how things have changed. Does the concept of a self-supporting international punk scene that offers an alternative to mainstream media and culture still exist? And does punk still mean more than passive entertainment and consumerism? I hope so, and I hope this doesn't become a trend so that in a few years all that's left of punk rock is another meaningless youth culture....—Andy Darling



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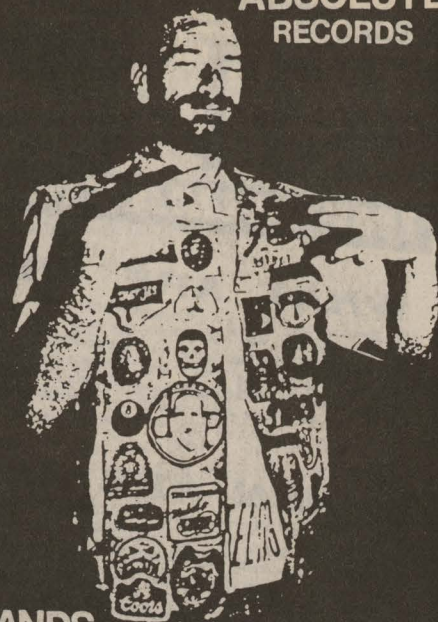
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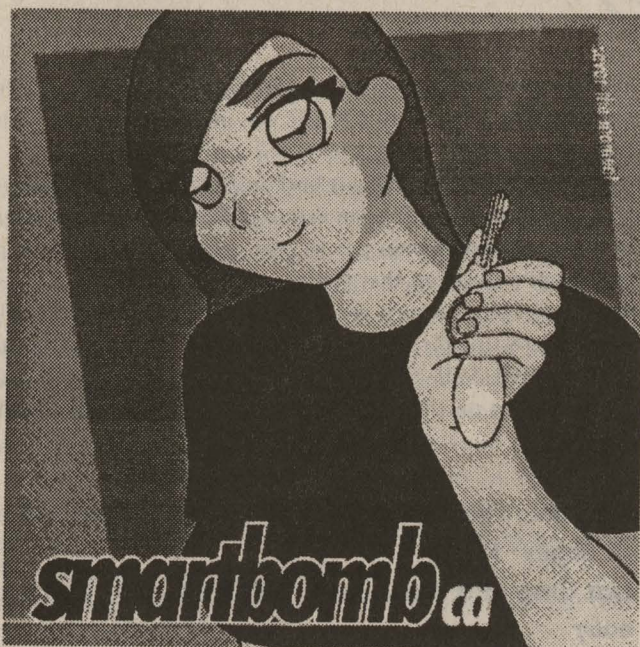
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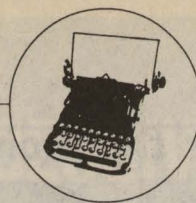
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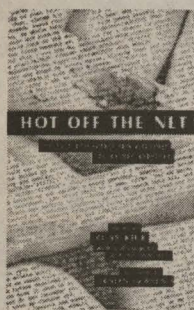


Hot Off the Net - Erotica and Other Sex Writings from the Internet • Edited By Russ Kick

230 pages • \$14

Black Books • PO Box 31155 • San Francisco • CA •

94131-0155



The basic premise for this book is that there are some good erotic writings on the internet. Unfortunately, they are buried somewhere within the mountains of horrid, erotic writings on the internet. Our editor, Russ Kick, has bravely waded through the muck, and presents to us what he considers to be some of the best. In the intro, we go through the usual spiel; internet, unlimited possibilities, anyone can do it, you can be anonymous, thus encouraging risk taking, and watch out because the government might crack down, you know, the typical internet stuff. Not that I disagree, it just gets a little repetitive, hearing about it.

I have to say, though, as usual with this type of book, I kind of felt that the introduction was kind of trying very hard to come up with some sort of reason for the book to exist. I suppose there are all kinds of "power to the masses" type issues wrapped up in the on-line phenomenon, an opening of opportunity for anyone to gain an audience, to try their hand at whatever interests them. But, if this is the case, I think I'd rather read a whole book about that. This type of "let's reprint stuff from the net" disguised as social commentary seems a bit thin to me.

Or, I may be reading too much into it. You could just look at this as a book of erotic writing, simply culled from a different source. Ignore where it came from; is it any good? Well, I thought some of it was. There were actually a couple of stories that I got interested in the characters, and there were some that were pretty titillating. Unlike a movie or a photo, I think if erotic writing is going to work, there has to be some development, you have to be drawn in. The stories I liked most were the ones that were more about the relationship of the partners, the fact that they happened to be having sex in the scenes presented was almost secondary. Most of the stories are pretty much "normal" sex, but there are some about necrophilia and some other more fringe type activities, the only one of these I enjoyed was one about having sex with dolphins.

I wouldn't go so far as to say any of this was great. I was pleasantly surprised that it was as good as it was, what came to my mind when I saw "erotica from the internet" wasn't a very nice picture, the idea of the masses writing about what turns them on seems a little daunting. But then, that's what Mr. Kick is for, to weed out the crap. At the end of the book, he goes off into a different area, and talks about "Fanfic", which is taking popular characters (say from Star Trek) and writing stories about them. This was of absolutely no interest to me, and seemed to only be included to further the "I'm just taking a look at what's on the

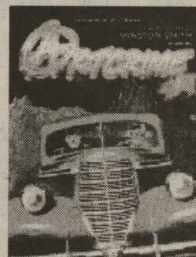
net" ala "I'm doing research" type attitude which I find a little troublesome. None of this Fanfic was any good, so why include it?

Stuck trying to have it both ways, this wasn't really good enough to recommend as an erotic book, there is more interest in the net phenomenon per se, but, as I have said, there isn't enough of a focus on that to have the book be about it. It ends up with this being a fairly weak project. Some good starting points, some interesting directions which it could have gone, but none of it realized. Still, that he was able to find this much decent erotic writing on the net was quite a surprise to me. —Gardner Fusuhara

Artcrime, The Montage Art of Winston Smith, Vol. 2.

96 pages • \$24.95

Last Gasp • PO Box 410067 • San Francisco • CA • 94141-0067



When I was a teenager and first getting into punk, Winston Smith's artwork was synonymous with the punk aesthetic for me. My friends had copies of his art on their walls, we wore t-shirts with logos that he had designed, we all knew his name before we ever read 1984 in our high-school English classes, and we could all recognize his style by sight, even those of us who didn't know him by name. The images he used were the same ones that lingered in the back of our minds when we woke up from nightmares of nuclear holocaust or of being political prisoners forced into cattle cars by Reagan-era fascists. His art perfectly captured the surreality of living in the eighties and contained all the quietly sinister aspects of the American culture that I could feel below the surface of suburban San Jose where I grew up. And, along with the music of bands like MDC, Dead Kennedys, and the Circle Jerks, the art of Winston Smith was part of my initiation into the punk subculture that freed me from becoming just another faceless suburbanite like the other kids in my neighborhood.

Winston Smith's second published collection of his montage art, Artcrime, contains several well-known pieces from that time period, as well as many more contemporary pieces and essays on topics related to his art, its production, and related political issues. By far, my favorite works in the book are the early, immediately recognizable collages, the ones that made their way onto DK records or punk t-shirts. There is something both blunt and subtle about many of these pieces as they hint at the evil that is hidden behind faceless corporations or government agencies, lampoon the wealthy and their ridiculous value system, and mirror parts of our American culture that are too often easy to ignore. They also trigger memories of what it was like for me to be part of the punk underground back in the days when the lines between "us" and "them" were much more distinct, when



being a punk rocker meant being on the outside of society looking in.

The majority of the book, though, is made up of more contemporary and mature pieces. Artcrime thus contains a variety of work from the very simple to complex, chaotic pieces that show how Smith really has become a master of the artform of collage. Some of the most complicated pieces are, at times, composed of dozens of symbolic images layered upon and interwoven into each other. There are savages and knights in shining armor, women in swimsuits, astronauts and athletes, cars and suburban homes all pressed up against each other. While these more intricate, complicated pieces may create "brainspin" for people such as Jello Biafra (as he claims in the book's introduction) who have the intellectual stamina to try to untangle them, they tend to leave me cold in comparison to his other work. I can appreciate Smith's skill and abilities, but the more complex collages don't give me the same feeling in my gut that his earlier, simpler pieces do.

As a whole, the book shows how Winston Smith's artwork has progressed in much the same way as the punk underground as a whole. In much the same way that many bands have given up on the raw sound that once defined punk rock and have begun creating slick, overproduced music, Smith has moved beyond his early, raw style of cut-and-paste and into the realm of creating much more complex and polished montages. In that sense, Artcrime is full of the same inconsistencies that plague the punk community as a whole.

Here is a book that, on the one hand, includes an essay on how the First World abuses the Third and, on the other, includes an album cover for a band that chose to sign to a major label and helped co-opt punk rock in the early nineties. It is a book that makes fun of the bar codes required by franchise book and record stores (and many independent distributors) but includes the barcode nonetheless, just below the glossy promo picture of Winston on the back cover. Smith is, by the way, currently doing cover art for Hitlist, a magazine with questionable political views at best, and this makes the political views that he puts forth in the essays ring a little hollow and also serves to emphasize how much of his later work lacks the political bluntness that served to wake up so many of us from the coma that was American culture in the eighties.

Artcrime simply represents a different image of the punk subculture than the one I grew up on and that I always associated with the artwork of Winston Smith. In that world, hatred for corporate America overrode any reasons for playing ball with them at all. There was a sense that we were part of something that we were creating on our own and that belonged solely to us. Being part of the subculture meant accepting the fact that we were marginalizing ourselves, something that isn't true since "punk broke" in the early nineties. Like much of the music and art that is being produced by the punk subculture today, it is polished and well-produced, but it also lacks the power to shock and excite that his early work had. It's fitting that Smith's art was used for the cover of Green Day's *Insomniac* album; the lines

between "us" and "them" are becoming less noticeable all the time.

As a long standing fan of Winston Smith and his art, I wanted to like Artcrime. I wanted to put it on my shelf next to my copy of *Threat by Example* and my early issues of MRR, to let it take its place as one of those works created by our subculture that I could look to when I was starting to forget why I had become a punker. Instead, Artcrime only serves to remind me of how far we have travelled from our original roots and what we have become. —Doug Grime

Drink As Much As You Want and Live Longer

Frederic M. Beyerlein

195 pages • \$14.95

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Knock, knock: You can sip it, savor it, reject it, puke it, guzzle it.

Who's there? Alcohol — everybody's favorite legal drug of choice... at least as far as statistics go.

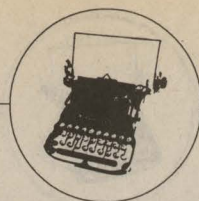
But it's those same statistics that serve no other purpose than the vilification of the drinker. Sound like a predicament? How 'bout a head fuck? It's both, and Fred Beyerlein (my heretofore main man) is here to show us the light with his highly informative and educational treatise on swillin', *Drink as Much as You Want...*

To note: "Society does not want a problem drinker to drink healthier, out of belief it will enable the drinker to drink more. This could not be further from the truth.... [D]rinking healthier will simply reduce the odds of alcohol-related organ damage and impaired immunity as well as reducing the billions of dollars spent annually for treatment."

Though we are told how to eat, exercise, even sunbathe in healthier ways, drinking has always been considered a taboo practice. And since it's not going away any time soon (see Prohibition), society, along with the health-care system, has denied the drinker access to information while actively doling it out to equally risky endeavours. Unlike smoking, drinking, from a physical health standpoint, can be sustained and enjoyed without succumbing to society's meretricious pressures to quit and lead "a better life."

It's simple: **TAKE YOUR VITAMINS, KIDS.**

Ok, very few things are *that* simple, but Beyerlein's prescribed approach to supplemental nutrients — minerals, herbs, lipotropic factors — combined with the right foods provides the drinker of any level with vital resources and succor for that most important organ, the liver, which, through my reading of this book, took on a whole new priority. What with every other chemical agent, cancerous or otherwise, attacking it daily, alcohol, whether one beer or eight, proves to be the most pernicious



ingestion.

If you're like me, this is when you begin to panic.

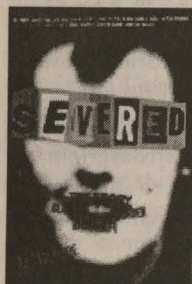
And I did, dropping the book and running around the corner to buy some much-needed B-complex and echinacea. Yeah, the guy's got a book to sell, I know, but through simple and careful explanations of symptoms, causes, and necessary replenishment, Beyerlein informs where others are quick to diagnose. In other words, myths are shot down, taboos are subsumed by logic, and, as my piss shoots a clean, neon-like yellow, I've begun to get the point: Alcohol is only a poison when ignorance is in the game; and when that same ignorance is driven by billions of health-care dollars, doling out a few greenbacks for some fucking vitamins seems like a better bet, don't you think?

I know you do, so who's drinking?! —Pete Simonelli

Severed: The True Story of the Black Dahlia Murder • John Gilmore

262 pages • \$16.95

Amok Books • 1764 North Vermont Avenue • Los Angeles • CA • 90027



Elizabeth Short set out for Hollywood like thousands of other young and beautiful girls, to become famous. That goal was achieved, but instead of achieving her fame as a movie star, Elizabeth Short achieved her fame as victim of an unsolved murder. Elizabeth Short, the Black Dahlia, was found naked, severed in two in a vacant lot close to Crenshaw Boulevard. *Severed* is the story of Elizabeth Short, the police investigation of her

death and of a suspicious character who tells of how his female impersonator friend murdered Elizabeth Short.

John Gilmore opens this revised edition of *Severed* (first published in 1994) with what is perhaps the most horrible act of violence perpetrated against a human. Gilmore then goes on to fill in all the background details of Elizabeth Short and her life. Family life for the Shorts was fairly good until the Depression rolled around. At that point her father, unable to meet his payroll, apparently committed suicide, leaving Elizabeth's mother with four young girls to raise. As a teenager Betty, as she was also known, spent time in Florida to bring relief from her severe asthma. While in Florida, she was exposed to the life of glamour and sophistication that she would fall in love with and feel was her destiny.

Beth's ideas and her reality turned out to be on opposite ends of the spectrum.

Her move to California started out on rocky ground. Beth's father reappeared and she moved in with him in California. The beautiful Elizabeth Short was also very naïve in regards to the men she was involved with and this caused her problems from the start in California and may have eventually caused her death. Along with being naïve, Elizabeth also created a fantasy world

in which she was a war widow who had a child that died at birth. Beth's life before she was murdered was filled with favors earned through flirtation as well as leeching off her friends and acquaintance. And as abruptly as her life ended in reality, John Gilmore's book switches gears and begins to tell the tale of the murdered Black Dahlia.

To begin this section of the book Gilmore details the autopsy of Short, where police find out the facts that only they and the killer would have knowledge of. There are some very depressing and telling scenes in this part of the book, two of which were how, for the sake of a story, the newsmen lied to Beth's mother and how only six family members, along with police and reporters, attended Beth's funeral.

The futile search for the killer of the Black Dahlia continues until one day an informant comes forward. This is where the book takes twists and turns that drive Gilmore as well as the police to the edge of discovery. They are driven to a point where they think the case can be put to rest only to have everything they have worked for disappear in an instant.

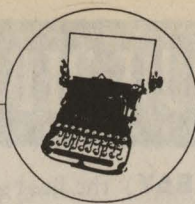
It can be argued that the case of Elizabeth Short opened the door for the sensationalism that came with the more modern murders of figures such as Sharon Tate and Nicole Brown Simpson. Beth Short was not the first woman to be brutally murdered in this country, nor will she be the last, but her case and story were the first to capture the public attention. In that respect, the legacy of Elizabeth Short will live on forever.

Along with the superb prose and detailed information provided by John Gilmore comes a very graphic photo section. The photos take the reader through every step of this book, from the youth of Elizabeth Short to her burial and the ensuing investigation into her murder.

The one thing that needs to be said about this book is that it is not casual or light reading; it demands your full attention. I read this book twice and the first time my mind was not focused on the page, and as I got to the end I just felt that I had missed something. As I sat down to read this for the second time I became much more focused and discovered that I had indeed missed a huge portion of the story. That you must focus on Gilmore's writing is a testimony to its power. This isn't fluff that you can wade through and walk away from, this is powerful writing that will stay with you for a long time as all of Gilmore's books will.

John Gilmore can make any story that he relates come to life. He is without peer when it comes to documenting true-life tales. He has achieved perfection in his writing in books such as *Cold-Blooded*, which profiled killer Charles Schmid, *The Garbage People*, a document of the Manson Family and most recently his true-life *Hollywood Babylon: Laid Bare*. Gilmore can make any cliché about writing come true, he takes the reader into the story, showing them the sights, the smells, the actions, the death, the pleasures and pains of each and every one of his subjects. *Severed* is no different, it puts a very real and sad life to a young woman who became perhaps the most famous corpse ever.

—Trent Reinsmith

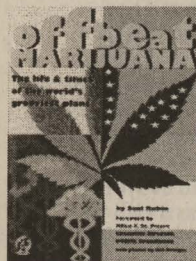


Offbeat Marijuana: The Life and Times of the Worlds Grooviest Plant • Saul Rubin

235 pages • \$19.95

Santa Monica Press • P.O.Box 1076

Santa Monica • CA • 90406-1076



Based on my observations from living in S.F. for ten years, I could conclude that smoking pot makes a person lose all their teeth, paw at women 50 years younger than they are, and obsessively call in to radio talk shows to spread the wisdom, "hippies, punks, bloods, unite." These are worse side effects than the marijuana fans would have you believe! Pot could make one spend afternoons standing on a milkcrate

strumming Led Zep on an out-of-tune guitar, in the foyer of the old Leed's on Mission, answering to the name "wolf boy"...

This book, *Offbeat Marijuana*, follows Saul Rubin's *Offbeat Museums*, of last year. When I realized that these were two from the same source, my dissatisfactions about *Offbeat Marijuana* at least made some sense. The museum book was a superficial tour, touching briefly upon eccentric museums and collections across the US, with a half-page attention span for each one. That treatment served the survey function adequately, but in *Offbeat Marijuana*, where one subject is the focus of the entire book, the superficiality born of uneven research can be trite. But in general, the purpose of *Offbeat Marijuana* is to make a case for legalizing pot, and it goes through a methodical (if at times repetitive) series of points to present that case.

Now, I don't know too much about pot, first-hand. I vaguely remember friends of my sister's, while growing up in Ohio, performing for me the magic spectacle that is "hash under glass," a ritual which seems to have sadly fallen out of favor since the eighties. Potheads, to me, were a self-righteous bunch of lazy, self-proclaimed experts on the pseudo-science of botany, who were, just below the surface, really about turning a buck. Oh, and I had a job once, here in San Francisco, trimming buds. It paid \$15 an hour, and I had to sit around a card table under a lamp, like a poker game, with three other people, each of us armed with a little scissors and a big pile of weed. I was shown which parts to snip off and put in the baggy. The other guys were weed devotees, and the job involved all the pot you could smoke while snipping. I didn't smoke, but after few weeks of absorbing all that THC through my hands and lungs (not to mention all the insipid pothead conversation about Thai-stick, etc.), I had to quit.

So maybe it's just me, an avowed coffee and alcohol punk, unable to control my biases - but I see the unattractive reality behind many of the cutesy pro-pot anecdotes in *Offbeat Marijuana*. In the chapter on "The Workplace," for example, there is a quaint story of a train engineer in 1899 who, accidentally ingesting a ton of hash, has quite an adventure controlling his train through his route. That story ends safely, of course. But what about all the Amtrak fatalities in the last two years where pothead engineers

derailed trains? There have been ten or twelve, with fatalities. I mean, is that cute? The ugly side of potheads is not mentioned in this happy, giggly, irritating book. All the potheads are victims, and all the straights are evil.

Offbeat Marijuana does point out some serious issues ancillary to the pot-boosting *per se*, such as the rampant invasiveness of drug testing. An irony of this is the fact that potheads are just not easy to defend. If you spend any time in California, SF or that godforsaken Humboldt hippie land, you see these stoned-out husks and say to yourself, "maybe this guy *shouldn't* be driving ten tons of steel at 80 miles an hour towards me... maybe this guy *shouldn't* be at the wheel of a train with 300 passengers." Unlike uninformed citizens brainwashed by government scare propaganda, we in Cali are forced to suffer these baked zombies everywhere, everyday, in person. When constitutional rights are abridged, the conservatives can point to these creeps for very effective poster children. It has led us to quietly give in to what, to me, is a drug-testing *mania*. High school and middle school kids having to pee in cups and get their hair analyzed? It's outrageous! But alongside you at the protest are stringy-haired hippie parasites and monosyllabic baggy pants guys, and I'm sure it makes it easier for some punks to say, "Well, this isn't really my battle anyway..."

Al asked me, "But Greta, what about medicinal marijuana?" Actually, I'm all for it, 110%. People with HIV, glaucoma, and cancer using pot, that's what it's for, if you ask me. *Offbeat Marijuana* elaborates on the obtuse unwillingness of the government and medical establishment to facilitate the use of marijuana as a prescribed medication. The laws concerning pot have, over the years, been inspired by some fantastical bogeyman motivations, and this book is fairly detailed in pointing these out. The most acute observation Rubin makes is the racial overtones of the pot prohibition laws of the 1930's. At the time when "reefer madness" scares were being promoted by uptight legislators, the only people actually smoking it were migrant workers from Mexico and immigrants from the Caribbean. The materials linking pot smoking with miscegenation and racist sexual fears were eerie and shameful, and Rubin has uncovered a seldom acknowledged trend there.

The mystery remains, why the government continues to demonize marijuana so much. Just this morning, I heard on the radio that buffoon congressman Bob Barr is seeking to have racketeering charges apply to anyone even *TALKING* about legalizing marijuana! *Offbeat Marijuana*, while still unfortunately preaching to the converted by reading as a love note to the magic weed, effectively outlines the ridiculousness of anti-marijuana forces and the gravity of their efforts to chip away at the rights of everyone. In that the book serves an essential function.

That still doesn't make potheads any less stupid and intolerable, any less irresponsible and annoying. There's nothing worse than trying to communicate with a stoned person, staring at you with half-closed slack eyes, licking dry lips nervously, having that hideous pot breath, you can see their teeth already starting to rot right out, you know they will never remember what you are saying to them... —Greta S

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

MEN IN RUBBER SUITS STORM TOKYO BAY

As a mid-year vacation from art films and documentaries, we could check out '50s sci-fi schlockers or grubby exploitationers, but the world of radioactive monsters is probably as good a place to visit as any. But in this particular case, it's not so much a world as an island—Monster Island, to be exact—the hallowed stomping grounds of the most famous movie monster of all time and his reptile friends.

The concept behind a Godzilla feature is familiar: humans try to kill Godzilla, the reptile goes on a rampage, destroying several prefectures in Tokyo, and then he does something useful (like fight other, less amiable space monsters we're powerless against). This formula, as predictable as the arc of your basic drama, usually has one bankable thing going for it—spectacle—though there have been those very rare moments the series has almost transcended itself and provided us with superior films.

It all began in 1954 with *Gojira*, which is moody and remarkably effective in its original Japanese version. Nine years after the atomic bomb attack on Japan, natives sight a huge mutant dinosaur with radioactive breath, a creature that starts off destroying several boats, then continues his reign of terror on land, leaving entire cities in piles of smoking rubble (not unlike the effects of an atomic bomb, which the mayhem were meant to suggest). Certainly, this subtext wasn't lost on Japanese viewers, most of whom could recall the end of World War II. (Of course, this was sanitized from the later, dubbed American release with Raymond Burr). The battle now lies in the hands of two scientists: Professor Yamane (Kurosawa veteran Takashi Shimura), who wants to keep the beast alive, and Dr. Serizawa (Akihiko Hirata), himself scarred by an A-bomb. Serizawa has created a deadly Oxygen Destroyer that may very well kill the monster and save Japan. On the other hand, the professor's daughter Emiko Yamane simply has looks that kill. Twenty minutes were sheared from the Japanese version so Americans wouldn't be offended, so you're better off seeing the original on bootleg video; this may be an inconvenience, but you'll discover a gentle humanism uncommon to rubbersuit monster movies. As to the effects, many of the miniatures are remarkably realistic in black and white.

For those who like their monster movies with a neo-60s flavor, *Godzilla Vs. Hedorah* (1971) meets the bill. The dumping of refuse and industrial poisons into the sea has not only led to a decline in the fish population (a horror to the fish-dependent Japanese), but also the generation of a monster tadpole, possibly from outer space, which has two huge orange eyes and the ability to combine with other Hedorah to achieve potentially enormous size. It thrives by eating pollution and tanker sludge, and spends most evenings breast-feeding on smokestack burnage. Marine biologist Dr. Yano (Toshie Kimura) and his six-year old nephew Ken are the first to see it. Before long, the creature is attracted to the trashy acid rock in an underground club; that's where Ken's dad has a hallucinogenic vision where everybody, including his wife on stage, has fish heads (probably a fugu flashback). Hedorah is soon flying through the air like a 707, spewing sulfuric acid gas that instantly turns its victims into skeletons. Even Godzilla rolls over gagging and spitting. As everybody waits for Hedorah to change into its final form, little Ken and his hip mom and dad are having a bash on Mt. Fuji. "We'll all be dead," Dad says cheerfully. "So let's sing and dance while we can! C'mon — blow your mind!" Then they break out their electric guitars and groove. Of course, there's no electricity out in the wilderness, but after his fish hallucination, we've already begun to suspect his mental state. In

the final scenes, Godzilla helps scientists fry the beast into charcoal. This may be the strangest of the Godzilla series, with bizarre animated insert shots and a message as heavy as an oil tanker.

As you might have guessed by now, this series had by this point evolved into semi-hip matinee flicks for kids, and Godzilla had taken on the role of protector of Earth (meaning Japan). *Godzilla On Monster Island* (1972) falls into this category. A cabal of diabolical scientists in orange jumpsuits have built Godzilla Tower, ostensibly as a theme park for all radioactive monsters, oriental and occidental, housed in a scale model of Godzilla with a multi-story elevator. They even invent a few new creatures, like Shakra (the monster of homework) and Momugan (the monster of too-strict mothers, a freaky-looking thing with an apron and scales).

When a hippie couple, a scientist, and a local karate girl learn the truth about the project, the future looks grim. The antagonists are using sonic waves to compel space monsters King Ghidra (the multi-headed beast who would evolve into Godzilla's toughest enemy) and Gigan (who has a radical saw blade in his belly) to destroy Japan and wrest the world from human hands; in fact, the scientists themselves are actually a race of giant cockroaches who need human bodies as their "receptacles" to assure their hostile takeover. Amidst all the mayhem, Godzilla and his hedgehog-like friend Anguirus try to save the planet. To our delight, Godzilla actually has dialog (!)—a first—and even does a Muhammad Ali shuffle in a fight sequence. This is a classic installment with plastic buildings and rubber monsters—the quintessence of bad miniaturization—and therefore the kind of camp classic fans revere.

I happen to be one of the two or three people who actually enjoyed the American *Godzilla*, despite its iguana-like monster and the near-fatal presence of Matthew Broderick. Keep that in mind with my final recommendation, maybe the pinnacle of big-budget Japanese Godzilla flicks. Heading into the modern era, *Godzilla Vs. Destroyah* extends the plot, adds characters, beefs up the SFX, and recreates a meaner, less anthropomorphic reptile whose Dolbyized roar inspires some terror. This is a special effects extravaganza like the second *Godzilla Vs. Mechagodzilla*, neither indulging in humor nor playing down to its audience. Its only drawback: it was denied an American release, and the only way you can see it is either in its Japanese version (no subs) or a subtitled bootleg, which is pricey and a little tough to find.

The Japanese Godzilla would have just one more film in it before getting killed off in high melodrama, making the way for Mothra and the infamous flying fanged turtle Gamera. But Godzilla fans needn't worry. There's word that Toho Studios is grooming the now fully-grown Baby Godzilla for his debut in a starring role, giving fans of rubber monsters reason to breathe a radioactive sigh of relief. —Steve Spinali

IT'S FUN TO LAUGH AT AGING [PUNK] ROCKERS

Rock and roll has always been about sticking it to the older generation. Getting some type of reaction out of them. The problem is that now the rockers, punk and otherwise, are becoming the older generation. So now when the kids do something that pisses them off, it isn't so much an attack on the system, it's viewed as a lack of knowledge or an attempt to reenact the past without living up to it. Nostalgic habits seem to happen at an earlier age for those involved in the music scene. My 85 year old grandfather reminiscing about the good days is quite different than a punk talking

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

about how much better it was in 1977. I guess that's why I enjoyed the movies *Still Crazy* and *Hardcore Logo* so much. It gets so tedious to hear the guys from *Hit List* complaining about the "new punks", then see them at a show standing in the back with their arms crossed. It's fun to get a good laugh at their expense.

Still Crazy is the story of a '70s English arena rock band who reform after 20 years to play an anniversary show commemorating their last performance. *Hardcore Logo* is the story of a Canadian punk band that reform for that one last tour. Both movies deal with the same themes; the bands' past, the egos involved, the fact that everyone's older now and that they blew their "big chance" and are trying to reclaim some of the spotlight. Yet, each movie mercilessly pokes fun at the concept of aging rockers, providing a good laugh and a bit of social commentary. All reforming bands should watch these to get a little perspective.

Still Crazy features the band Strange Fruit, who were on their way to stardom when their big break was destroyed by lightning. The keyboard player gets the idea that they should play at the 20th anniversary celebration of a festival they played when lightning struck. After convincing their former manager and the most of the band (one is presumed dead) Strange Fruit sets out on a European tour to test the waters. Naturally, the clubs are shitty and the audiences are much younger and have never heard of the band. Most things are a disaster. The sound sucks. The singer is a member of AA. There are fights, name-calling and what have you.

The members of *Hardcore Logo* (the band's name, as well as the movie's) aren't as old as Strange Fruit, but they've got the same hang ups. *Hardcore Logo* reached a good level of success in the Canadian punk scene, but due to personal problems, the band broke up—mostly because the guitarist Billy Tallent went to Los Angeles to play with some wimpy alternative rock singer in hopes of becoming famous. As we all know, selling out is the worst possible thing a punk can do, so the singer/guitarist Joe Dick, also Billy's best friend, is being a big man to allow him to play with the band again. Or is he? *Hardcore Logo* reform to play a tribute/benefit show for Bucky Haight, Joe Dick's mentor and inspiration, whom he tells everyone is dead. Whereas *Still Crazy* out and out tries to make fun of the aging rockers, *Hardcore Logo* seems to attempt to be a serious movie, dealing with ideals and friendship, but it takes it a bit too serious, so it comes across as just being funny.

A few Canadians tell me that *Hardcore Logo* is full of in-jokes that make it even funnier if you know them. Apparently the names of the highways have been changed in the movie to the names of people who run the crash pads, and the booker is a VJ on Canada's version of MTV, Much Music. Though I've been to Canada a few times, I've never toured there and have never seen Much Music, so I didn't catch it, but perhaps you will.

Still Crazy and *Hardcore Logo* do have morals and happy endings that make it all seem too clichéd. Everyone sort of overcomes their personal differences and gets what they want. If you can ignore the quick and easy wrap up, I think you will enjoy both movies. They'll probably remind you of someone you know.

On a similar level, though also significantly different, is *The Buena Vista Social Club*, the latest film from Wim Wenders. This film is a documentary about group of Cuban musicians who were assembled for some recordings by Ry Cooder. If there was some way Ry Cooder could have been left out of the film, it would have been better. He brings the whole thing down with his pretentious demeanor. I guess the important thing to remember is that this is a doc-

umentary. The previous movies I have been talking about were fictional. All of the musicians in *The Buena Vista Social Club* are over 80 years old, have been playing music since they were kids, and were popular once, but up until now have been largely forgotten. The interesting thing is when you hear each story, you find out that most had given up on music as a career because they weren't making money and had to care for their families. The piano player even told Ry Cooder that he couldn't play anymore because he had arthritis, which was a lie. These musicians don't seem to have the same hang ups as the rockers. The play music because they want to and their egos don't ever seem to get involved. There's no need for fame, though making a living is a necessity.

If you read my column a few months back, you know I hate concert films because of the long extended musical performances. This film has them, although not entire songs. I'm not familiar with the music at all, but I still wanted to lay down on the floor staring at the ceiling, just listening to the music, during the musical numbers. The interviews with the musicians were interesting and even the incorporation of the concerts in Holland and New York with the studio and various shots around Cuba were done nicely. Wim Wenders threw in a few curious and unrelated shots, such as a children's ballet and gymnastics class, that seemed to work anyway.

I've heard a few critics bad mouthing Wim Wenders (and David Lynch, too) for making a G-rated film. They say he has been making such controversial and challenging films that he shouldn't backtrack this way. As if the rating should matter. I'd have to say that I think the fact that he made this film nullifies the critics' argument. Everyone's making R and NC-17 films, trying to one up the next person by showing more nudity or disgusting scenes without focusing on the plot and filmmaking. It's refreshing to see the better directors staying ahead of the pack again by doing something different.

And speaking of something completely different, I also went to see a gay boy's coming of age story, *Get Real*. I took a heterosexual male friend to see this with me. Not really knowing what it was about, I was amused to see my friend's face and to feel the tension when we both realized that it was a homosexual movie. I live in the Castro section of San Francisco, which if you aren't aware, is the most homosexual part of town. I like living there, but I am always curious about my heterosexual male friends' reactions. I guess I don't understand cos I'm not a guy, but I actually had a friend say to me, "Could we go to a straight bar?" I just figured we'd go to the closest one.

So here I am, seeing a teen romance comedy that happens to be about two gay boys with a straight friend. An amusing scenario. The story is about one boy who is aware he's gay, though has only told one of his friends, who falls in love with a popular boy from school. Naturally, the popular boy has been playing his part. He's an athlete and has a beautiful girlfriend. The two accidentally meet at a public restroom in the park that is a well known pick up spot for men. The two fall in love, but keep their relationship secret to avoid the problems they will encounter at school. Of course, there is no avoiding the problems and it comes to a choice between the relationship and protecting themselves.

The story is the oldest one in the book, but homosexual twist on it adds so much to make it a very enjoyable film. In fact, my friend said that once he got over the uncomfortableness, he realized it was just a simple love story and enjoyed it. I think you will too. And there is not one mention of nor scene involving a band. —Carolyn Keddy

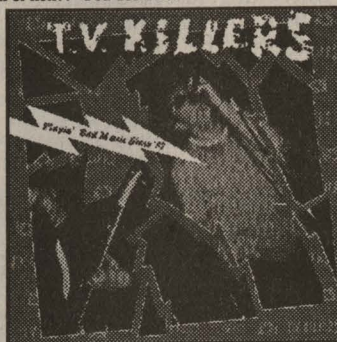
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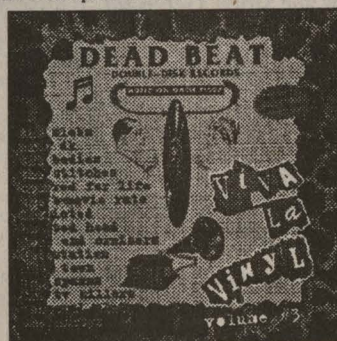
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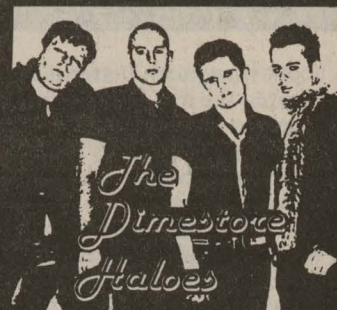
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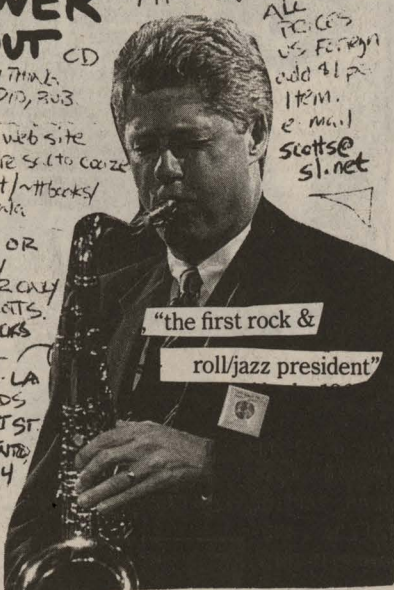
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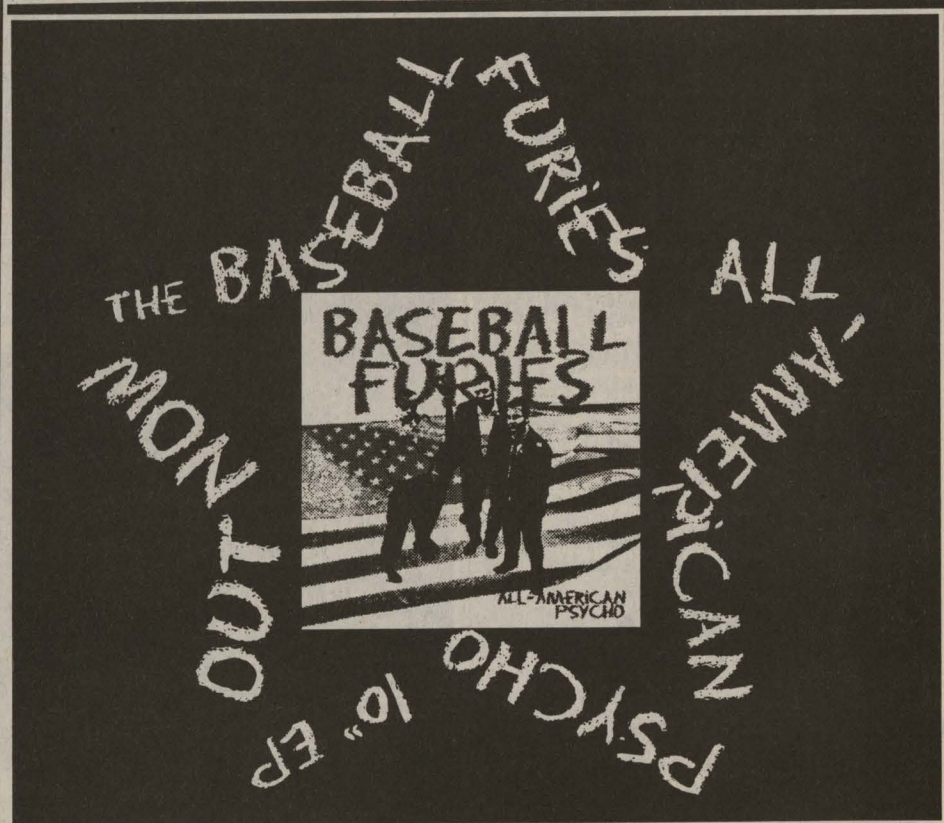
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MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send 2 copies of vinyl records (1 for MRR, 1 for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (JB) John Backstrom, (PB) Paul Barger, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (DD) Dr Dante, (NF) Neale Fishback, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raymundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.



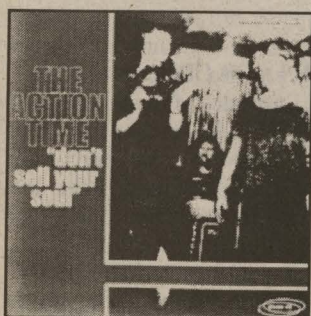
ABADDON - "Nie Do Poznania" EP

This is interesting. It is a bootleg, live recording of an old Polish band ABADDON. All things considered, this is actually a pretty good live recording. Solid, mid-'80s Polish hardcore, that had a style all its own. I am a absolute sucker for any Polish hardcore, especially pre-1990s stuff. So this is right up my alley, and it may just

be right up yours as well. (RC)
(no address)

ABRASIVE WHEELS - "When The Punks Go Marching In" LP

This Get Back Records reissue is a collection of songs from three 7" singles and one LP released by ABRASIVE WHEELS between 1981 and 1982. This band represents some of the best of the Riot City Records stable of punk bands in the early eighties. This music is first rate guitar driven leather, bristles and studs punk with attitude. This is a good buy if you don't have these records and aren't fussy about having the original sleeves. (BR) (Get Back, Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)



THE ACTION TIME - "Don't Sell Your Soul/Burn Warehouse Burn"

This is interesting. Side A sounds like the HEADCOATEES, what I picture if they decided to write their own songs. Side B has a male singing and reminds me of the REZILLOS, particularly with the female back-ups. The songs are very catchy. This is cool. (CK) (Rough Trade Record Shop, 130

Talbot NW, London W11 1JA, UK)

ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET - "Caveat Empior" LP

I made an off hand remark last month to Mr Hopkins, our record assingner, that I liked arty stuff. I'm paying for that comment now. This is Chris Dodge from SPAZZ, with his wife and some other dude playing drums, doing some very experimental shit. There is no guitar, only bass drums and the occasional weird electronic thing. To be honest with ya, this just barely got in under the art radar. It's funny, because I enjoyed the less rock oriented songs more than the occasional fast paced number that got this reviewed in the first place. I really don't know how to describe this. It sounds nothing at all like SPAZZ, but if you like the way out there end of expieremental stuff, you might enjoy this. (ST)

(Slap a Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

ANGRY SAMOANS - "I'm In Love With Your Mom/Too Animalistic"

Billed as the "ANGRY SAMOANS Play the Songs of VOM" EP, I think that's a little deceptive. Two members of the ANGRY SAMOANS played in VOM and at least one of them helped write both songs here. Isn't that kind of like DR. FRANK covering MTX? Anyway, two catchy little surf/pop/punk numbers that would have fit right in on the "Beach Boulevard" compilation. Worth getting. (KK) (Bulge, PO Box 1173, Green Bay, WI 54305)



ANNALISE - "Signposts And Alleyways/Empire Builder"

Wow, this is a surprise. From the cover I expected some brutal thrash. Thank god it's something much more interesting. Reminds me of a cross between DAG NASTY and HOT WATER MUSIC on the first track, and maybe the JAM in mellow, introspective mode on the other side. They definitely don't stray too much from formula, but manage to keep it fresh sounding. Too bad it's only two songs. (BG) (Boss Tunage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK)



MUSIC

REVIEWS



ANTI-DOGMATIKS - EP

Well, Martin from Lengua Armada nails it again, by compiling his favorite tracks from the two demos of this long gone band from Barcelona, Spain. The only vinyl the band ever did was some compilation tracks, and he obviously felt it was high time for some more accurate representation of the band.

And yes, he actually got permission from the band! This is awesome fast punk, packed full of raw distortion and shouted vocals, that spans a time era from 1984-'88. It is good to see this much energy going into bringing a long-lost era of punk back to the kids of today. (RC)
(Lengu Armada 2340 W 24th St, Chicago, IL)

AUGUST SPIES - "94-'97" CD

This CD compiles songs from four previous EPs and a whole bunch of other unreleased material. 32 songs from a band trying really hard to sound like the DICKS with an "oi" thrown in here and there. (DP)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 335, Newton CTR, MA 02459)



AXIOM - "Impaled by Chaos" EP

Anarcho-punk from Portland, OR. These guys have a really fast tight sound and raging vocals. "Impaled by Chaos" is definitely the smash hit single with great breakdowns. Their intelligent lyrics are accompanied by information on the inside cover. Definitely check these guys out. (SR)

(Ministry of Peace, PMB 121, 4110

SE Hawthorne Blvd, Portland, OR 97214-5246)

B-MOVIE RATS/HELLBENDERS - "Distilled" LP

Yeah the RATS are back kickin' all kinds of rock 'n' roll ass in the spirit of ACDC, LAZY COWGIRLS, ROSE TATTOO (even breakin' into a damn rock sturdy version of "Remedy") which, if you've witnessed these SoCal boys in the sweaty flesh, you know how these rockers take their partyin' seriously. Shit yeah, meaty rockin' guitar tones, beat-your-mama-down drums and tough r'n'r vocs with lusho production to boot, and it's not even Saturday night. This is just the kinda shit you go speeding down the highway, throwing beer bottles out the window to. On the flip, you got the mother-fuckin' HELLBENDERS, the punk ass rock 'n' roll mutants they are. Yeah, high voltage guitar shredding with that just right mix of metal-edge IRON MAIDEN-like lickage, and lots of catchy as hell tuneage to sink your bland little teeth into. Fuck yeah, damn good job boys, now lets party. (DL)

(DEAD BEAT, PO Box 288, LOS ANGELES, CA 90078)

B-SIDES - LP

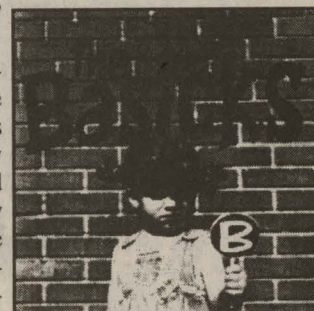
Once I figured out this was played on 45, not 33 as the record says, this record sounded a lot better. Of course, it wouldn't be *Maximum* without a little misinformation. The B-SIDES play snotty, sloppy, fun-filled punk rock similar to Wimpy-era QUEERS stuff. This release is way better than the last couple of MRR releases, that's for sure. (JF)
(MRR, but don't order it from us!!!!)

BAD TASTE/MOTORCROSS - split LP

I don't really care for split LPs, but in this case I really don't care for this release. BAD TASTE at times have that descent hardcore thing goin' on, but more often than not they are a dead ringer for a French LIMP BIZKET. MOTORCROSS is wild and confused as all hell. They go from ska, to this pseudo rap garbage over some chuga chuga's, to some horn instrumentals to some occasional near hardcore parts. This sucks pretty bad. (NF)
(Zorlac, BP 193, 42005 Saint Etienne, Cedex 1, FRANCE)

THE BASICKS - "Little Thing" EP

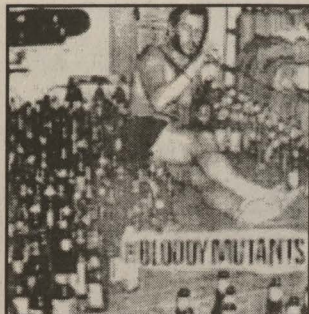
Rumor has it that Raf Classic from the CRUMBS used to be in this band. That alone was enough for me to fork over my hard-earned cash so's I could check it out... and of course now I'm reviewing it. The vocals are almost like that of Johnny Peabucks. Imagine if the SWINGIN' UTTERS and the CRUMBS had a child and said "Play damn you! Play!!" (BM)
(Lookout!)



BELCHING BEET/MINDFLAIR - split CD

Germany's BELCHING BEET are back after a long hiatus (they had an EP and a split LP with RUPTURE in the early '90s) and more polished than ever. After a long drawn-out intro, they blast into 1000mph grindcore that is super clean, tight and heavily influenced by death metal. I liked it a lot, but I think you have to be able to stomach the more metal side of grind. MINDFLAIR (also from Germany) compliment BELCHING BEET and actually turned out to be more enjoyable. The recording is rougher, and they play grindcore that is reminiscent of early CARCASS or ARSEDESTROYER. Good split. (MW)
(Deliria, PO Box 302, 71603 Ludwigsburg, GERMANY)

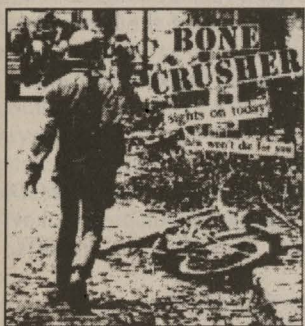
MUSIC REVIEWS



THE BLOODY MUTANTS - "Bloody Mutants" EP

On this fine Irish punk EP Al "Heinz 57" and his crew of hooligans deliver another punch to the head in the name of punk rock. The music is raucous, fast, shouted punk with the omnipresent theme of DRINKING (with a little sex thrown in for good measure). This is a festive record best appreciated with vast quantities of beer amongst

some good mates. This EP continues the blitzkrieg of punk rock started by the BLOODY MUTANTS with their split EP last year. Get this punk rock blast as soon as possible! (BR) (No Pride, 352 Divisadero St., San Francisco, CA 94117)



BONECRUSHER - "Sights On Today/Won't Die For You" EP

I'm pretty sure that this is their first release with their new line-up (did they change singers or is he just singin' way tougher? It doesn't say what the line-up change is)... Oh well... Whatever it is, this is the way this band should have been in the first place. Musically, they hold true to their roots with that whole SoCal meets beach punk

thing. But now, the vocals remind me a lot of that dude from OXYMORON (not in a bad, rip off way mind you). Four songs here (all good) and I think it's BONECRUSHER's best stuff yet. Another winner for Hostage. (NF)

(Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

BOREDOM U.K. - "Seditionaries Revisited" CDEP

What an appropriate name for this band!! (YAAAAA-WN!!) (sigh) Ok! Um... this band has elements of the COCKNEY REJECTS and (vocally) COCKSPARRER, but is in nowhere near that class on this 3-song EPCD(?)! I'm falling asleep just thinking about it! (where are my crosstaps?) (JB)

(Abstract Sounds Ltd., 2 Elgin Ave. London W9 3QP, UK)

BOYS - "Alternative Chartbusters" LP

Is this the third or fourth reissue of this? Second classic album by punk-via-power pop genius club, the BOYS. Their most cohesive and musically realized album and one of my favorite of the time. Certainly more consistent than the JOLT, the LURKERS and that lot. Great. (LH)

(Get Back)

THE BRAINDEAD - "Red" CD

I'm just not crazy about this kind of metal. I'm not a small-town white kid skater or trailer trash gone HC. They put out the effort, they worked hard and spent some money. They've got friends who love them, hell they've even got kids who love them, they don't need me. Besides, I like a lot of it, it doesn't suck, it just sounds a little dated and post-grunge, soooooo '93. But so what I dug in '93. (RY)

(Braindead/Hempcore Records, 11410 NE 124th St. #657, Kirkland, WA 98034)

BREACH - "Last Rites" EP

Interesting little hardcore 7" we've got here. Rosary on the front cover and two religious-titled songs that are both very different. "Last Rites" is a distorted, noisy TODAY IS THE DAYish song that this flooring and then on the flipside "Amen" is a slow moody instrumental that would make an intense intro, but it kind of lost me. I wish there was more of the noisy heavy stuff here; with only two songs, it's hard to tell what BREACH is all about. (TJ) (Trust No One, Helgalunden 5, 118 58 Sthlm, SWEDEN)



BREAD AND CIRCUITS - LP

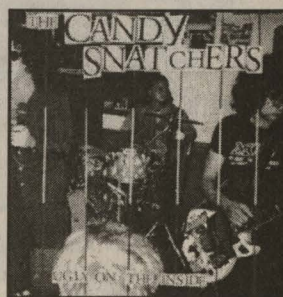
Amazing. You shouldn't even be reading this review, you should be out buying this record. I've seen these guy live a couple of times, and it just came off as really muddy to me. That makes sense now that I've heard the record. This shit is complex. This is the best record I've heard in months. The confines of hardcore lyrics leave the politics on this record kinda simplistic, but BREAD AND CIRCUITS fixes that with one of the best booklets I've ever seen from a group. It's not so much about the information as the inspiration. Have I said enough to make you go get this? It sounds just like you'd think a band with people from FUEL, Q FACTOR, SWING KIDS, YAPHETTE KOTO, TORCHES TO ROME AND JONH HENRY WEST would sound. Amazing, inspirational, emotional (in the best possible way) hardcore. Go get this. (ST)

(Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

THE CANDY SNATCHERS - "Ugly On The Inside" EP

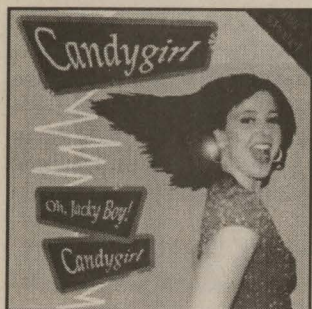
The party ain't over. Not this time, puss. Not 'til the screeching stops. The CANDY SNATCHERS are the HUMPERs on acid. They have the stamina and hysterical drunken energy you'll never have. There is no question they are for real, and I'm afraid, I really am. The fury hurts my brain, yet drives me to drink, which is where I'm headed right now. Maybe you should head out and get this record. (RY)

(Get Hip Recordings, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)



MUSIC

REVIEWS



CANDYGIRL

"Oh, Jacky Boy/Candygirl"

"100% sweet" proclaims a blurb on the sleeve, and both sides of this slab of femme lead vocal bubblegum certainly live up to that statement. Space does not permit me to reopen the "relevance of bubblegum" issue, but this is as good a specimen as I've heard in many a moon and I like it fine.

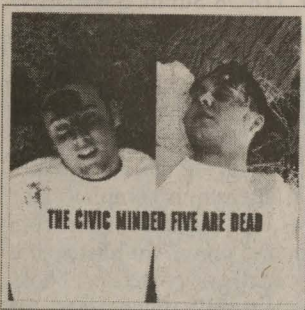
(DD)

(\$4: Jetstar, 1634 Breda Ave., St. Paul, MN 55108)

THE CASUALTIES "UndergroAnd Army" - LP

New York/Jersey hardcore with a political and working class edge, how it should be done. Fast and loud with a good bass-line, smart lyrics and shout-along choruses. And you have to love the SHAM 69 inspired final song "Punx Unite" that starts with "if the punx are united/they will never be divided" then lurches into a fastcore anthem with the chorus "together we survive-punx unite/divided we die—punx unite." (BC)

(Charged, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)



THE CIVIC-MINDED FIVE -

"The Civic-Minded Five Are Dead" EP

Most of the songs on this record are fast punk with screamed vocals, but the phrasing, some of the riffs and the underlying goofiness are somehow reminiscent of a not-so-sweet SEWER TROUT. This is good, but maybe not outstanding. A pretty cousin in the

SCHLONG family photo album. (JN)

(Manatee, 2676 El Camino Rd, Las Vegas, NV 89146)



CLONE DEFECTS - "Bottled Women" EP

Hats off to Mr. Hopkins this month, every single was good. Gee, look, it's not from either 1977 or 1978, or even 1979, but 1999! Gar! This has been mebbe the best year for straight-out great shitcan punk 45s since the early '90s garage explosion. This band is right up there with any of the really

spot-on efforts that have peppered my top 10's all year long, any of you out there who are still buying punk 45s will not be disappointed. Or I'll refund yer fucking lunch money... (RW)

(\$4: Tom Perkins, PO Box 970936, Ypsilanti, MI, 48917)

COMBATWOUNDEDVET/AN/ORCHID - split 6"

These are two of my favorite current bands, together on one odd sized record with fancy packaging. The ORCHID side of this release was recorded poorly, so it sounds like they're playing in the next room, but still, they rock. COMBATWOUNDEDVET-RAN come through with what I think is some of their best pissed off, art damaged hardcore yet. Both sides are the best in barely decipherable chaos. Get yours while they last. (ST)

(Clean Plate, PO BOX 709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)

THE CRACK - "The Best Of" CD

So we're getting into the recycling two LPs worth of tracks here a la the BUSINESS "Best Of" and "Singles"... Pretty unnecessary if you have "In Search of" and "Demos and Rarities". But if you don't, and you wanna save the price of a disc, grab this. Although I still prefer "In Search Of" to the singles, The CRACK were (or is it are) a great Brit punk combo. Good tunes with that unmistakable Brit vocal sound and basic guitar backing. Very anthemic stuff from the '80s from one of the better Brit punk bands. (RL)

(Captain Oi., PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

THE CREEPS - "All American" CD

I had it in my mind that this band was better than this CD turned out to be. Twelve tracks of generic, but pretty okay hardcore, give or take a few blatant SLAYER riff rip offs. Nothing too memorable. (JV)

(Frontline, PO Box 8174, Columbus, OH 43201)

CREEPS ON CANDY - "Wonders Of Giardia" LP

Just when you thought that Alternative Tentacles couldn't put out a decent release of a new band to save their pathetic, has-been label from obscurity, CREEPS ON CANDY is birthed. Former members of the band DEAD AND GONE and a few other Bay Area favorites. This release sounds a bit like JESUS LIZARD, with that heavy bass sound I'm so found of, flattered by the meandering guitar. Mmmm, spooky! It's music to have sex by. (JP)

(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

CRESS - "From Violence To Consumerism" EP

Simplistic, but well played political punkcore from these Scotsman. There is a little too much metal in here for me to just dismiss this as CRASS rip off stuff, CRESS has more originality than that, but still...The driving guitar in these songs will make you state control and consumerism. (ST)

(Worried Sheep, PO Box 14614, Leven Fife, KY8 2ZD, SCOTLAND)



MUSIC REVIEWS



CURB DOGS - "Pushed Too Far" EP

I'm not sure if these Swiss kids skate, but they do like dogs. Driving metalcore with tough vox and plenty o' chugga von chugga that us hardcore folks love. The neat thing about this 7", if you like CONVERGE more than HATEBREED, then all you have to do is listen to it at the wrong speed. Good at both rpms is always a bonus. (TJ)

(Infinite, PO Box 1714, 8026 Zurich, SWITZERLAND)

D.B.S. - "Some Boys Got It, Most Men Don't" CD

I think I saw these kids some five years ago, and they made me laugh. You know, a bunch of punk teenagers not really having a style they could call their own. Well they still don't, but they have matured musically, and these days I'm not sure that you can ask for much more. Adding an emotional edge to their once-NOFX-fueled punk, giving it a more hardcore feel. Now if they could only squeeze out what is left of that NOFX style, I could see myself getting into this. You don't have to have the really fast parts to be punk. "And Then I Awoke" brings out there true emo side and is the best song on the record. Keep moving kids. (PA) (New Disorder, 445 14th St, San Francisco, CA 94103)



DS-13/BLOOD OF OTHERS - split EP

DS-13 titles their side "Swedish Punks Hate Aussie Wankers." DS-13 are the Swedish punks, showing no signs of letting up on the gas pedal of the tightest slopped out early-'80s hardcore punk. BLOOD OF OTHERS are the Aussie wankers hated by the Swedes. Hardcore as well, but in an early New York way. Not quite as

manic in their approach, but hardly stick in the muds. Don't shy away from the mail order price, cheapskates!! (TH)

(\$7, Organic, 3 Shinnick Street, Dover Gardens, SA 5048, AUSTRALIA)

DEAD MOON - "Destination X" LP

Wow. What is this album 13? It's truly amazing that DEAD MOON have been able to retain that same sound they've always had and yet manage to stay fresh and interesting. Some great songs on this with the haunting vocals of Fred Cole and Toody. They even do a cover of AC/DC's "Long Way to the Top". Very appropriate. (CK)

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

DEADTIME/BREAK WITH THE PAST - split CD

OK, on the DEADTIME side of the cover there's a sad, skinny emo boy and on the BREAK WITH THE PAST side, there's a butterfly escaping from a pile of garbage. The DEADTIME part of the CD sounds like bad NOFX and the BREAK WITH THE PAST side sounds like really bad CRIMPSHIRE. You decide. (DP)

(PO Box 104, Valparaiso, IN 46384)

DECREPIT - "Tired Of Licking Blood From A Spoon" EP

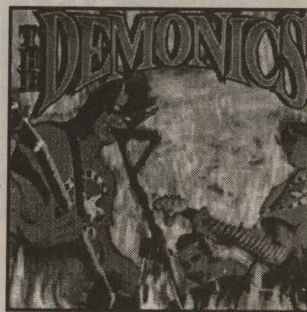
Another good release on Profane Existence. These Seattle boys rip out some pretty thrashy punk which combines fast, raspy, deep and straight-forward angry vocals. Their lyrics are definitely much more pessimistic than political. They do touch on subjects such as injustice and taxation but mainly these songs are about how fucked up life is. This 12" EP not only includes a cool booklet with lyrics and artwork, but also a band poster to add to your wall that's already full of nuclear explosions, wolves and war scenes. I like it. (SR)

(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722 Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE DEMONICS - "Coastline Craze/Hotrod"

Russ and the boys took their dicks out of the birthday cake long enough to plop down this rockin' slab o' meat fer ya! The perfect soundtrack to pop in the woodie as you're drivin' to the beach. Great production and sampling!! "Coastline Craze" rocks my little world a tad more than "Hotrod", but they are both worth the price of admission. Great rockin' punk and catchy as the clap!! Uhm... this is one of my favorite bands? (JB)

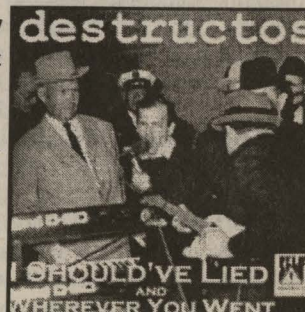
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14, 50939 Koln GERMANY)



THE DESTRUCTOS/STINKIN' POLE CATS - split EP

The 'POLE CATS are a very tight Italian rock 'n' roll pop punk outfit. They rock hard. That's all you need to know. The DESTRUCTOS are good but don't rock like the CATS. (BM)

(\$4: Destruct, Flat 2r, 29 Crathie Dr, Patrick, Glasgow, G11 7XE, UK)



MUSIC REVIEWS

DEVIATE - "State Of Grace" CD

Whoa! I have heard a couple of releases by these guys, and this is their heaviest and most crushing yet. The first song alone is a steamroller of double bass over a mess of hard-charging breakdowns. Then, with the next song, they go for more of a breakneck fast style. Modern hardcore, for the modern kid. Killer stuff. (RC)

(I Scream, Broekstraat 10, 1730 Kobbegem, BELGIUM)

DICK ARMY - "Decimate" - EP

I really have a hard time reviewing records I like because I have to sit here and think up words and type and shit when I'd rather be drinkin' beer and rockin' out. Anyway, this is the third EP from this New York street punk band, and you should get it. "Your Rules" is definitely the standout on this record, but all three should get you off your lazy ass and wavin' your fist in the air. (DP)

(AML, PO Box 150-517, Brooklyn, NY 11215)



DIE YOU BASTARD - EP

I'm sure this will be most noteworthy for it's personnel—it's a new band featuring the drummer of the oft-praised Japanese hardcore band G.I.S.M. Actually leads into a good starting point for the record, as they certainly maintain some elements of their history. Namely, it's ferocious Japanese hardcore with some propensity for extraneous and overblown guitar

solos. Solos like the mid-eighties metal reject kind—whammy bar and so forth. Blazing stuff even with that involved—I'll be digging up a copy for sure... (TM)

(no address)

DILLINGER FOUR - "This Shit Is Genius" CD

I gotta tell ya, DILLINGER FOUR came thru town recently and blew me away. I've liked their records and all, but live, they really complete the picture. An awesome punk rock band with pop punk tendencies without the "we're from 1977" charade. This is a comp of all their singles and comp tracks minus the Mutant Pop EP. Not as solid as their great LP on Hopeless, but this does have some classic stuff. One of the best bands around today. (RL)

(\$8.; THD, PO Box 18661, Minneapolis, MN 55418)

THE DIMES - CD

Crazy punk rock with a fucked-up edge to it. Sorta like YUMMY FUR meets the CRUCIFUCKS. Discordant but strangely tuneful. I really like the song about everybody in Palo Alto being dead. Get this before it vanishes forever. (LH)

(Dead Guy Recordings, 1089 Burgoyne St., Mtn. View, CA 94043)

DINKS - "Dawn Of The Dinks" CD

While I like the EP's this band put out in the past, I think a 16-song CD is a bit much. This is pop punk in the style of the RAMONES via HANSON BROS. There are some decent songs on here, but way too many slow love songs. The RAMONES are the only band to be able to get away with that, and just barely. My advice to the DINKS—get over the RAMONES, already! (DP)

(Meathead, Box 29024, Thunderbay, Ontario, P7B 6P9, CANADA)

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS - "Let's Die" EP

The A-side is a pretty generic, but still energetic little punk ditty called "Let's Die" and it's about, um, dying. The B-side is much better. It has a vague WEIRD LOVEMAKERS quality that I can't quite define. It might be the vocals, I don't know, but I like it. (DP)

(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)



DISCIPLINE - "Nice Boys Finish Last" CD

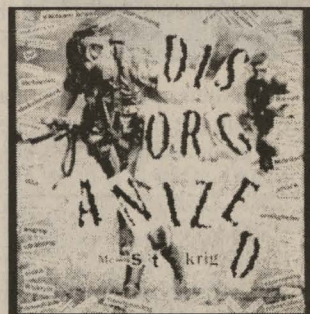
This isn't the DISCIPLINE of the early '90s from the American Southwest. The surly-looking chaps of this DISCIPLINE are from Holland and push around a thick-sounding street punk akin to the DROPKICK MURPHYS with an AGNOSTIC FRONT backbone. Anthem style with a watch-your-back attitude, rather than a grab-another-beer-and-sing-along feel. (TH)

(I Scream, Broekstraat 10, 1730 Kobbegem, BELGIUM)

DISORGANIZED - "Meninglöst Krig" EP

Swedish hardcore with angry screaming lyrics and metal-influenced breakdowns that made me play air guitar. The recording actually isn't that great. I appreciated having the lyrics translated, even though they were not very impressive ones. Songs mainly about war, but I wasn't too sure about the the "Evil-Xmas" one that's on this 7". This one's about Christmas shoppers. Hmm... (SR)

(Hepatit D, Mörnnergatan 7B, 418 75 Göteborg, SWEDEN)



MUSIC REVIEWS

DYSENTERY/FALLING SICKNESS - split 10"

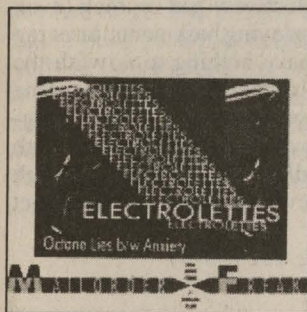
Meant to accompany the *Sub City* "tour 'zine" these two bands are a break from most of the pop punk I associate with *Sub City/Hopeless* (FIFTEEN, SCARED OF CHAKA, what's up with indie conglomerates?) Both bands sing songs of alienation and politically-charged hardcore. Musically, there's not much difference from side to side. I liked DYSENTERY's vocals better, but FALLING SICKNESS does a song in proper Spanish and has more of a slower, street sound, whereas DYSENTERY play fast and fucked up. A portion of the proceeds goes to the Schools for Chiapas /Chanobjunetic ta Chiapas charity, and you won't be sorry for buying this, although the tour 'zine sounds like it would be lame. (BC)

(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

88 FINGERS LOUIE/KID DYNAMITE - split 10"

Both bands have a definite GOOD RIDDANCE flavor on this record. This is especially true with KID DYNAMITE that seems to be favoring the more straight-forward melodic approach. Now since 88 FINGERS have sort of been Chicago's answer to the whole California melodic hardcore sound, I guess the comparisons are inevitable. Still, I like this sound, and I like this release. (JF)

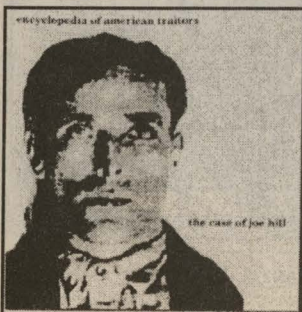
(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)



ELECTROLETES - "Octane Lies/Anxiety"

Raunchy punk rock with stripped-down guitar, drums and vocals. Pretty full sounding despite minimalist arrangements. Sorta KICKING GIANT-ish in a way. Part of the KRS Singles Club. (LH)

(Kill Rock Stars)



ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS/KWIZATZ HADERACH - split EP

Techno-screamo tag matches here with both bands playing intense, pounding hardcore with a political bent. Not much to choose between them and not much info to go on in the packaging, but a great record nonetheless. (AM)

(3821 16th St South, Arlington, VA 22204)

THE EJECTED - "The Best Of..." CD

Boy howdy, does this take me back! These guys were really great!! You have probably heard "East End Kids" or "Have You Got 10p?" on comps, but they put out lots of stuff at least just as good. "The Football Song" is classic streetpunk ala SHAM but retains it's own character!! This CD is a must for any 18-year-old skin or punk that wants to sound like they're old school!! (JB) (Captain Oi! c/o PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

THE END OF THE CENTURY PARTY - "Isn't It Perfectly Fucking Delightful To Be So Goddamn Certain" LP

God, what a great month for records. I'm told this is the end of END OF THE CENTURY PARTY, but I hope that rumor isn't true. I don't know where to begin with this record. First, the title rules, and even though there ain't no lyric sheet but with song titles like, "The only reason you say you're a vampire is because werewolves and Frankenstein don't get laid", you know the lyrics have got to be genius. Complex time changes, emo screams, breakdowns that'll leave you weeping in the ailes. This has got to be one of the best representaives yet of modern screamo core. (ST)

(Belladonna, PO Box 13673, Gainesville, FL 32604)

EVENMIND - "One True Life" CD

Repetitive metalcore with some of that fucking funk thing that is creeping into hardcore. I'm not too much into the new VANILLA ICE record so I don't really understand. (TJ) (Sweetfilth, 22 Grandview Ave, Essex Jct, VT 05452)

FELLS - "Count Me Out!" EP

This is sixties-style garage complete with fuzz; sounding like it was recorded in a closet. While I really like this musical style and like this band live, I don't think I'll spend too much time tracking it down. (DP)

(Star Time, PO Box 43091, Tucson, AZ 85733)



THE FERGUSON FIVE - "TR-001" EP

Sophomoric and repetitive, yet sorta cool... Kinda like a great band I was reminded of recently, SPLAYED INNARDS (where are you guys?). Juvenile and pretty fuckin brilliant. This here copy is 660 of 666, I'd settle for #555. They call it '70s street punk meets '60s Detroit r 'n' r and '80s Eastern Bloc hardcore, I guess that'll work. All I know is New York is fun again, heat waves and all. (RY)

(Third Rail, 621 Meeker Ave #3R, Brooklyn, NY 11222)

MUSIC REVIEWS

FORCE - CD

Artwork reminded me of the more recent DISCORDANCE AXIS CDs—if you didn't already know what this was, you'd never guess. Slick, vague and ultimately inconclusive photography and shadowed typefaces serve confusion and nothing else. What you get if you're in the know and grab this, is a brutal slice of 15 demoralizing Japanese grindcore tracks racking your brain in less than 20 minutes. No time wasted, no vocal cords spared—get in, get it done, get out. Tends to become a blur about two thirds through, but I think that's more a matter of overload than anything else. Top notch. (TM)
(\$12: Howling Bull America, PO Box 40129, San Francisco, CA 94140)

46 SHORT - "Specimen" CD

Back in the '80s what would have been called hardcore is now called old school, and that is what this sounds like to me. This band would have played with BLACK FLAG or the CIRCLE JERKS. The lyrics deal with what's wrong with society without being too preachy. "TV Baby" is the best song, although I disagree with their view that TV causes all the problems in the world. "Not for Me" and "Recipe for Misery" also stand out. My only problem is the packaging is a bit slick. (DP)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

GAIJIN - "Science Fiction" EP

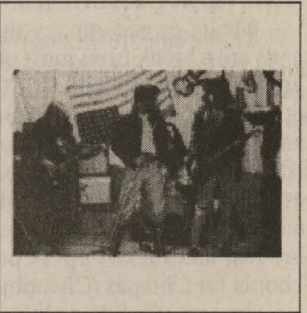
The first song on the record is frightening. An attempt at hardcore came out as RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE while the vocalist sits in the bathroom across the hall with a megaphone (kinda like WEIRD AL). The second song is much better taking on the form of SNUFF as a hardcore band, while I'm still waiting for the vocals to come in on the b-side. There just isn't enough there for an instrumental. (PA)
(\$.35: R-R, PO Box 5466, Atlanta, GA 31107)

GEE STRINGS - "Alternative Losers" LP

Germans doing a take on that old school punk thing. With a gal singer and, of course, the requisite slightly off pronunciation of foreign bands singing in English that we just love. Production is a little too clean and the songs, unfortunately, are a tad on the generic side. Nothing being done here that's not done a zillion times better stateside. Furthermore, their cover of yet another version of the vile "Cherry Bomb" puts them head first against the DONNAS and that's a match they can't hope to beat. (JY)
(High Society International, St. Petersburg Str.4, 18107 Rostock, GERMANY)

GERMS - "Forming/Sex Boy"

An archeological artifact from a very different world. I was unlucky enough to be born in 1970 (and therefore miss out completely on quaddludes, bra burnings and the first run of "Mannix"), but at least I have the chance to appreciate the "Forming" single twenty-two years after it hit the stands. The Rosetta Stone of the Los Angeles punk rock explosion, the vinyl debut of Darby Crash (back when he was still calling himself "Bobby Pyn"), future FOO FIGHTER Pat Smear, and future has-been Lorna Doom. A self-obsessed teenage tantrum set to a churning two-chord dirge, the collective birth trauma of ten-thousand pissed-off suburban delinquents. It sounds like shit and the b-side is even worse, but it's still one of the few punk singles I'd ever classify as "mandatory". Start your own food fight. (JH)
(Alive, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

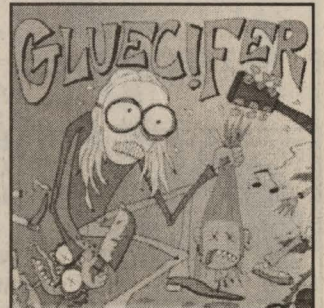


GEORGE DARRO & THE VIKINGS - "Viking Twist/Southern Twist"

Reissue with a barn burning guitar/sax twist instrumental on the A side and a cheesy (as was par for the course) twist vocal B side that I'm sure didn't give JOEY DEE (true King of the Twist) or HANK BALLARD (first prophet of the twist) any sleepless nights. Nice slice of the sort of regional rock 'n' roll history that historiographers prefer to ignore despite the massive influence that such scenes have collectively had on rock (even now, there are still some loser bands playing basements, laser tag joints, etc. in remote regions that have nothing to do with the officially homogenized pop culture [or managed to at least come up with a somewhat fucked up version of it in that long-established {and denied} manner in which folklore interacts with manifestations of "mainstream" and/or "high" culture], though admittedly probably fewer than a few years ago), but don't get me started... (DD)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

GLUECIFER - "Get That Psycho Out Of My Face/Drifting Away"

Ok, so next summer I'm going to Sweden! I need no more arm twisting!!! Sweden is the rock capital of the universe right now! GLUECIFER is another example of this rockin'-ess! Dirty, dirty, dirty and mean. Side A is a MOTORHEAD sounding track, while side B is definitely SLADE influenced with cool tambourine! Get in my car, baby... we're goin' for a ride!!!! (JB)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)



MUSIC REVIEWS

GOT MILF - CD

They compare themselves to SCREECHING WEASEL on amphetamines...only one problem, WEASEL rocks and these guys don't. (BM)

(\$9: 223 Colonnade Dr, #23, Charlottesville, VA 22903)

THE GONADS - "Back and Barking" CD

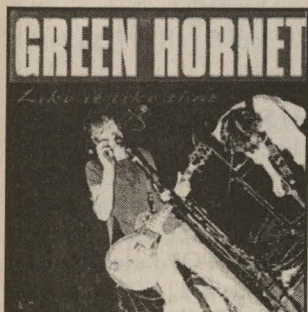
This is alright. I mean, I just got done listening to the SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS reissue that came out this month and that's so ripping I'm having problems getting excited by this. Actually, this is pretty funny. How can one not like a CD with a song called "Alconaut". Hmmm, the music isn't bad either. All in all thirteen songs of cool, fairly silly oi, oi that's catchy and rockin enough. (RM)

(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

GRAVEDIGGERS - "Fuck All!" 10"

As much as I dislike (don't understand) the double seven-inch format, I like (am enamored with) the ten-inch platter. Sorry, just had to get that off my chest. When did they start playing raging punk rock/psychobilly in the Netherlands? It's good, it really is. Faster paced, extremely well played, good songs and all that, but it doesn't feel right, Dutch people playing this type of music. Who let all the CRAMPS records into Europe? Definitely worth a trip to your local independent record store. (KK)

(PornoGram, PO Box 15002, 3501 BA, Utrecht, NETHERLANDS)



GREEN HORNET - "Like It Like That" EP

Trashy, garage rock with harmonica. One part "Back From the Grave", one part CHEATER SLICKS. With the latest revival of '70s rock bands a la the REAL KIDS, this is the stuff I expect to hear more. (CK)

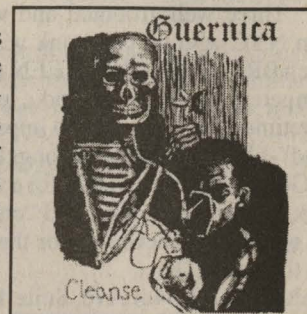
(Pornogram, Postbus 15002-3501 BA, Utrecht, NETHERLANDS)

GUERNICA - "Cleanse" EP

At first I thought I was reliving my college thesis (done on the Spanish Civil War, during which Guernica was bombed) but no, its just another fierce and fast hardcore band from Massachusetts. Reminds me of FORCED EXPRESSION at times and GUERNICA could even be lumped in with the most dreaded of cheese-ball terms:

"power violence." God, I hate that word... but a good hardcore band so check em out. (MW)

(Clean Plate, PO Box 709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)



HARDSHIP - "Inevitable Curse" CDEP

Four songs of pretty dull hardcore. Somewhere along the lines of all the other dull hardcore bands hoping that they'll come up with something like TALK IS POISON, but they didn't. Once again, utilize the demo tape, please. (PA)

(3719 SE Hawthorne PMB #236, Portland, OR 97214)

THE HATE BOMBS - "Hunt You Down" LP

Another solid release from these garage stalwarts. A good mix of song styles (a little B. CHILDISH, a couple of intros, some pop and beat touches), an offhand lyrical reference to the MODERN LOVERS, solid playing, etc. Only fault is that the guitars seem a little undernourished and low in the mix, but that's a matter of taste. (DD)

(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

HEADCASE - "Coming Home" CD

You can tell that these guys are influenced by early UK bands like the BUSINESS, COCK SPARRER or early SKREW-DRIVER. Yet even though they are shooting for that sound, the songs here aren't catchy at all and lack character. To make matters worse, they throw in lyrics like, "You're not invited we don't want you here, you're not invited you look a bit queer". (NF)

(Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, BELGIUM)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

HEARTDROPS - "East Side Drive" CD

Three well-groomed and well-photographed young men from NYC who do pop-punk with sensibilities somewhere between BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS. Competent, hookish, melodic punk rock with a singer who sometimes seems to want to impart all the songs with "Thunder Road"-like drama but with songs that sorta are closer in sentiment to "Gotta Getaway". Makes for a very interesting mix and the pre-punk references (to cars and "chicks") keeps popping up again and again. Commendable for their efforts in combining the old and the new. (JY)

(Melted, 21-41 34th Ave, Suite 10A, Astoria NY 11108)

HELLNATION - "Fucked Up Mess" LP

The no-brainer review of the month. It is noisy as fuck. It is fast as fuck. It is angry as fuck. It is fucking HELLNATION. Fucking fuck this fucking kills! Simple eh? (RC)

(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

HIGH RISE - "Live" CD

The Japanese have jumped on the Scandinavian hesh-rock bandwagon! Look out!! Sub Pop may be coming after these dudes any time now. This is really awesome, very little vocals just a whole lotta wankin'. No info on the sleeve, so forgive me if they've been around since GLUECIFER was in diapers, but nobody threw me a bone. They've got it down, I wouldn't be surprised if there's been a secret plot in Japan to overtake Northern Europe for some time now. This doesn't quit, and the songs are longer than John Holmes, be warned. (RY)

(Squealer Music, PO Box 229 Blacksburg, VA 24063-0229)

HIGH-RISE - "Disallow" CD

Japanese music for American drug-takers that falls somewhere between the MAD 3 and the guy working behind the counter at Guitar Center. Loose, noodling leads, buzzing guitars, jazzy drumming and disembodied vocals drifting hither and thither on top of it all—about what you'd expect from a band that once called themselves the PSYCHEDELIC SPEED FREAKS. Lurching, metallic. HIGH RISE are certainly popular with the current generation of hessian bong suckers, but this CD is way too free 'n' easy for closed-minded punk rockers like myself. (JH)

(Squealer, PO Box 229, Blacksburg, VA 24063-0229)

THE HOLLYWOOD BRATS - LP

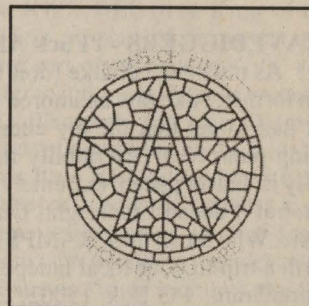
.....Get Back records has done it again..... my fave Italian re-ish label (let's not forget Munster, they're good too) has re-issued the classic HOLLYWOOD BRATS LP..... on vinyl !!!!!!!!!!!!! well now, lemme tell you what this record means to me; Fink and Fifi turned me and my band mates on to these cats and it's been all down hill from there..... this has to be the best ROLLING STONES/glam/wanna-be NEW YORK DOLLS record of the early '70s.... I'm not kidding..... there's not a bad track on it..... Fink and Fifi said "It's better than the DOLLS!!!!"..... well, that's what they said..... it does come close..... also, two of the songs off this thing were redone (more like ruined) on the first BOYS LP.....that's cuz Casino Steel from the BRATS went on to the BOYS later on and brought the tunes over with him..... but the BRATS versions are so much better..... this LP is the closest most of you will ever get to god in this lifetime..... and to the all you motherfuckers out there trying to define punk rock, FUCK YOU !!!!!..... this record is more punk than anything in your collection you jack ass pieces of shit..... (SW)

(Get Hip, Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065 Pontassieve(Firenze)ITALY)

ICONS OF FILTH - "Show Us You Care" EP

This contains six live tracks recorded in 1984. The sound quality is really good considering, and the music stands up against anything being released today. I was never a huge fan of these anarcho pioneers, put off (foolishly) by the swarms of crusties that took the reference to filth in their name a bit too literally, but I think I'm going to go back and dig out their old releases on the strength of this. (AM)

(\$6 air: BBP/Yellow Fever, 3 Read Street, Swindon, Wiltshire, SN1 5HJ, UK)



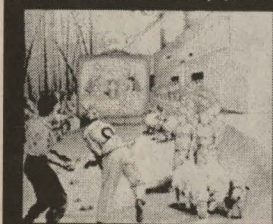
IGGY & THE STOOGES - "(I Got) Nothing" EP

I'm not sure why people put out live records in general, but this one really puzzles me. A mediocre recording of an uninspired live performance of average songs. What's the point? I can only figure that they did it because they could. A picture disc, if you care about that kind of shit. If IGGY POP farted into a microphone, would somebody put it on a record? (KK)

(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

INITIAL DETONATION



SO SELLETH THE SHEPHERD,
SO BUYETH THE FLOCK

INITIAL DETONATION - "So Selloth The Shepherd, So Buyeth The Flock" EP

Grindy, metallic hardcore not unlike ANTI-SEEN, though not my thing. Male and female vocals trading off and chanting together sounds cool. Songs about hating society, work and Christians. Not bad for what it is. I can see them playing a club that smells like crusties sweating out speed, so if those

are the shows you go to, this is the band for you. (BC)

(Sensual Underground Ministries, PO Box 8545, Tulsa, OK 74101)

IN MY EYES - "Demo/Live" CD

Perfectly-executed revival music of the much hyped/maligned '88 youth crew era. Can't say I'm too much of a fan of this release for two reasons: 1) YOUTH OF TODAY and GORILLA BISCUITS weren't precision in their approach, which is the case with this, and all the other revival bands 2) I'd rather the sounds of heavily youth crew-influenced bands like INTENSITY and OUTLAST with their tweaking of the formula. (TH) (Big Wheel Recreation, 325 Huntington Ave., #24, Boston, MA 02115)

THE INTOXICATS - "Songs For Sinners" CD

Kinda put off by the name and look of this right away. Then they started in with the horns to really do me in. The singer has a real JEFF CLAYTON thing goin' yet they all look fresh out of a swing dance lounge. Aw... maybe I'm being to critical... no... no, NO! This blows for real. They start with something all right, then fuss with it like a nasty zit, adding bad backing vocals, and again the stupid swing horns, and this is all fucked up. (RY) (Rhythmitus, 340 W Chesterfield, Ferndale, MI 48220)

JAKKPOT/LES STITCHES - split CD

A live split disc from these two decent bands. My tastes lean more towards JAKKPOT here due to a more old school punk rock-n-roll sound and better quality recording. The LES STITCHES sound quality is so-so at best. Too bad cause I like them too. Still worth getting if you're into either of these bands. (RL) (Onefoot, PO Box 30666, Long Beach, CA 90853)

JANITOR - "Tahabi" EP

10 songs of good, pissed off hardcore that reminds me of COP OUT. If these guys lived in the Bay Area or some other metropolitan center where there were numerous pampered hardcore kids (like there are here) they would be the fucking biggest thing. But since they're from Houston, not a lot of people will take the time to check em out, which fucking is bullshit, cuz these guys destroy any current band I've heard from here. Check this out if you're into DS-13 or COP OUT. (MW) (Janitor, 945 Colombia, Houston TX 77008)

JAY BEE & THE KATS - "Tension/When School Is Through"

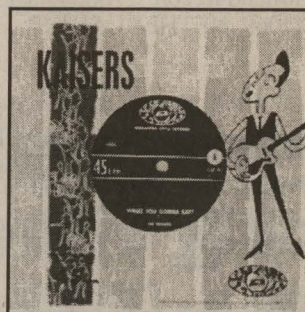
Archival stuff circa 1962 from South Dakota, fairly straightforward surf stuff with one instrumental and one song. Similar to the VENTURES, et al. Nothing to get really excited about, for the surf completists only, I think... (JY)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15233)

THE KAISERS - "What You Gonna Say?/You Don't Care"

..... these dudes be a "beat" band, that be fersure..... English, I guess..... I think I reviewed one of their records before..... can't remember..... seven years of reviewing shitty records has clogged my mind..... so let's start fresh..... if the Cavern club was around today, these lads would be getting their cocks sucked by a hot and horny crowd of teenage girlsthe Liverpool sound that got a lot of homely young men laidnow all the teenage girls are grown up..... house wivesand maybe they own a few KAISERS records..... or perhaps these very same house wives are showing up at KAISERS gigs and getting a bit of KAISER cock on the side..... yes, I do believe this to be true..... true also are the KAISERS to that very "beat" sound that most of us grew up with.... production-wise and song structure-wise..... it may get a bit corny at times, but then again so is my stool.... (SW)

(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr 14 50939 Koln, GERMANY)



THE KENMORES - "Now Or Never" CD

Despite my initial prejudice against this, it's really starting to grow on me. It's musically in the ballpark of early SAMIAM or DOUGHBOYS, but more rough around the edges. It sounds refreshingly ragged and youthful. Pretty anthemic, too. Well worth checking out. (BG)

(Eugene, PO Box 1981, Lexington, KY 40588)

KIBA - "Chimi Moryo" CD

Fierce traditional Japanese hardcore that is relentless. Choruses are shouted, guitar solos are strewn throughout the disc, and I can envision the crowd shaking their fists violently at every barked lyric. There's nothing more to say, but write Discrete (who has a ton of other great Japanese hardcore titles as well) and buy this now! (MW)

(Discrete c/o Hideyuki Okahara, Ceramica II #301, 2-1-37 Minami, Kokbunji, Tokyo, 185-0021 JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS



KING CHARLES HEAD/3 KLAPPERS - split EP

This three-piece surf band from Holland do it as good as any I've heard in a while. Loads of trebly reverb and energetic, yet dreamy riffs. It's even somewhat alien sounding at times. Sounds great on a day like today, with the windows open and sweat running down your back. But man, I really don't have much to say

about 3 KLAPPERS. Very primitive and derivative Cookie Monster mosh music. This is still worth getting for KCH. (BG) (Holland Records, Akkerstaat 51A, 7011 Da Gaanderen, 31 315 324069, NETHERLANDS)



KUNG FU MONKEYS - "Girls Cars Sun Fun" EP

One of the funnier bands around these days. Think HIFIVES and early DONNAS. They even do "Merry Christmas I Don't Wanna Fight Tonight" to show their RAMONES colors. Normally Mutant Pop boys, these guys get the party started right. (RL)

(Killer, PO Box 2, 28801 Pori, FINLAND)

LEATHERFACE/HOT WATER MUSIC - split LP

LEATHERFACE, back with almost the same line up yet sounding much more mature. The vocals now sound even more like Tommy Strange (STRAWMAN). The songs in themselves hold up well against their earlier material. HOT WATER MUSIC stay true to their last couple of singles on No Idea. I know they've been around too long for me to say they sound like FUEL, so I'll just say it's emotionally charged punk music. Very moving. So this is a great record if you just remember to black out the self-serving liner notes on the back. Who cares if you have their demo tape or listened to them before they were big? In fact who cares if you know the band? Who the hell really wants to read that trash? Yea, let's make more rockstars out of punks. (PA) (BYO, PO Box 67a64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

LED BY REGRET - "Distraction" CD

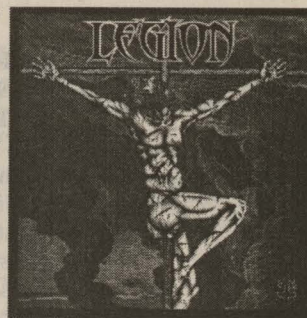
I'd like to thank LBR for choosing not to abuse the CD format by keeping the release a trim five songs. More thanks to them for screaming (and slightly singing) well-penned political and personal lyrics. And, yes, thanks for smashing together a tense, emotive, hardcore sound with a GRADE/ICONOCLAST (NJ) tempo/style reference. A CD for those buying MRR and HeartattaCk. (TH)

(\$6, Subprofit, PO Box 34029, Scotia Square R P O, Halifax, N.S., B3J 3S1, CANADA)

LEGION - "Abuse Is Isolation" EP

A cross between mid '80s Swedish thrashy stuff and "Word as Law" era NEUROSIS, with maybe a little bit of that modern grind core sound thrown in for extra measure. The packaging, while sort of ripping of JIHAD, plays heavily on the satanic imagery. Still the lyrics are solid, relevant and not of the moronic "kiss the goat" variety. This may not be an essential release, but it's worth it if you have the extra cash. (JF)

(\$4/\$5 world ppd: Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St West #100, Box 477, Toronto, Ont, M4W 3E2, CANADA)



LIBERATE/SELFISH - split EP

Two of the best outta modern day Japan and Finland, all collected for your convenience. LIBERATE take the slower path—it's more mid paced than their earlier stuff, which isn't bad, but it does draw some from the overall punch. Nothing bad, but not everything I'd hoped it to be either. SELFISH follow their lead, not in a bad way, but it's not everything I was hoping for either. To their credit, the second song is much more in line—a blazing, non-stop barrage. Imagine it would grow on me more after repeated listens—with the amount of releases today, not sure it'd get that chance. (TM) (HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo, 164 JAPAN)

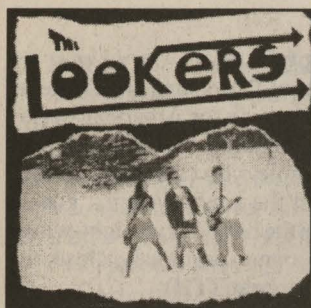


LIPOSUCCION - "Liposot Pa Tu Jeto" CD

This CD is pretty boring. Bits of SoCal melodic hardcore, '80s thrash, speed metal, ska (oh no) and street punk mixed together and played proficiently enough, but none of the tunes hold your attention for more than the first ten seconds. All the lyrics are sung in Spanish, and if Ray, who assigns the CDs, thinks I'll be able to provide you the reader with some dazzling insight into what this band has to say, I got news for you, I got a D in High School Spanish. Fuck was my dad pissed. "Mundo! What deh hell? Are you on drugs?", was his response one time. Ha, ha. Oh yeah, the CD, they do a yawn-inducing EXPLOITED cover to finish things off. (RM)

(W.C., C/O/Juan Ignacio, Apdo. 41019, 28080, Madrid, SPAIN)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE LOOKERS - "We Killed Rock 'n' Roll" EP

It's so easy to make fun of Green Bay (and everyone there gets really upset when you do), that I thought that would be the easy angle for this review. The truth is that bands from smaller towns are so much cooler. Everyone would say immediately that these guys are a rip off of

SUPERCHARGER and that whole lo-fi, "we are a terrible band" thing is over, and most of the time I'd agree, especially if the band was from LA, SF or NY. the LOOKERS are a female led version of the STATICS, particularly on the title track, though I wonder if they've heard the DRAGS "I Killed Rock 'n' Roll" cos it's almost the same song. A few vocal songs and a couple of instruments. They keep it simple and fun, which is what rock and roll is all about. (CK)

(Trick Knee Productions, PO Box 12714, Green Bay, WI 54307-2714)

LOWER CLASS BRATS - "Glam Bastard/Live For Today"

Punch-drunk second-LP CLASH punk meets GARY GLITTER for bedtime shennanigans. Very English-sounding, very "Last Gang in Town", you know. I could have done without the piano on "Glam Bastard", and I could have done with a grittier, lower-class production that showed a little more muscle—still, it's a safe bet for fans of the band and O__S__ punk in general (JH)

(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)



MACHINE GUN ETIQUETTE - "Self Respect" EP

This is pretty melodic sing-a-long stuff that's kinda old school sounding (like '77 punk meets early '80s HC). They pull it off mostly through their very high energy delivery. (BG)

(\$7 air mail: Campary, Fredrich St Mo, 40217 Dusseldorf, GERMA-NY)

MANIACS - "Ain't No Legend" LP

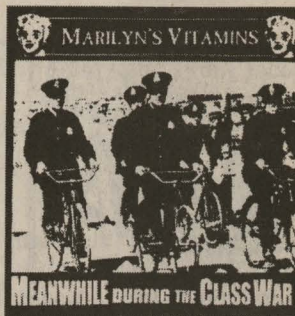
Cider-blunted dole rock from one of those fondly-remembered-by-some '70s punk bands that reissue labels like Get Back make their stock and trade. More of a glorified 12" than a full long-player, "Ain't No Legend" features than two versions of the title track, a couple live tunes, and rough-and-tumble studio work that sounds and pounds pretty good. Sort of like the DEPRES-SIONS meet the RAPED, in other words, slightly mediocre grunt-punk for those with low standards and high pain thresholds. The liner notes make the usual references to how punk rock overthrew the stale trends of the early '70s, presumably to make room for the stale trends that were in place by the end of the decade. (JH)

(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)

MARILYN'S VITAMINS - "Meanwhile During The Class War" EP

Generic pop punk a la PRO-PAGANDHI. I sure hope these aren't middle class kids singing about the working class. (Please read Orwell's "Road to Wigam Pier" for an explanation on why the working class revolution can not be led by the middle class that take up their cause). Clean recording, rather well played, defiantly over played. (PA)

(Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St West #100, Box 477, Toronto, ONT, CANADA)



MARILYN'S VITAMINS - "Meanwhile During The Class War" EP

Easily as good as their "Squeegee Girl" EP which was one choice hunk of wax. The sound definitely has CRIMPSPHINE mixed into the concrete, but this is much more punchy and driving. No crabbing from me about their well-delivered and quite sincere political lyrics. (TH)

(Ugly Pop)

MARKY RAMONE & THE INTRUDERS - "The Answer To Your Problems" CD

Why am I reviewing this? Fuck this. Way too slick and over-packaged for me. Why is Marky's name in front!?! It's not like he was even a real RAMONE!! This shit sucks. Boring, generic, rock 'n' roll "punk" in a name-dropping package. (BM) (Zoë, One Camp St, Cambridge, MA 02140)

MESSY HAIRS - "Dead Scene" LP

This is so fucking punk! I enjoyed this release even more than their split 7"s. His voice defines my idea of a punk vocalist, a bit reminiscent of the guy in PEACE OF MIND. He hollers and sings and talks over fast tunes with the occasional chug, chug in just the right places before they pick up speed again. Best of all, you can tell they are worried about stuff. Granted, it's the usual punk fare, but let me tell you, they're pissed, and this music hits hard! (JP)

(Seven Lucky, PO Box 9546, Denver, CO 80209)

MICHAEL YONKERS - "Micro-Miniature Love/Kill The Enemy"

.....two twisted tunes from 1968, recorded on Mars.....never heard of this dude, but from what little is said about him on the record sleeve and the "way out" off-the-wall style this mother-fucker is presenting here, yeah, he's gotta be a spaceman..... like VON ELMO.... space people there always has been a handful of real space people in rock 'n' roll..... the whole universe is dancing to the same beatthis is..... worth..... checking out (SW)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Cannonsburg, PA 15233)

MUSIC

REVIEWS



MIKE REP & QUOTAS/ SCREAMIN' MEE-MEES - split EP

Cool, glad to see we're following the *Hit List* example and reviewing records that came out a million years ago. I was wondering why this one never made it through. It's a tribute 45 to Sacramento's greatest ever psych-punk ensemble the TWINKEYZ, whose

late-'70s EPs are a must for anyone who digs, say, the early PERE UBU or the FIVE. MIKE REP gets "Aliens in Our Midst" and the SCREAMIN' MEE-MEES do "Cartoonland", both in their own idiosyncratic and totally spaced-out garage style. Keep in mind both of the bands on this EP themselves have records that date back to the TWINKEYZ late-'70s heyday, so this is sort of the package tour only 45 for the tour that never was. I'm sure this is already in the bargain bin at yer local hipster hole so start digging. (RW)

(New World Of Sound, PO Box 4634, Highland Park, NJ, 08904)



MINUTE MANIFESTO/ SHANK - split EP

Ok, according to the insert. SHANK contains members of SCATHA and EBOLA, and it shows. They kick down 6 songs of blasting raw punk fucking rock. Killer stuff. MINUTE MANIFESTO follow suit with their own brand of blitz-core, but they were a step behind

SHANK on the heaviness factor. They make up for it by doing a STUPIDS cover. Oh yeah! (RC)

(Enslaved, PO Box 169, Forster Court, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD1 2UI UK)



MISSELIJK - "Electric Baby- land" EP

Political stuff that falls in between LEATHERFACE and CITIZEN FISH. I'm more into the LEATHERFACE side of course, but this doesn't really move me too much. Decent, but only decent. (RL)

(PornoGram, PO Box 15002, 3501 BA, Utrecht, HOLLAND)

97A - "Society's Running On Empty" 12"

Bring it on! More 97A! Unyielding thrashy straightedge. Frantic with feeling. As always inspiring to do the right thing. They just keep getting better! (TJ)

(Teamwork, PO Box 4473, Wayne, NJ 07474)

97A - "Society's Running On Empty" LP

Here's my problem. A number of these songs read like a High School Civics textbook; big on praise for American-style democracy with all of its checks and balances that all work out in the end. There is one group of people who can count on the "write your congressman and get out the vote" system... guess who. I'm not at all suggesting 97A are the bad guys, or right-wing fascists, but some of these songs come perilously close to "Schoolhouse Rock" set to a hardcore beat. (TH)

(Teamwork)

NO-TALENTS - "Want Some More" LP

Ah, les NO-TALENTS—a band that mean as much to me as unpasteurized gruyere, Pernod over ice, and 10 franc pieces tossed off the Eiffel Tower. The long-awaited follow-up to their ace debut LP finds them let loose in a proper studio with Liam Watson turning the knobs and imposing order on chaos. Gone is the gutter-level grime of their earlier records, replaced by a tough, full-bodied sound that shows them from all the best angles. The live favorites are all here, mostly originals this time around—"Bad Story, Bad Movie", "Sex Shop", "(I Live for) Danger", and "French Girl" ready to drill into subconscious mind and haunt your nightmares. Mine, anyway. Punk rock, you've heard of it. Kinda quick for a full-length, but I'd rather be left wanting more than less. (JH)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

NOCTURNAL PROJEC- TIONS - "Worldview" EP

A nifty blast from Kiwi Nation circa 1981, this four-song EP rescues a raw garage band's cassette-only release and puts it on the Permanent Medium, vinyl. All four songs suffer slightly from time-enduced tape decay, but the songs are solid drone-punkers, the first ("Nerve Ends in Power Lines") being the strongest but they're all good. For fans of the thuggier side of the oft-times light-touch New Zealand punk/wave sound. Oh yeah, this label promises a SCAVENGERS 45 later on this year. How about the DEAD CAN DANCE demos as well? (RW)

(\$5: Raw Power, PO Box 7127, Wellesley St., Auckland, NEW ZEALAND)



THE NOBS - "Party Pooper" CD

Old school hardcore that is a cross between older AFI and the CRIMINALS, but with lyrics that range from stupidly funny, to just stupid. Don't get me wrong, I like any band that has pictures of blow-up sex dolls on their CD cover, especially when they're goats. Kind of fun in small doses. (JV)

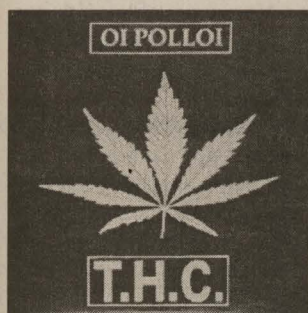
(The Nobs, PO Box 109, Whittier, CA 90608)

MUSIC REVIEWS

OI POLLOI - "Fuaim Catha" LP

Despite the hippy drums-and-poetry nonsense that opens this record, this is about as good a release as I've heard from OI POLLOI in years. Maybe it's the production, or maybe they've been practicing, or maybe the price of cider went up and they had to do something else for fun, but this really sounds as if a whole lot of effort went into it. As far as presentation and concept goes, they've nicked a page out of SEDITION's handbook this time, with a Gaelic title and Celtic artwork throughout. There's enough material for about twenty dodgy tattoos on the fold out poster alone. The lyrics (explained in detail in the 20-page booklet) rail on Tories, cops, TV, blood sports and other ills of society. Nice one, POLLOIS! (AM)

(Skuld, Malmsheimstr 14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY)



OI POLLOI - "T.H.C." EP

Didn't the DIDJITS already do the pot leaf cover thing? While it's hard for me to think of anything but pot smokin' hippies when I see a cover like this, the rage here is anything but peace, love and granola. The "sex & drugs & rock n roll" side is a bit of the sing-a-long street punk thing, but I enjoyed the faster "don't mention the war" side much more, what with all the GBH-

esque hollering. Yet another release that will make my top ten this month. (JP)

(Compary, Friedrichstrasse 110, 40217 Düsseldorf, GERMANY)

OI! SCOUTS - "Collection" CD

This is everything they recorded in the studio before breaking up. This band definitely has those "raise your fist and sing along" choruses. The inside cover says that where they live, "punk rock is being in a band that rips off NOFX songs." Pretty good stuff for coming out of a place like that. Highlights are "Nuke the Nazis," "Oi Punx," and "Anarchy People." They made me want to sing along. (SR)

(\$7: Squigtone, 166 Spring St, Newtown, NJ 07860)

OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN - "Last Words" CD

I really dislike CDs so my even taking the time to do a double review should let you know how strongly I disagree with Bobby's review. OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN is far from being "preachy." They are quite skilled (in the PROPAGANDI/TREPAN NATION vein) at combining totally fun pop punk sounds with what I've always thought were well observed observations and calls to action. Preachy = "I am good, you are bad" which this band never suggests. Of course, I haven't heard this CD, my blather is based on past exposure. (TH)

(Bad Monkey))

OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN - "Last Words" CD

Too fuckin' preachy for me. Pop punk with a strong social commentary. (BM)

(Bad Monkey, 473 North St., Oakland, CA 94609)

OPPRESSED LOGIC - "It's Harassment" CD

The East Bay's most infamous drunk (old school skate) punk band is back with 19 tracks that either hit or miss, depending on your tastes. "Void of Society" is really fucking good. "Welcome to the Bay," is, like many of their songs, good musically but tinged by lyrics that suck ass. There's a decent cover of ILL REPUTE's "Book and It's Cover", and if you need the vinyl it'll be out on Beer City records. By the way, previous members of OPPRESSED LOGIC are in a new, better band called EXIT WOUND. (JV)

(Industrial Strength, 2824 Regatta Blvd., Richmond, CA 94804)

ORCHID - "Chaos Is Me" LP

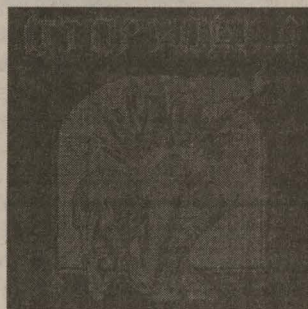
The drama, the moodiness, the vocals wrung out of a boy driven by angst and betrayal! Tom knows to give me the vinyl littered with graphics of coffins and skulls, a throw back to my darker days. ORCHID is hardcores version of the MISFITS, and I love it. (JP)

(Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

OTOPHOBIA - "Special Message" EP

Crazed crust/grindcore that relies heavily on the ultra metal riffage. Good shit. Reminds me of DISSENSION because they have the DIS thing going at times, but then they go full throttle. 16 songs in all. (MW)

(\$3.25: Reactionary, Po Box 5466, Atlanta GA 31107)



OUT COLD/NO SIDE - split EP

Japan's NO SIDE are a trashy, scratchy, fast punk rock band. There's no doubt that their pace is accompanied by tons of action live—possibly injuries are also involved. OUT COLD, a US band, play similarly thrashy shit with more frenzied, intriguing vocals but a bit less musical aggression. Both bands combine the speed and anger of early '80s hardcore with sloppy garage fuzz, and it works. (AC)

(Acme, PO Box 441, Dragut, MA 01826)



MUSIC

REVIEWS

PAINTBOX - "Singing Shouting Crying" CD

Now this was a pleasure. Their recent single was some great hardcore—sweeping guitar work, intricate songwriting—really turned some heads. So you get a 15-song CD, figure the quality has to go down, right? Surprise—no duds or filler here. Former members of accolades go out the window—this is amazing on its own merits. Every song has elements of classic—attacking style, breaks whenever useful, gravel vocals. Excellent—worth searching this out in order to get it! (TM)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo, 164 JAPAN)

THE PEACOCKS - "In Without Knockin'" CD

Oh, hell yeah!! Rockabilly!! Oh, wait a second... now they're ska!! Nooooo!!!! Hey wait this ain't bad...this is actually kinda sorta good, in fact. Stick with rock 'n' roll. (BM)
(Jump Up, PO Box 13189, Chicago, IL 60613)

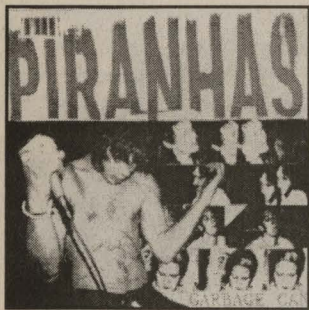
PEKINSKA PATKA - "Plitka Poezija" LP

The early Yugoslavian scene seems at this point to have been the most together of the Eastern Euro countries, mebbe more so than Germany even. PEKINSKA PATKA put out a passel of great records that are totally solid late '70s punk jumpers and this here boot collects the best from the first three 7"s and their two LPs. This record fulfills a function similar to the STAR CLUB and STALIN boots that are currently floating around, giving a total picture of a great or underrated '70s punk band comped onto the correct format, baby. With twenty-three songs mashed onto this thing the sound is rather quiet, so *turn it up!* (RW)
(no address)

PIRANHAS - "Garbage Can" EP

Treacherous, fractured. Evil. The meanest guitar sounds since Frankie Fix and Johnny Strike broke strings and eardrums at the Old Waldorf, staggering drums, the sounds of an ancient farfisa gasping for its final breaths. Breathless abandon, wild flailing. "Garbage Can" and "Mind Control" are the short, sharp shocks, while the b-side reaches for epic status with bombastic riffs and mangled guitar buzz. Slow down, these plastic sandals are chafing my feet... A band that easily side-steps pigeonholes and convenient labels such as Pet Rock, Art Garage or Trust Fund. The single of the month, the band of the hour, and the most impressive debut I've heard in a hell of a long time. (JH)

(\$4: Tom Perkins, PO Box 970936, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)



THE PETTY FORDS/SCREWBALLS - split EP

The PETTY FORDS rock my world. Wussy, teenage geek rock. The SCREWBALLS on the other hand fall victim to my split theory (i.e. one band will rock the other... not so much.). (BM)

(608 Kisses, PO Box 3127, La Crosse, WI 54602)

PLOW UNITED - "The Dustbin Of History" CD

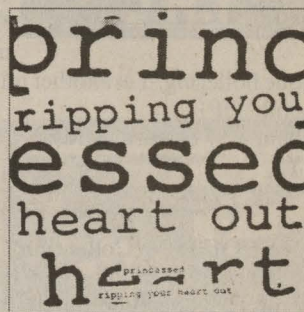
I don't know why I wasn't totally into this late pop punk combo. They certainly had their moments with "Sorority Girl" and "Dance". More than a few people tried to turn me onto them. This is a 27-track odds-and-ends comp. Very enjoyable, with its amateurish charm. Not the greatest pop punk band of all time, but certainly worth checking out if you can track down this handy disc that includes some great singles. (RL)

(Coolidge, 157 Coolidge Terrace, Wyckoff, NJ 07481)

PRINCESSED - "Ripping Your Heart Out" EP

Fuck! I thought this was on the wrong speed but that's really how the vocals sound. Sort of a traumatized emo punk attack at first that's almost like really early VERSUS. Cool high girl vocals give it a new wave edge. It's raw and pretty intense. I've gotta try to find their first single now. (LH)

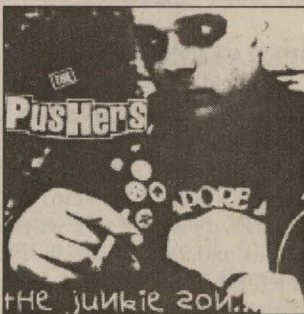
(Create A Villain Of Your Own, PO Box 1515, Leesburg, VA 20177)



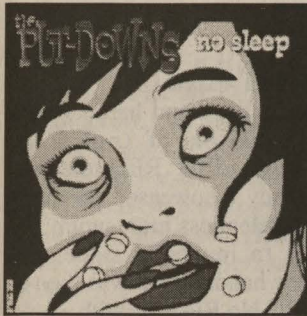
THE PUSHERS - "The Junkie Son" EP

This is another Thunders-sounding band, done way better than most, but no more original. The recording is clean, but not overdone, a perfect mix. A great record to get down to, so go and get it. Limited to 800. (JN)

(Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)



MUSIC REVIEWS



THE PUT-DOWNS - "No Sleep" EP

Paul J of the MOTARDS is back with this garage trio out of Boremont, TX. Coming from Texas, the lyrics have a country edge, such as: "She made me drink, she made me cry/But I'll love her until the day I die/And I am a haunted man" as well as a George Strait cover of "Unwound." Not that I know what George Strait sounds

like. I think it's kind of fucked up to put a song about stalking and killing a girl on a record, but it was a good song, and I'm pretty sure it was tongue-in-cheek. I almost forgot to mention that it's on pretty grey-marbled vinyl for all you collectors. (BC) (Little Deputy, PO Box 7066, Austin, TX 78713-7066)

QUADRAJETS - "Hole In The Sky/My Car, My Spaceship"

OK, are we "hit" or are we "miss"? This band pissed me off a few records back, when they started getting arty or something, when before that they were fairly greasy and rockin'. I see they're back on track, and I say, "Yay!". The heavy-rock element is a recent construction, but why would I mind. This is so cool, but is it really the same band? (RY)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

QUALM - "Put 'Er There" CD

You know, I've heard worse records in my life, I've seen shows that made me go "What's the point?" more than I did while listening to this, I've heard pop punk that didn't make me cringe at the lack of originality, and listened to lyrics that were more obnoxious and banal than these. I must've. I just can't seem to remember when right now. (BG)

(Not Bad, PO Box 7455, Boulder, CO 80302)



THE REAL ENEMY - "Attack!" EP

If you had any questions about the way SxE hardcore should be heading check this out. Positive, political and with a lo-fi basement recording that is full of spirit, hope and intelligence (something the straightedge scene has been missing for a while.) Having opinions about more than just an insular little scene and how to kickbox

with your hood on is a good thing. (TJ) (UnderEstimated, PO Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613)

REDHEADED STEPCHILDREN - "Part Of The Problem" CD

A misfired attempt at mixing mid '80s SoCal punk and the newer Fat style music. It reminds me of the band I was in in high school except for the fact that we were sure that we weren't even ready for a demo tape. Please, more demo tapes, less CDs. (PA) (Eugene, PO Box 1981, Lexington, KY 40588)

REDUCERS SF - "Backing The Longshot" CD

TKO is certainly getting "a sound". Well-produced catchy street/Brit punk. I've never gone nuts over these guys before, but this is a pretty great full-length. Think CHELSEA and "Hersham-era SHAM 69. Great production from SWINGIN' UTTER Darius too. Not a clunker in the bunch. Sing-alongs for days on this. A very strong full-length from these locals. (RL) (TKO, 4104 24th St #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

REINFORCE - "One Life Thug Free" EP

You know, one step down from a squeaky-clean production grade does a youth crew good. Not to mention a touch of humor and an inclusive attitude, attributes that the genre usually rewards with a sweaty-boyish frown of disapproval. REINFORCE is a North Carolinian four-piece that physically fits the profile, but seems to

bring a fresh perspective to the "edge," admitting the influence of MORRISSEY as well as SEVEN SECONDS. Rockin' hooks and hey-hey singalongs are a plus. (AC)

(Underestimated, PO Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613)



THE RETREADS - "Dumb Kids" CD

The RETREADS go for that love-sick-teenage-boy-infatuated-with-a-girl stuff with their WEASELY QUEERS sound. They have plenty of energy, but too many others have done this way better. (HM)

(Skull Duggery, 77 Scituate Ave, Scituate, MA 02066-3561)

THE ROAD RUNNERS - "Goodbye/Be Mine"

Straightforward garage with enough beat and pop flavor to keep it from sounding too obvious on two fairly catchy songs with a production job that avoids being too slick for its own good. Worth a listen. (DD)

(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14, 50939 Koln, GERMANY)



MUSIC REVIEWS



SANDIEST - "The Mindless Crowd/Never I'm Not Down"

Heavy early CLASH or BUZZCOCKS influences here. Played rather well so really there's nothing I can complain about. Two songs, the title song being by far the better and well worth the getting the record for. (PA)

(Sick, 121 Kojogaoka Otsu-shi Shiga, 520-0821, JAPAN)

SANGRAAL - "Wolves Of Armageddon" LP

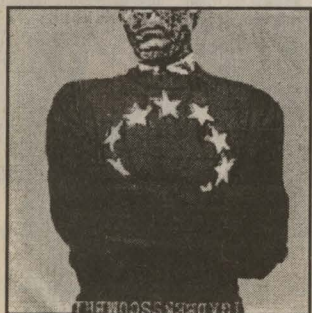
According to the letter that accompanied this record the band looks to be a direct side-project of San Diego's GEHENNA. So as you can imagine this record fucking destroys. Sick fucking hardcore, twisted into a mass of rage and black metal. And besides, how can you go wrong with a band that "supports the use of drugs, violence, suicide, murder and anything that is a crime against Christianity... we shall ride once again to crush the head of God." Fucking brutal! (RC)

(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AP Amsterdam, The NETHERLANDS)

SCARRED FOR LIFE - "Born, Work, Die" LP

The title had me thinking of the none to shabby "Birth, School, Work, Death" LP by the GODFATHERS. A few seconds of listening dispel any comparisons to the curled-lip rock (no roll) of that band. Hey, where am I? Ok, this band is made up of ex-members of Southern Californian bands who have been fine tuning the politically saturated, verse chorus guitar pummel of DISCHARGE and FINAL CONFLICT long enough to know what makes for a solid sounding album. Love the Scandi-style guitar leads and the (regardless of what the mature farts say) always-relevant anti-war anthems. (TH)

(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)



SCUMBRIGADE/ENS - split EP

SCUMBRIGADE is a thrashier reminder of "Pain of Mind" NEUROSIS, by way of Sweden, and I was much more impressed by their side of this split. That said, ENS wasn't bad, and they sound a bit like this Japanese band I reviewed a while back called... FISHY(I think). Sort of over-the-top thrash meets power violence, by way of Sweden. (JV)

(PO BOX 172 10/S-104 62 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

SEEIN' RED/THE JUDAS ISCARIOT - split LP

So sweet, the fuck-you slap of politics and hardcore of SEEIN' RED with the jazz-aggression of (not EX) the JUDAS ISCARIOT. In the past few SEEIN' RED releases I've enjoyed the slightest bit of melody (showcased on their initial releases) adding hooks to their relentless momentum. A few pounds have found their way to my belly since the JUDAS ISCARIOT EP was first in my hands. What was then a hectic hardcore of an early Boston/ABC No Rio mix, with a few jazzed-out timing and tempo changes (and horn) is now... much the same! The jazz stuff is now utilized throughout the songs, and amazingly takes nothing away from their drive. Unlike the SEEIN' RED lyrics, JUDAS ISCARIOT's may take a few reads to understand. Sort of like this review. (TH)

(Mountain, PO Box 220320, Greenpoint Post Office, Brooklyn, NY 11222)

SEX SEX SEX - "924 North 25th St" CD

These little promo packages sure are useful. aren't they. The notes accompanying the SEX SEX SEX CD describe them as a blend of NASHVILLE PUSSY, the MISFITS and the MURDER JUNKIES, which puts it far more eloquently than I would have ever been able to. (JH)

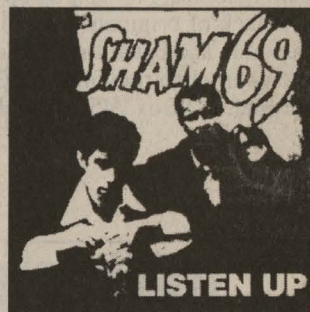
(Deleria Noise Outfitters, PO Box 302, 71603 Ludwigsburg, GERMANY)

SHAM 69 - "Listen Up/25 Years"

Ejole! I was expecting this to really suck given the fact that the last thing I heard by this band, the "Volunteers" LP, ranks as one of the worst albums ever, but this, this is great. As a matter of fact the title song is right up there with the classics "Give a Dog a Bone" "Hersham Boys" and "Hurry Up Harry". Mid-tempo, catchy as all hell,

a great guitar sound, good production and Jimmy Pursey's voice and Cockney accent are cool as ever. The b-side took a few listens to grow on me, but it's great as well. It reminded me a bit of TOM WAITS in that it has a melancholy blues feel to it. Given all the lame-brained hardcore and RANCID wannabe shit being passed off as punk, oi, street punk or whatever in this country lately this is a breath of very refreshing air. Fuck a duck. Do you guys need a bass player? Come to the States, we'll do lunch. (RM)

(Sudden Death, Moscorp PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC, CANADA V5G 3H0)



MUSIC REVIEWS

THE SICK - "SF Hardcore" CD

Don't let the INTEGRITY tattoo fool you, this band is so fucking soft. Catchy, pop-core with a rap edge made for radio shit (oh fuck, there is even a "pick it up" ska bit. I now must cry a moment for hardcore.) Sure, there a few heavy bits here and there, but if this is SF hardcore I need to get the fuck out of here. If you are easily impressed, Henry Rollins produced this... wow. (TJ) (The Edge, 1007 Montana Ave, Unit 701, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

SKIT SYSTEM - "Gra Varld/Svarta Tankar" CD

Fuck yeah! This has to be one of my favorite current Scandinavian crustcore bands. These guys destroy. Thick distorted riffs, raging vocals and powerful production round out a hell of a sound. Essential for all you patch punx! (RC) (Distortion, Box 129, 40122 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

SKULL KONTROL - "Deviate Beyond All Means Of Capture" CD

Silly wabbit, there was a record-putting-out-band named SKULL CONTROL in the early '90s, check your sources kids! Anyhoo, this band has formed from the ashes of weirdo-emo stalwarts MONORCHID, whose records always inspired a certain "feh" in these quarters. This outfit goes all PEECHEES-like in their wiry post-post-new wave theorizing about post-graduate emotional torture, so I'm predisposed to say "Piss on them from a great height". No, I like the PEECHEES and I like SKULL KONTROL too, pretentious garage bands are totally necessary as salve to the dumbo QUEERS clones that litter our nation's highways with cheap beer cans every summer and numb the soul with their witless crotch-gazing. Support SKULL KONTROL! (RW) (Touch & Go, Po Box 25520, Chicago, IL, 60625)

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS - "Do It Dog Style" LP

Now this is what I like! Awesome song writing, razor sharp guitar tones, foot stompin' drum beats, snotty vocals, slick harmonies, good haircuts, cool clothes, this band had it all! I'm fairly certain this reissue is a bootleg. If so, it's one of the best of the past couple of years. The art work is an exact replica of the original, save for the dust jacket, and it includes all the tracks from the "Cranked Up Really High", "Dame to Blame" and "Quick Joey Small" EP's. The sound quality is magnificent, and it's hard to believe these recordings are over twenty years old, because they still pack one hell of a rock and roll punch. Easily one of the best punk rock records ever, this smokes 98% of the jokers trying to duplicate this sound nowadays. (RM) (no address)

SLEAZY JOKE - "Sans Concession" EP

Rockin' hardcore here, with an up-front punk sound and crisp production. They manage to make their native accent sound urgent and heartfelt, something that few French bands (with the notable exception of LES THUGS) manage to do. (AM) (Mass Prod, BP 287, 35005 Rennes Cedex, Breizh, FRANCE)

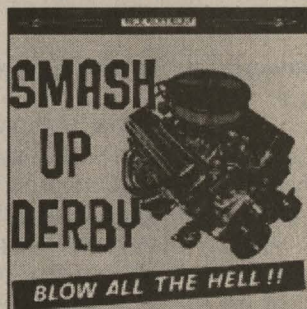


SMARTBOMB CA "Savor The Moment" CD

This sounds outrageously like MxPx, who I hate for many reasons. Maybe it's the shitty drum production, but this record never really goes anywhere. That includes a fair cover of "White Wedding". I mean, it's okay. It's just not really anything. (LH) (Creative Man, PO Box 341457, Los Angeles, CA 90034)

SMASH UP DERBY - "Blow All the Hell!!" EP

This is a really rad release of PAGANS/DEAD BOYS garage rockin' shit!!! Yeah, motherfucker! It's about time I got more shit like this... and this month I hit the motherload!!! All these songs are fast, pissed and fuzzed out with Alex from the SPACESHITS on vocals! Who luvs ya baby!! (JB) (Zaxxon Virile Action, 2635 8th Ave W {basement suite} Vancouver, BC CANADA)



SMUT PEDDLERS - "Silicone & STP" EP

Mid-tempo, catchy enough, punk 'n' roll. Decent and all that, but lacks the extra "something" to distinguish itself from the volumes of mediocrity that gets put to vinyl. On another day, it might get a better review, but today I'm on this kick that we should be delivering better shit. Limited to a maximum of 800 copies, whatever that means. (KK)

(Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)



MUSIC

REVIEWS

SMASH YOUR FACE - "Loose Times, Fast Times" EP

What can I possibly say about SMASH YOUR FACE? They just toured here and destroyed everything in their path. They play really fast and raw punk/thrash with a stage presence like the DWARVES. This record is great high energy punk that does not let up. To see them live is to be a fan for life, but for those who haven't been as lucky, this record (as with their other ones) will do just fine. Another fine release from... (MW)
(Prank, Po Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

SNACK CRAPPLE POX



SNACK CRAPPLE POX - "Jimbo" EP

Edging in the competition for stupidest band name ever, this Knoxville quartet does pop-punk songs about girls in an MTX sort of way. Not bad for dopey love songs, and not really that dopey. I kind of wanted them to play faster, though. (BC)

(Shady Troll, 11035 West Pico Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90064)

SONICS RENDEZVOUS BAND - "Strikes Like Lightning" LP

SONICS RENDEZVOUS was a band formed by Fred Smith of MC5 and Scott Asheton from the STOOGES who later became IGGY POP's touring band. I was really excited to get this for review 'til I saw that I didn't get a reviewer's copy. Fucking bootleggers. Too cheap to spare even one copy of this piss yellow slab of vinyl to some one who would truly appreciate it. Thanks a lot. Of course, I'll try to track this down, because it contains songs not included on the So What or last year's legitimate live release, even though it's badly mislabeled and has the shittiest recording quality ever. The studio version of their '78 "City Slang/Sweet Nothing" single alone makes this worth having unless you have the original, which I doubt. Only for fanatics. (DP)

(Black Adder)

THE SONS OF HERCULES - "Get Lost" LP

Well, this was a nice surprise. A band from Texas that sounds like a cross between the CANDY SNATCHERS and the FLAMIN' GROOVIES. Short songs that rock, but have '60s style vocals and ambience. Wow. (CK)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

SPIT - "A Star" EP

SPIT is a French band that seem to have a firm grasp on their punk history. Some of it reminds me of early LA punk, some of mid '80s posi bands, and also a little RANCID. It's not incredibly original, but it is interesting and vital sounding. (BG)

(Small Budget, BP 07, 78110 Le Vesinet, FRANCE)



SQUIDBOY - "Drinking Songs" CD

It's always heartening to watch the evolution of a band that you know has so much potential. Well, on this, their third CD, SQUIDBOY have found a powerful and mature sound. Not only that, but it is a wholly unique one too. Despite the title, this CD is more about the things that drive one to drink, than some sloppy, celebratory affair. The songs are full of anger, loss, and searching. The music is alternately broods, breaks down and soars. Think of a stew with everything from BLACK FLAG and HUSKER DU to DRIVE LIKE JEHU and a little '60s/'70s rock thrown in. That just touches on what this CD is like. Anyhow, this is absolutely essential. (BG)

(Allied, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146)

THE STARLITES - "I Can't See You/Big Boss Man"

Oooh child, here you got some raw 'n' primitive, hip swayin', torso twistin' vintage 60's garage punk. Yeah, this is a good lil' oasis to bust out with some serious moves. Yeah you'll have to 'scuse me while I go-go baby. (DL)

(GET HIP Columbus & Preble Aves, Pittsburgh, PA 15233)

STILLETTO BOYS - "Rockets And Bombs" LP

Stuck this sticky piece of vinyl on the turntable, and the first thing I thought is man, the boy singing on this must have on some seriously crotch-tight pants on (and I'm a fan of tight pants), but hell I need more balls... Jesus just a pinch of testosterone ain't gonna hurt this recording one bit. This is punk rock for girly girls or maybe the much less jaded than I. Actually, the STILLETTO BOYS have some fun love sick moments and could definitely compare to local heart throbs ROMEO'S DEAD. Yeah, I could imagine this being played at my high school prom... well, had I went. I guess I just don't feel so pretty in pink. (DL)
(High Society International, St. Petersburg Str 4, 18107 Ros-tock, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS



STOMPIN' HARVEY & THE FAST WRECKERS - "Is You Is" EP

.....a record put out by LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN.....by a French swamp rock slop band with no production..... it's bouncing off my brain..... not sinking in at all..... too hung over fer this now..... it hurts..... plus I gotta take a shitI dunno, to be honest this falls under "background" music.....

it's played well, but it is boring.... ZZZZZZZ ZZZZZZZ ZZZZZZZ (SW)

(Voodoo Rhythm, Rodtmattstrasse 81, 3014 Bern, SWITZERLAND)

STONED - "When You're Gone..." EP

A German garage 45, reason enuff for pause, but this single ducked the sucker punch I had aimed at its lolling noggin. They're goin' for the tired porno angle on the sleeve, but the band sound itself is pure FLESHEATERS/DIVINE HORSEMEN, the vocals being sorta warbly/wobbly Chris D. all the way. That ain't fair, cause I'll give anything that reminds me of the 'EATERS a good review. None of the songs are going to make you hum "Wedding Dice" or anything, but this a true left-field Euro non-60's garage punker. (RW)

(Pornogram, PO Box 15002, 3501 BA Utrecht, NETHERLANDS)

STRYCHNINE - "Born Too Loose" LP

Yeah, so we helped put this out, so before you get all outta shape about reviewing our own releases, thought I'd make that known. Enough on that—fitting that I'd get the call up on this one, as there was some discussion on STRYCHNINE a few months ago around here whereas I explained their appeal. Back some time ago, you could count on POISON IDEA to take the impact and verve of hardcore and temper that with the catchiness and songwriting of punk. Obviously, I wouldn't count on them to wash my truck nowadays, but there's still that spirit around—check this LP. A bit smoother than the last one, but still nowhere near mellow. Great stuff. (TM)

(\$8: Vacuum, PO Box 460324, San Francisco, CA 94146)



STUPID BABIES GO MAD - "Turbo, Trash, Frenzy" EP

Great high energy hardcore punk rock. Reminds me of a mix between SMASH YOUR FACE and OUT COLD. Early '80s styled punk thrash that is well executed. I'm sure that they are just as fun to watch as they are to listen to! Check 'em out! (MW)

(Acme, Po Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826)

SUBMIT? - "NAFTA" EP

Man, these guys have their hearts in the right place, but this is pretty bad. Female/male vocals that don't seem to go with the music at all. They sing about NAFTA, eating dead flesh, capitalism, Prozac and Native American rights. Well, it does come with a patch. (SR)

(\$3: Systemsuck, PO Box 950, Bowling Green, OH 43402)

SUPER FUN HAPPY SLIDE/ DIVIT - split EP

Both bands have a pop punk sound in the vein of ALL. The DIVIT song is much better, think guitar, catchy tune, decent vocals. SFHS have a tinny sound that takes so much away from the song. Not unlike so many other records out there. (PA)

(Milksoy, 1866 McAllister, San Francisco, CA 94115)



THE SWARM - "Parasitic Skies" 10"

Do you want to be bowled over? If you are into grindcore/ metalcore this will do it. Brilliant! Truly moving. Heavy and blistering. fast and screamy vocals combined with a big fat production sound. (TJ)

(\$7:, No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

SWARRRRM/FUGAKU - split CD

What was described to me as a split CD of Japanese grind. Hits it on the nose, though that's a bit simplistic for what you get. Seven tracks in about twenty minutes from the two of them—both tread the ground between total cacophony and a calculated onslaught. Think cluster bombs versus laser guided missiles. Minimal information in English, fair enough, just makes it that much more difficult to pass anything on. Get it if you can—grind seems harder and harder to come by in recent times, which isn't necessarily how I'd prefer it. (TM)

(no address)

SWINGIN' UTTERS - "Brazen Head" CD

I know it's really cool not to like the SWINGIN' UTTERS anymore, since they've strayed from the generic oi/Brit sound, but I still dig them. They still have some great tunes, without being out- and-out-pop. Sure, they mix in the POGUES thing here and there, but they can still spit it out when they have too. Along the ways of their last LP, maybe even a little more rocking. If you can't accept their sound, I guess you can always pray for that EXPLOITED reunion tour. (RL)

(Fat Wrek Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

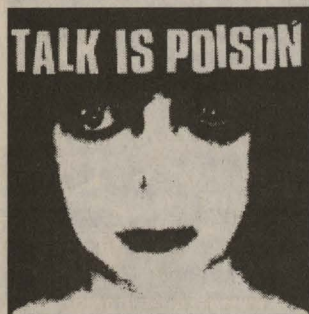
MUSIC

REVIEWS

THE SWIV-O-MATICS - "Music To Get Lucky By..." CD

The thing about surf music is you need a gimmick, and by the picture on this CD, it doesn't look like these guys have one, or else I'm not getting the black t-shirts and jeans thing. Possibly a great live band (?). The songs sound fine, and I'm sure everyone is very talented, but I can only hear the same songs so many times. (CK)

(PO Box 70353, Baltimore, MD 21237)



TALK IS POISON - "Control" EP

Awsome, pissed-off hardcore. Really, TALK IS POISON has turned it up a notch with this release. Considering the standards set with their previous material, that is saying something. If Ken keeps putting out stuff this good, I may forget that he seriously thought "Godzilla" was the best movie of '98. (JF)

(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)



TERRIBLE HEADACHE - "Terribly Insane" EP

Well, it is a 3-piece from Japan, and they are on Blurred records..... uh, wonder what this sounds like?

TERRIBLE HEADACHE jump headfirst into the formula, with some fast screechy over-the-top punk (can you say feedback?). It was good, but it didn't have the out-of-control speed I was hoping

for. (RC)

(Blurred, 482-1 Naka, Kambra, Ihara, Shizuoka 421-3213, JAPAN)

3 AGAINST 1 - "Welcome To The Real World" EP

The 3 AGAINST 1 EP on Squigtone Records presents some brutal tough hardcore punk rock from New Jersey. The pace is fast, the vocals and instruments are razor-edged. There are some good slow-to-fast breaks. The lyrics are intelligent, dealing with life's challenges. The song "Inside" goes like this: "Beat someone down for no reason at all/Are you really proud?/Muscles don't always make you strong/People fight for stupid reasons, it's true/But it's worse to fight for nothing like you do..." This is a good record with lots of power—listen up! (BR)

(Squigtone, 166 Spring St., Newton NJ 07860)

TORMENTULA - "Submit Your Unworthy Soul" CD

Ugh, it's like a better GONKULATOR (but not by much). Really repetitive, horribly written black metal (if I dare call it that) from the capital of cheese. (MW)

(Speakeasy, PO Box 260188, Madison, WI 53726)

TOXIC NARCOTIC - "89-'99" CD

Dang. This band has been around for some time. I think I saw them play awhile back at Gilman with CHAOS UK. Or was it the brew pub across the street. Hmm... never mind. As for the nineteen songs on this release, they're all fast and heavy hardcore, which remind this reviewer of LOGICAL NONSENSE, SLAYER and SICK OF IT ALL. (RM)

(Rodent, PO Box 335, Newton Centre, MA 02459)

THE THROWAWAYS - "Aneurysm" EP

This three-tracker is certain to sound a little familiar even if you haven't heard the band before: straightahead punk-rock, much of it in a three-chord mode, a throaty vocalist, lyrics that are angry at nothing in particular.... No real standout tunes either, though their unpretentious attitude makes them seem more credible somehow. (SS)

(High Society International, St Petersburg Str 4, 18107 Rostock GERMANY)

TV MEN - "Out Of Your Screen" CD

This French band have a pretty aggressive sound that is filtered through rock, but is still definitely punk. Think of bands like MARGINAL MAN or even the DAMNED for the kind of juiced rock these guys play. The guitars are crunchy and mid-paced (and thankfully also fairly solo-free). The vocals are good when sung more melodic or punky, and less metal. Overall, this is a curious hybrid. (BG)

(Sympatic Bar, 11, Rue St Michel, Rennes, 02 99 79 10 02, FRANCE)

UBP - "...And The Plot Thickens" CD

I can't believe I had to take JOHNNY CASH out of my CD player to put this on... oh well, duty calls. New school hardcore with metallic, crunchy guitars but a hint of emo melody. Earnest, sung vocals occasionally getting edgy with the strain, sounds good when they're all going at it. Not so good when they try and get clever. (AM)

(\$10: Hectic, Rietbergstraat 78, 7201 GK Zutphen, THE NETHERLANDS)

UNDER THE INFLUENCE - "Sober?" CD

At first I thought this wasn't bad pop-punk, in the vein of ATOMIC BOY, but it grew tired fast. I wanted to beat them up by the 15th track, but they held out for 20, and I think a "hidden" track, but I turned it off even though it was still going. If all your songs sound exactly the same, consider putting out small runs of EPs on colored vinyl that will instantly become collector's items. No one will realize the similarities until Rhino releases a compilation disc 20 years later, and by that time you've distanced yourself from your youthful errors. Either that or vary your songs so that track 1 is discernible from tracks 2-20. A smaller dose might have been okay, but this was the CD that would never end, and it was only 45 minutes long. (BC)

(Supersize, 2401 S. Lakeshore Blvd., Austin, TX 78741)

MUSIC REVIEWS



URBAN TRASH / GLOBAL HOLOCAUST - split EP

Abbreviated listen, as the entire first side had some pressing defect, and the vinyl was pitted and unplayable. What I did get out of URBAN TRASH was rough capable hardcore—seemed like the drummer got out of step with the other members at times, but unremarkably solid overall. The flip

was more of the same—nothing bad, but nothing that hasn't been done plenty already. GLOBAL HOLOCAUST get the nod here—when they pull out all the stops, it's the high point of the record. (TM)

(Tobacco Shit, c/o Simon Pare, 827 Goldbourn, Greenfield Park QC, J4V 3H4, CANADA)

USELESS I.D. - CD

Decent punk rock out of Israel. This CD was put out to support an upcoming tour, a worthwhile endeavor. Mostly songs about lost love and loneliness. For some reason the vocals remind me of JAWBREAKER. Not bad, not great, but it played in my car for a couple of days. (BC)

(Falafel, PO Box 7812, Haifa 31070, ISRAEL)

UK SUBS - "Huntington Beach" CD

Yeah! The reissue of their 8th album that came out in 1986. Not only does it contain the 15 original tracks, but also 5 bonus ones. I recommend this to those of you that don't already own this album, but don't buy it just for the bonus tracks. (SR)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

UNIFORM PANTS - "Execution Of Hiram Abiff" EP

As Tom H. left the house, he mentioned that I got this for review. Couple of us couldn't figure if he was giving me a hard time or props. Little did he know I'd already been initiated—I've tried to figure this one out for a while now. Distorted, raw and charasmatically unstructured—this is what a great hardcore band might sound like before they wrote any songs. When they play fast, it's much more coherent, but there's plenty of aimless feedback as well. Interesting, but almost for it's lack of direction as much as anything else. (TM)

(Tri-Force, 510 Rockton Rd., Rockton, IL 61072)

VÖMIT FÖR BREAKFAST/EMMA HO - split EP

VÖMIT FÖR BREAKFAST is SPAZZ like Slap-a-Ham fare, with some very concise lyrics. They make their point, and well, they move on. EMMA HO is much heavier sounding, like late-eighties DOOM with CONFUSE production values. Actually, nothing is that bad, and EMMA HO is really good. (JV)
(Murder, Olivier Lacoste - BP 11, 33023 Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE)

WARHEAD - "Drive It In Your Head" EP

Two songs from the experts of punishing Japanese hardcore. Both songs are anthem-esque hardcore songs that never really pick up the pace that WARHEAD had played in the past. These songs are good, but if its your first time hearing WARHEAD, try to check out either the "Cry of Truth" EP or the "Lost Self" EP. After those two, you will be a diehard WARHEAD fan and this new EP will complete your collection. (MW)

(Fast Nail)



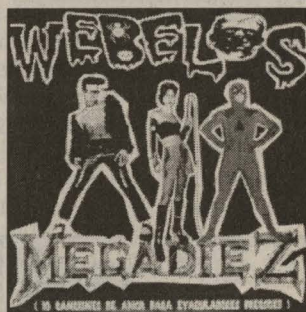
THE WARRIORS - "Made In England" EP

Jumpin jimmany. I read my reviews from last month and there were some terrible spelling and grammar mistakes. I think I might be cixelsyD. Even worse, I spent \$35,000 of my own dollars on a college noitacude and I can't write a simple gnikcuf paragraph without screwing the whole thing pu. What a waste. Well, I'll try to do better this month I esimorp. Now on to the weiver! This little slice really caught me by surprise. I'm not a big LAST RESORT fan, and I didn't really dig the stuff this band, which features former LAST RESORT members if I'm not mistaken, has done up to now, but it's great. Catchy, mid-tempo and anthemic, all three tunes are very righteous and right up there with COCKSPARRER and THE BUSINESS. The song "C.S.A." is particularly strong and worth the cover price alone. Strangely enough, one of the songs listed on the cover didn't make it onto the vinyl. Oh well. Thanks for the extra copy by the way. (RM)
(Durango 95, C/O Carlodott Muselli, via Stevani 5, 29100 Piacenza, ITALY)

WEBELOS - "Megadiez" EP

These WEBELOS are warped Spanish freaks. This male sex-god grunts and cranks out power chords on guitar, while the beautiful Poison Bambee screeches out vocals and simple punk bass riffs. To top it off, Spiderman/Spidey Gonzalez whips up a frantic beat. The record is pretty crazy and primitive lo-fi garage rock, and I'd say a "must see" live show. (HM)

(Tres Cipotes, Apdo. 13120, 28080 Madrid SPAIN)



WE'LL FACE - "What Can I Gain?" CD

Big shout-out intros, harmonic breakdowns and other youth crew standards fill this CD in that tried-and-true SxE formula. But here it's done well. A more than worthwhile offering from our Italian straightedge brothers. (TJ)
(Youth Crew, Massimo Tieni via U Betti 113-20051, Milano, ITALY)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? "Hollow Victory" 10"

I saw one of this bands first shows, and that couldn't have been more than six months ago. Now they've already got an EP and this 10" out...guess it pays to be fucking awesome. I know all the cool straight edge kids in your town are talking about how cool thrashcore is again, and this is the band that is leading the revival. This ain't just a retro joke though, the lyrics on this record are insightful, and as always, positive. Plus the songs (including an awesome cover of GB's "Stand Still" which had me out of my seat singing along, and a couple of songs about the scene that gave me chills) seriously shred. Everyone in this band has been in tons of other awesome projects, but I won't bore you with the list. Put away those well worn SUICIDAL records and get ready for the future in circle pit sounds. (ST)
(Not A Problem, PO Box 420802, San Francisco, CA 94142-0802)

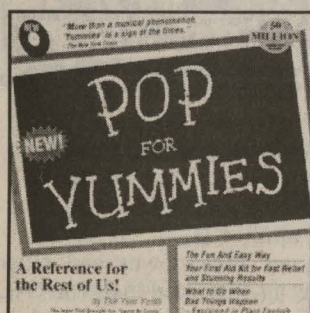


THE WONTONS - "Let's Wok!" EP

This wacky trio delivers a well-rounded platter of 60's garage punk. The WONTONS' sloppy, lo-fi sound has plenty of spunk to make this an excellent release. Check it out. (HM)
(Screaming Apple, Düsternichstr. 14, 50939 Köln GERMANY)

X-RAYS - "Going Postal" CD

Near as I can figure, there isn't really another full-on, balls-to-the-wall, American-styled rock 'n' roll band like this in England these days. I don't really dig this one too much to be honest, the production is so uniform it makes all the songs sound the same and that's a shame really, 'cause I like to do anything I can to encourage real rock to exist in that shitty trend-worshipping digitized beats hole of a country. If they can get some dynamics running through their shit, they'll be a world-class contender. As is, they fall short for me. (RW)
(Saddle Tramp, PO Box 5412, Nottingham, N61 6HT, UK)



YUM YUMS - "Pop for Yummies" 45

I love these guys. Truly one of the great power pop bands around these days. If you see their LP, grab it cause it's awesome. I know it's hard to find but... This has a cool original and a ROMANTICS cover. No, not that song, but "Digging on You". I'm really ready for a second LP now. A must band for any fan of the powerful pop.

(RL)
(Screaming Apple, Düsternichstrasse 14, 50939 Köln, GERMANY)

V/A - "All Systems Go!" LP

Seems weird that a comp like this would come without a insert/booklet—perhaps a oversight on review copies? This should do well on concept/band recognition, even without a booklet! You get some current hardcore/punk/metalcore bands covering some older 'classic' stuff. It works, although it seems to work best for me when the band sticks close to the original (which seems to defeat the whole purpose!). Oh well—todays bands like EARTHMOVER, DEATH THREAT, TEN YARD FIGHT, LETTERBOMBS, EYELID, BANE and ENSIGN (plus 9 more) doing songs by bands like the DEAD KENNEDYS, CIRCLE JERKS, UNITY, 7 SECONDS and the like. Entertaining, though the band info would have made a difference. (TM)
(Open Handed/UnderEstimated, PO Box 13274, Chicago IL, 60613)

V/A - "Alright, This Time, Just The Girls" 2xLP

Instead of pulling together another contemporary girl-band comp, the people at Sympathy were smart enough to assemble a variety of bands—old and new—with the hope of making a good LP. The MUFFS contribute their classic "I Don't Like You"; the FRIGGS' "Shake" is more '60s punkish, but has a terrific tune that almost makes you want to shin-dig; I've always liked Japan's BANANA ERECTORS with their high-pitched melodic punk; LUNACHICKS make an appearance with "Shit Finger Dick," one of their most distinctive tunes—though maybe not their most powerful; the BAGS' "Survive," a Dangerhouse fave from '78, is a power chord cruncher that rates with the best; the SHITBIRDS can't go wrong with their slab of Mersey... On the other hand, insufferably cute tunes by the likes of CANDY-PANTS and APRIL MARCH can be passed over without any harm to your playback gear. Girl band fanatics are urged to buy; the rest of you are encouraged to give this a gander. (SS)
(Sympathy, 4450 California Place #303, Long Beach, CA 90807)

V/A - "America Es Bella... Para Vivir Resistiendo!" LP

This compilation features punk hardcore bands from throughout the Americas. It comes with a very political and informative zine entitled *Cryptas* #3, that also contains lyrics for various bands' contributions. Some bands featured are ABUSO SONORO, ES MIERDA, LOS CRUDOS, SILENCIO ABSOLUTO, OS MOCOS. Sounds and looks like a bootleg, but I highly recommend it! (JV)
(Cruz V. Luis/Apdo.Postal #16-052, C.P. 02011/Mexico D.F., MEXICO)

V/A - "Carry On Oi!" LP

When I was living in San Louis Obispo ten years ago, I remember going to the local record stores and seeing all kinds of oi and English punk records in the used bins for cheap. WIRE "Pink Flag" \$4, "All Screwed Up" \$15, shit like that. Unfortunately, I passed on buying most of these. Groan! They also had all of the Link Records new for around \$12. At the time I thought that was a rip off and passed on most of those, too. Duh! Anyway, this is a reissue of a Link reissue which originally came out on Secret Records. You getting all this? Anyhow, this features the likes of BLITZ, the 4 SKINS, EJECTED, the BUSINESS and a couple of other cool bands and is pretty much a best of early '80s oi comp. (RM)
(Get Back)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Four Bands From Jersey... That Could Change Everything" CD

Squigtone sure has a winner here. The OUTSIDERS, the JOCKS and HEADWOUND all keep the New Jersey oi scene rolling strong. But I'll tell you what, the goddamn HUDSON FALCONS are playing for keeps. I'm tellin ya, give these songs a listen and two hands'll pop out of yer speakers and smack you silly. Shades of DROPKICK MURPHY'S, the BELTONES, DEVIL DOGS and '50s rock and roll (I know, wild combination, but it works). Cool lyrics, too. I predict nothing but good things to come for this band. Buy this disc to prove it for yourself. (NF)

(Squigtone, 166 Spring St, Newton, NJ 07860)

V/A - "Fric System II" EP

The first side brings us the STAGGERS and SPIDER-FRENDZ, rock 'n' roll a la ZEKE. The STAGGERS' singer has a real cool raspy voice like he's been smoking Kools since he was four. Almost like Shane MacGowan (but let's not get carried away). SPIDER FRENDZ sound not-as-dirty, but way more rockin'. The second side offers up A PLANET FOR TEXAS, which sounds a lot like the STAGGERS, but the singer is not quite as raspy. The WHITE-OUTS are the most heavily distorted of this lot, and there's a breakdown where the singer just grunt-barks, which is kinda cool and also funny. Basically, if you like cock rock, this is your dream record, friend. (JN)

(Burnt Sienna, 207 Powatan Ave, Columbus, OH 43204)

V/A - "Kill The Boy Scouts, Vol. 1" EP

The WARRIORS start this record off with a slow rock 'n' roll number that made me think of a middle of the road SKREW-DRIVER tune (minus the racist garbage). The POSERS (who get bonus points for the funny Homer Simpson intro) are next with a fast 'n' trashy barnburner called "know it all". Good shit! On the flipside we have IVANO + the TEMPLARS = TNT. Well I'm not sure who Ivano is, but you better know who the TEMPLARS are! Typically great TEMPLARS musicianship here, and the guest vocals are pretty tough too (sung in Italian I think). ADOLPH & the PISS ARTISTS conclude this comp with a pretty solid punk-meets-oi tune called "No Cross to Bear", which is better than most of the abundant and redundant bands in that genre. Overall a good comp. (NF)

(Oink!, PO Box 278913, Washington, DC 20038)

V/A - "Kontraataque, Luchas, Tragedias, Historias De Nuestra Gente" EP

A multiple-band compilation featuring Latino punk bands, and to accompany this ambitious project there is some pretty artsy packaging and a lyric booklet that is both in Spanish and English. Some of the bands that appear on this hardcore D.I.Y. release are SIN HISTORIA, CUANDO SEA GRANDE, KASPA, MILICIA DE MIERDA, RABIA, ROBO, ESTOY HARTO, YO SOY PUNK, y DENTRAS DE UN SUENO. Very political, and at the price, very worth purchasing. (JV)

(\$3 c/o Kontraataque, PO BOX 39432, Downey CA 90239 or El Grito PO BOX 18198, Los Angeles CA 90018)

V/A - "Loco Diablo, Underground Sampler, Vol.3" CD

Bands that really aren't as underground as much as they are unsigned. Styles range from BABYLAND to KORN to OFF-SPRING. If you really need to keep up with every new band in existence, check it out. Some bands featured are: HELLBENT, BASTARDS, the INFAMOUS, WORMWOOD, and PIGEON-GOAT. (JV)

(Underground Band Collective, PO Box 332, Thomasboro, IL 61878)

V/A - "O.C.'s 5400 Day Revolution" 2xCD

A compilation of bands from Orange County California over the last twenty years. Most of the songs have been previously released, but there are a couple live and unreleased tracks. Most bands that showed up after '90 are rather uninspiring, but they do hit most of the great old ones including AGENT ORANGE, MIA, the CROWD, FINAL CONFLICT, BIG DRILL CAR, CADILLAC TRAMPS and UNIFORM CHOICE. Other bands worth mention are GAME FACE, FAR SIDE, 16 and U.S. BOMBS. A rather worthwhile comp, but where is SUICIDAL? (PA)

(Superkool, PO Box 20184, Fountain Valley, CA 92728)

V/A - "Rock Party!" EP

The FONZARELLIES, the BREAK UPS, SNACK CRAPPLEPOX, JANK 1000... I think I speak for the general population when I ask; "who!?!". The first two play really good rock 'n' roll pop punk that makes me want to smile and dance. The later, on the other hand, suck ass. (BM)

(\$3: Indian Burn, PO Box 45242, Omaha, NE 68145)



V/A - "Secret Records (The Best And The Rest)" LP

This is a compilation with early singles from UK punk/oi pioneers such as INFA RIOT, the 4 SKINS, the BUSINESS, the EXPLOITED and CHRON GEN. It seems that every week a different label puts out another early oi comp. But this is the one to get if you're new and curious about this scene, for it has some of these bands best stuff they've ever done. (NF)

(Secret, Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065 Pontassieve, ITALY)

V/A - "Squeal Of Blurr Number 2" LP

Varied and sorta fun sampler of this German fanzine/label. Highlights and most known bands are WEAKERTHANS (who are always brilliant), AVAIL, ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, STEREO TOTAL and BLUETIP. You won't die without it. But still pretty fun for a comp. (LH)

(Blurr, Mintropstr. 14, 40215 Düsseldorf, GERMANY)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

V/A - "That's Bad! Music For Unrepentant People Punch One!" CD

A comp of American and European garage and surf bands. Some known bands: the WAISTCOATS, PRIMATE 5, BIG BOBBY & the NIGHT CAPS, GREENFISH, GREEN HORNET, DEE-RANGERS, MAD DADDYS and some unknown ones: SHOO-CHAIN BROTHERS, SHIT FOR BRAINS, DARE DARE DEVIL, SANITY ASSASSINS, ROY & the DEVIL'S MOTORCYCLE. Some interesting stuff. (CK)

(Do The Dog! B.P. 5303, 44353 Guerande Cedex, FRANCE)

V/A - "Today's Top Girl Groups, Vol.1" CD

As the title sez, this is a cross section of all your fave all gal groups including the DIABOLIKS, BOBBY TEENS, FRIGGS, SIT 'N' SPIN, 5-6-7-8's, MAYBELLINES, PONNTWANG, HOLLY GOLIGHTLY, etc. Truly an international roundup with the Bay Area being amply represented. Naturally, there's a certain retro theme running throughout. Good stuff here includes the BOBBY TEENS' take on the RAMONES with "Baby Doll", the rockin' "Wild Man" from the PRISSTEENS, the exquisite girl group garage-isms of SIT 'N' SPIN, the wacky "Ice Princess" from POONTWANG. the sultry HOLLY GOLIGHTLY. Hell, all this stuff is fun and groovy. Not really a bad track here. Partake. (JY)

(Spinout, 4825 Trousdale Dr. Suite 368, Nashville, TN 37220)

V/A - "A Tour Story" EP

This Tour Story (June 19-27, 1998) EP is packed with six tough-as-nails hardcore punk bands: five from England and one from France. The RONG 'UNS kick off the melee with "Paranoid Junky". Loud and raw! Next you have PEER PRESSURE doing a slower and grinding "Peace Punk Rock" song. The real capper on side one is provided by TOOTH DECAY with an absolutely scorching hardcore punk song "Faceless Men". Excellent! Side two begins with IN THE SHIT doing "Lies". Next up is T.B.O.C. with a fast and filthy hardcore punk-out called "Raped by the System". The final selection for the "Tour Story" EP is the MASS MURDERS from Brittany, France with "Cider Breakfast" which harkens back to the Halcyon Days of 1983 with CHAOS UK at the helm. An interesting punk compilation - all fast, all hard! (BR)

(Mass Productions, B.P. 287, 35005 Rennes Cedex, Brittany, FRANCE)

V/A - "Toyama City Hardcore" CD

What!?! Another compilation from MCR. Come on guys, give the rest of the world a break! Let everyone catch up to your amazing output. This time around you get a couple Toyama City bands including the UNUSUAL, NOSE ERROR, F.T.D. and FURAN. Unfortunately, only the blurrcore style of UNUSUAL held my interest. The various punk styles of the other bands on this didn't really hold up. But I will keep my eyes peeled for any future UNUSUAL stuff. (RC)

(MCR, Company, 157 Kamiagu, Maizuru, Tokyo, JAPAN)

V/A - "Tummy Shaking" 2x45

A double 45 vinyl release with BIS, PANSY DIVISION, OZMA, and SOURTOOTH put out by Scutter Fanzine. BIS and SOURTOOTH stand out for me with their early Rough Trade-meets-indie pop sounds. PANSY DIVISION rocks out on their tune and OZMA makes no impression, although they are pop, and have keyboards, so the war isn't over yet. I'd like to hear more of SOURTOOTH since they are new to me. Nuff said. (RL)

(Scutter c/o Rudy, PO Box 3247, Alhambra, CA 91803)

V/A - "Underground Music In Canada, Vol. 2" CD

The best circumstances for purchasing this twenty-six band comp would be after witnessing STRYCHNINE's fast-paced hardcore, SOY's faster and pleasantly-distorted hardcore, or DEAF CHILDREN AT PLAY's popped out cow-punk, and thinking you just had to have something with them on it. Otherwise, this is a rather flat and disjointed comp. (TH)

(Meathead, Box 29024, Thunder Bay, Ontario, P7B-6P9 CAN-ADA)

V/A - "Underground Vol. III" CD

25 killer Canadian bands who apparently want you to hate the Canadian underground, a track by THEE OUTCASTS being the exception. Includes BELOW AVERAGE (telling), SMACK ATTACK, VIOLENT DOWNFALL, SEWING WITH NANCY, CHACHI ON ACID, and 19 other bands from Canada you probably haven't heard of and probably don't want to. (BC)

(Meathead, Box 29024, Thunder Bay, On, P7B 6P9, CANADA)

V/A - "Where Birdmen Flew Revisited Vol 1, A History Of Australina Punk 1977-1982" LP

This is the reissue of the Murder Punk CD's in the format they should have been done in originally. I don't know if it was the heat or what, but Australia produced some amazing bands in those mythical years 77-82. If you're new to the world of Autalian punk, this LP and it's companion are a great introduction to the sounds from down under. Included on this volume are:

P S Y C H O S U R G E O N S , JOHNNY DOLE & THE SCABS, ROCKS (my new favorite Aussie band), SCIENTISTS, VICTIMS, LEFTOVERS and a totally informative history of Austarlian punk insert. This is limited to a 1000, so it's gonna be kinda tough to find. (ST)

(no address)

V/A - "Where Birdmen Flew Revisited, Vol. 2" LP

You wouldn't believe the hassle we had tracking these comps down. The second we heard someone had a few copies, they tended to disappear—but if you're dedicated enough, you'll find 'em. And if you feel the way I do about early Australian punk, then you really have no choice. They really had something going on down under in '77-'82, when these tracks were originally recorded. This is mind-blowing all the way through, with several great songs each by the NEWS, RAZAR, BABEEZ, CHOSEN FEW, THOUGHT CRIMINALS, and the FUN THINGS. The recording is a little dim, but certainly not bad enough to distract from the overall quality. A discography and brief history of the Australian phenomenon is graciously enclosed. You must find both of these volumes soon—I only say this because I care. (AC)

(no address)

www.IWantPunk.com

PLOW UNITED

FREQUENCY: Very Rare
NO. APPEARING: 3
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVE: 6"/24"

HIT DICE: 10 + 3

% IN LAIR: 5%

TREASURE TYPE: B, F, S

NO. OF ATTACKS: 6

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-12

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Plays Great Punk Rock

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Van

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 80%

INTELLIGENCE: Exceptional

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

SIZE: L

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Attack/Defense Modes: Nil

Plow United are a 3-piece punk band from Pennsylvania. This is their newest release. It contains songs from various seven-inch splits, compilations, and from Coolidge Records' seven-inch releases. Such songs include "Sadi," "Timmy Is An Arsonist," and the song that put them on the map, "Dance." Plow United attacks with their music and the victim must save vs. charm or the victim must purchase their music and fall in love with them. This lasts for 50 rounds plus the victims level. If the victim fails the band then attacks with hand-to-hand. Plow United is very freindly with all people who love music. You can buy their CD for \$10.00.



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THE BODIES *S/T* CD
BONECRUSHER *Working For Nothing* CD
BULEMICS *Old Enough to Know Better* CD/LP
CALAVERA *Day Of The Dead* CD
CRIME *Hate Us or Love Us, We Don't Give a Fuck* LP
THE CRIMINALS *Burning Flesh & Broken Fingers* CD/LP
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FRIGG A-GO-GO *The Winning Score* CD
THE GEE STRINGS *S/T* CD/10"
THE HAVE NOTS *S/T* LP
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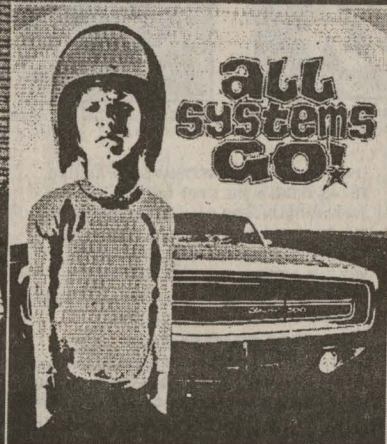
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FANZINE REVIEWS



Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (LB) Lily Boe, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (JC) Jeremy Cool, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you!

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

ACTION! #3 / STY ZINE #29 / \$2 ppd

4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Split issue my arse! Both of these are done by the same geezer! You can't pull the wool over our eyes forever Murrmann...If you'd just bunged a few extra photos in the



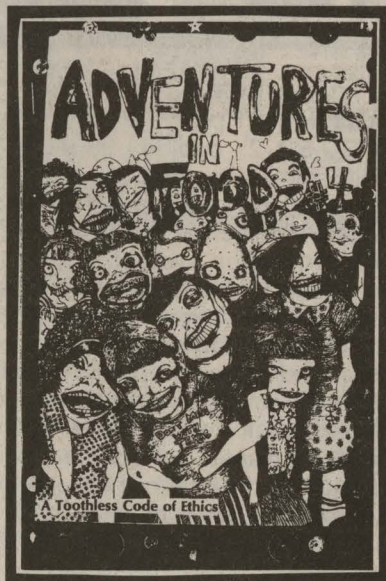
latest *Sty*, no one would have been any the wiser, and we'd have gone home happy. But no, the photos in here are from *Action*, and the writing is from *Sty*. Turn it in! Well, that's out of the way, what's it all about then? There's a bunch of writing about relationships and traveling and city living and such. A bit on the emo side for a garage rocker like Icki, but I think he lived in DC for a while so what can you do. The photos are good, but they're hard to make out. Nothing beats the Kinko's hookup for efficient zine production, but it does tend to turn photo repro into a Rorschach inkblot test. I should have been seeing a shot of the Dictators, but instead I swear I saw two elephants making sweet love. What does it mean Doctor??? Still at the end of the day, it's a cute little book of pretty pictures and nice stories, and you can't beat that for 2 squibs can you? (AM)

PO Box 11906 / Berkeley, CA 94712

ADVENTURES IN FOOD #4 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Written by Alison, *Adventures in Food* is a stream of consciousness seemingly influenced by William S. Burroughs and feminism, though I can't speak for her. The strange stories are accompanied by well-drawn illustrations and doctored photographs. It's weird and at times a little juvenile, and horrible spelling, but it's interesting reading. I think I liked it, but I'm not sure, some parts scared me. (BC)

3814 Manila Ave / Oakland, CA 94611



AMERICAN UPSTART #2 Vol 2 / ?

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
Very well produced American oi fanzine. Interviews with the Anti-Hero's, Beerzone, The Cuffs, Lower Class Brats and Ultraman. If you like oi, and all the flag waving that goes along with

it, then you'll probably want to check this out. (CR)
PO Box 10005 / Kansas City, MI 64171

THE ASSASSIAN & THE WHINER #10 / \$1 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Awesome comics about being in love, realizing your boobs have gotten bigger and you didn't even notice it happening, the cat playing with your tampons in the middle of the night and adjusting to life in Baltimore when Los Angeles is what you're used to. That's a lot of ground to cover, and Carrie does an absolutely bang up job of it...her words and her artwork reeled me in and left me wanting more! Luckily, she also included a page of info on how to order more of her work and other comics/zines that she recommends. Don't delay, order your copy today!!! (KC)
PO Box 481051 / Los Angeles, CA 90048

AVOW #9 / \$3

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 64 pgs
Avow starts out with stories about being a punk in a small town, but isn't too whiny, then goes into an interview with Hot Water Music. It then changes course to profile punk superheroes and supervillains such as Posicore, The Veganator, and Back-intheday, which is really funny. That's followed by poetry, some of which is quite good, some of which is quite bad. If you don't want to be criticized for putting poetry in your zine, be selective about it. If you put in shitty poems written by your friends alongside well-written stories, they will stand out as sucking. Anyhoo, the poems were followed by some good

stories, including one about the escalating war between punks and indie rockers. Overall, an excellent zine. (BC)

222 SW Pine St #538 / Portland, OR 97204

THE BAFFLER #12 / \$7.50

6 x 9 - offset - 128 pgs

I've criticized this publication before for being pretentious and way too academic for my tastes. I found most of these articles to be relevant but overly long. How many pages do you need to say a particular "Irish" pub in Chicago is a yuppie shithole? The one piece in here which I did love is Christian Parenti's article on Crescent City, CA's prison economy. I can't imagine many *Maximum* readers would actually read this, but if you want to check it out, get your (college) library to order it. (JM)
PO Box 378293 / Chicago, IL 60637

BITE THE BULLET #2 / \$1

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 80 pgs

Metal. Gore. More Metal. Thrash. That's what this zine is all about, and I fucking loved it. Interviews with Agathocles, Goatsnake, Pessimist, Obliteration and Antiseen. But what you really need this for is the lists of essential Crossover and Earache records. Not to mention the awesome record and zine reviews. This whole zine is great, I just wished they had fucking stapled the thing. If you're into metal and thrash and not that metal hardcore crap, then I highly recommend this zine. (SS)
PO Box 48061 / Bedford, NS / B4A 3Z2 / Canada

BREAKDOWN #4 / \$1 or stamps/ trade/donations

4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs

Lots of anti-school writing here, mixed in with politics, Earth First!, youth rights, non-conformity...it's definitely a good effort, and a must for all those still in high school or still scarred from its torturous memories. Excellent resource list. Pick this up if you can. (KC)

PO Box 188602 / Sacramento, CA 95818-8602

CANDY FOR STRANGERS #2 / ?

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs

This is a collection of personal stories that reads like a well loved journal that's been all over the country in

the bottom of a backpack. The best bits are about the tour adventures, the donut bomb hooliganism and the revolving door of people that passed through the squatted house...especially the guy with the bag full of pills. Aside from the abundant spelling errors, this is a swell read. (KC)

1836 Frost Circle / Brunswick, OH 44212



CAIN #1 / \$1 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

I really enjoyed the writing in this 'zine... there are pieces on the war in Kosovo, the anti-intellectual strategies of the public education system, a day in the life inside a young girl's brain (which is really well done), losing sanity and the trap of disillusionment, a bit of short fiction and growing up in front of the television set. All very well done, from the perspective of several people who have just finished high school...my only complaint is the 6 record reviews which seemed a bit unnecessary. (KC)
75 Grand St, Apt 2E / New York, NY 10013

CHINESE LUNCH SPECIAL #4 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs

Ah, when the punks start to age...self-doubt, introspection, and the classic "what happened to the scene, Maaan?" Well, here we have all that and more. I liked it, it's just after hearing that every year for the last 12 years or whatever,

it seems odd. But, hell, what did happen? There's lots of thoughts about it here, centered in the East Bay. Punk, UC Berkeley, show reviews etc. and an interview with filmmaker Richard Kerns. Good reading. (GF)

1442A Walnut St. PMB 419 / Berkeley, CA 94709

CHUMPIRE #117 / a stamp or trade

4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs

Well this issue's got a cute little cover and a few pages as well. Punk shit, teaching shit, some personal shit. Always a nice read. Makes Pennsylvania seem ok. (JM)

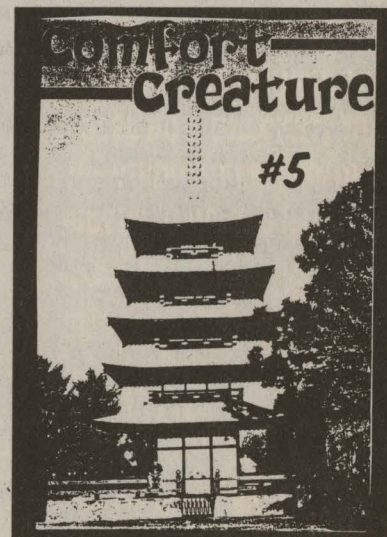
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316 - 0680

COMFORT CREATURE #5 / \$2 ppd or trade

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 44 pgs

I cannot remember the last time I liked a zine or band from Colorado. Maybe the Fanatics and *Infinite Onion*? This one is a personal zine where nothing much happens, but the editor takes a while to tell you anyway. The adjectives get piled on. I hate to use a reviewing cliché, but this publication certainly reeks of bad *Cometbus*. Like other CO zines, this one's redeeming feature is that it's generally free locally. There is a lot to read here, so if you do a real boring perzine, maybe you should trade. (JM)

PO Box 4251 / Boulder, CO 80302



DIMESTORE RAG #2 / \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs

Short fanzine from Colorado detailing some of the thoughts and feel-

ings of a young high school kid. Articles about school Americanism and a review of SLC punk. I was kind of hoping that there would be stuff about Columbine High School since this zine comes from Littleton, but I guess they're sick of hearing about it there. (CR)

10 Flax / Littleton, CO 80127

DOLL #144 / \$10

10 x 7 - offset - 176 pgs

This is the ultra slick Japanese punk mag that covers, in this issue: Sick Of It All, H2O, Hi Standard, Blood-thirsty Butchers and a bunch of other bands. I can't understand a fucking word of this besides the bands names and *Maximumrocknroll*, but boy does this look cool. (SS)

No 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9 Kita, Kohenji Minami / Sujinami-ku, Tokyo / Japan

DWELLING PORTABLY May 1999 / \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs

This thing is bizarre - but in a weird way, I really liked it. It's like an open forum for people who want to trade tips and share information on things like building your own shelter in the woods, traveling, home made washing machines, knives, escaping prison, solar cooking and almost anything else you can imagine. I haven't seen any signs of a real subculture for a while, until this. It makes me feel good that people are writing about this stuff, although I must admit a few of these people sound like they've been away from civilization for too long. Some of the information is also completely irrelevant. Nonetheless, I'm glad this exists. (MD)

PO Box 190-H / Philomath, OR 97370

EARQUAKE #64 / \$2

8 x 6 - copied - 28 pgs - French

Another consistent issue of this long running French zine, this issue featuring interviews with the Pietasters, Aus-Rotten, the Annoyed and Rammstein. There are also lots of new record reviews. (HH)

Leca Frederic / Le Menil / 88160 Le Thilot / France

EL PUUUNK ZINE #2 / 10 ff

8 1/2 x 13 - copied - 50 pgs - French

This is a good start - although with interviews by Electric Frankenstein and Los Crudos in the same pages

its a little hard to classify their direction, that's not necessarily a bad thing. This Southern French zine is structured along *MRR* lines, with mini scene reports, "Punk Rock Classics" (featuring the Ruts, this time) and similarly organized reviews, though in much smaller quantity. Depending on what their scene is like, this could be just the thing. The layout, however, needs a little work in any case. (AC)

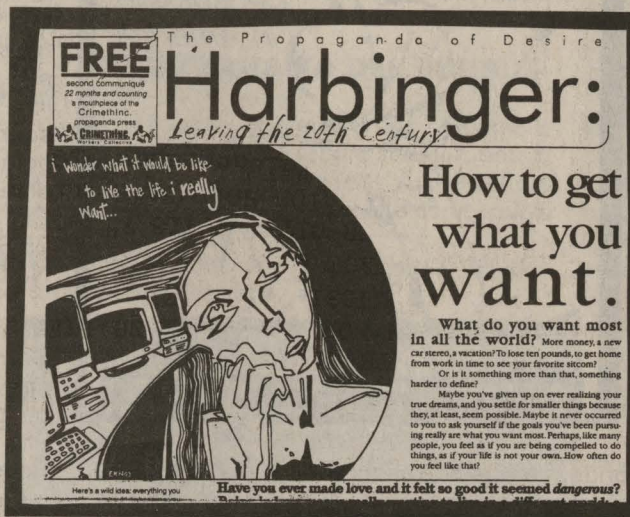
Antoine Henry / 40 rue du Bocage 33200 / Bordeaux / France

ELECTRIC MICROWAVE DYNAMITE #7 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs

Bad. Sloppy. The best part of this zine was a really bad interview with Rancid. Every inch of this zine is filled with horrible psuedo-psychedelic drawings, the writing is bad, and laid out like some horrible retro- sixties poster. I want this to go away. (CR)

2196 Juneberry Ct / Warrington, PA 18976



EVAPORATOR #1 / \$2 ppd

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs

This is basically, as the inside cover states, a diary of sorts from Jeff's three-day break. It's mostly poetic musings and personal thoughts that remind me a bit of *Cometbus* (which is a pretty cheap all-purpose comparison, but it seems to be styled after it). I found the whole thing to get a bit meandering after a few pages, and I couldn't really connect with his thoughts and feelings, but that's just me. The writing style is great, and he has great taste in music (and food), and I know tons of people will really like the zine. If you're getting tired of *Cometbus*, by all means give this a shot. (RD)

4956 Kester Ave #6 / Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE #4 / \$4

8 x 6 - copied - 60 pgs - French

This newer zine from France features interviews with the bands Vomit For Breakfast, Hellnation, Hibernation and Cress Detestation. There are a few record and zine reviews, but no ads. The zine has some political articles and a scene report from Malaysia. (HH)

Chemin De La Vernve / 03800 Mazurier / France

FREAKS, GEEKS, AND PIPSQUEAKS ? / \$1

2 3/4 x 4 1/4 - copied - 15 pgs

As it says on the tiny cover, this is 'a very short anthology' of three stories written by Canadians, one by a missing bike messenger named Henry O'Merrin, one by performance artist Gus Braveyard (the guy who lit himself on fire at a DOA show), and the last by eighty-year-old twins. All are quite good. The first and third are about alien apocalypses, and the second one is called "Little Orphan Angie." (BC)

PO Box 21533 / 1850 Commercial Dr / Vancouver, BC V5N 4A0 / Canada

GLOVEBOX CHRONICLES #5 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 40 pgs

I was very pleased when I saw that I was to review the new issue of GC. This is a zine about cars and driving that is mostly written by contributors. I no longer have a car but reading some of these stories made me think back to the good times I had with my old car. Of course, many of these stories remind-

ed me what a hell it was to have a car. My favorite story was called "a boy and his car" about his first car which was a Plymouth Horizon. Since I've owned 2 of them, I really identified with his story. Also enjoyable were the comics and survey in this zine. A good read which left me happy that I am car free now. (DS)

PO Box 963 / Havre de Grace, MD 21078

HARBINGER #2 / free

12 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs

Damn. This is totally great. All kinds of great introspective thoughts on desires, capitalism, why the masses don't seem to care, and living for real. No shit, this is amazing. Great socio-political commentary, totally personalized, totally right on, clear and insightful. This is from the Crime-

thInc. Worker's collective—this makes me feel good about punk. Oh, no music. Apparently available in other languages. (GF)
2695 Rangewood Dr / Atlanta, GA 30345

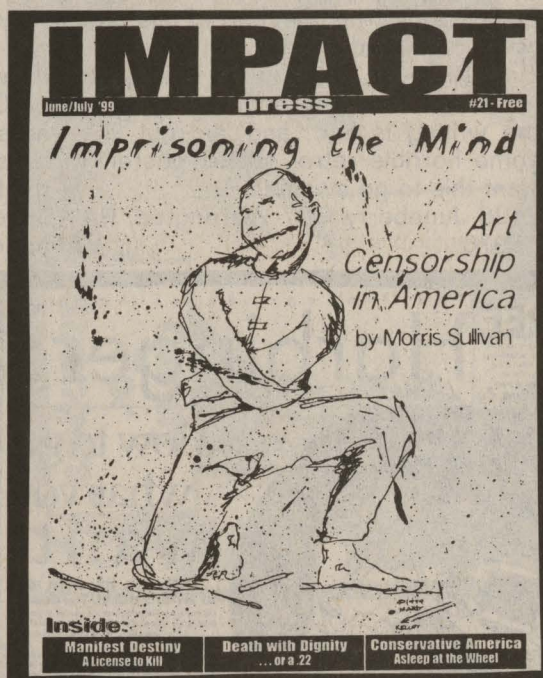
HERE BE DRAGONS #5 / \$1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A thoughtful zine containing articles on flags and symbolism, representations of Native Americans in popular culture, gentrification in Gainesville and an interesting analysis of consumerism and its meaning to human beings. This zine seems to be coming from a straight-edge perspective (xxx after people's names), but does not come across as preachy and self-righteous like many zines produced by people identifying with straight-edge tend to. While relatively small, this zine is dense with insight and effort. (JL)
2036 Wendover St #4 / Pittsburgh, PA 15217

IMPACT PRESS #21 / \$2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
Great stuff, at first I thought it was going to be dreary and dry, but I was wrong. It's laid out like a proper magazine (which was actually kind of annoying, because the articles were all "cont'd on page...") but it had cool stuff like some interesting columns, articles about dying with dignity, turning 30 and this crazy story about Mike Diana, an artist punished for producing art that the great state of Florida pronounced obscene. Also tons of reviews and a question/answer column about AIDS. Highly recommended. (MJ)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

JADED IN CHICAGO #6 / \$2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs
When I saw this zine's title and saw where it was from I had to laugh. I grew up in Western Springs, a lovely little suburb 30 miles west of Chicago. While growing up, Chicago felt a million miles away. I think the title needs to be changed to Jaded in Chicagoland. Anyway, it was a pretty enjoyable zine, interviews with MU330, MxPx and Ben Weasel. Wish it would of had more coverage of what is currently going on in the Chicagoland region though. And the

photos of Chicago made me homesick. (DS)
4031 Forest Ave / Western Springs, IL 60558

JINX #1 / \$1
6 x 6 - copied - 64 pgs
This premier issue of *Jinx* concerns itself with the issues of sexism and how it affects peoples interactions with each other. I found the zine inspiring in that the writer openly admits his personal doubts and fears while explaining how he has taken steps to resolve these issues in his own life. There is also a report on bike riding in San Francisco, that is how dangerous this



mode of transportation really can be in this congested city. There are also lots of interesting photographs of people and street scenes from around the west coast, and finally a recipe for healthy cookies. Hopefully there will be future issues of this zine as it seems to have lots of potential, but that the writer will let a friend proof read it before printing. (HH)
440 South Van Ness / San Francisco / CA 94103

MALIGNANT NEOPLASM #2 / \$3 US, \$5 everywhere else
8 1/2 x 7 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
First the facts: it's comprised of interviews with Jesuit, Green Machine, Boris, Wormwood and a man who's obsessed with serial killers. Now the opinion: this guy is one of those tragic cases that desperately needs something to occupy his life other than photos of diseases and writing childish

hatemail over a bad review. The first page has a cut out of *MRR*'s negative review of his last issue, so he sent a bitter note along with the zine. The letter says that *MRR* reviews unfairly, that the reviewer who reviewed his zine did a poor job, and that he'd rather not barcode his zine because then he would be like all the "fake zines" that *MRR* gives favorable reviews to. Boo fucking hoo, pal. Your last review got a bad one because reading zine after zine full of pictures of rashes and skin lesions gets old, really quickly. On one page, nestled between multifarious spelling and grammatical errors, are two pictures of a guy with genital deformities. In his letter, he mentions that I'll enjoy this due to the large population of homosexual male writers at *MRR*. I could go on and on about how his zine and letter read through as though they were written by a jealous 30 year old who hasn't gone through puberty yet, but I've decided that it isn't even worth expending my energy to go on a diatribe about someone his age who still uses the term "carpet munching." Stop spitting the seeds of your sour grapes in my direction, and find something better to do with your time. Oh, and it comes with a Sloth CD. (RD)

25 S Church Rd #62 / Maple Shade, NJ 08052

MANGELSLAKT #1 / \$2 ppd
Some 'news', some reviews, interviews with C.F.D.L., Disclose, Tuomiopain Lapset, and Statewankers, a Japanese hardcore section, a Polish scene report, a couple of recipes and a couple of columns. A pretty basic punk 'zine.
PO Box 580402 / Minneapolis, MN 55458-0402

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #12 / \$1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
When I first saw this zine I thought, "Yep, another newsprint / band interview / too many record reviews / columns zine." Luckily I was wrong. This zine has some variety that works together. It has a band interview with Burning Airlines, label interview with Deep Elm Records, and a zine editor interview with Eric Nakamura of *Giant Robot*. Also includes an article on how to make your own fonts. An enjoyable read at a good price, but I wish they'd lose the columnists. (DS)
PO Box 271 / Hygiene, CO 80533-0271

MOSH OF ASS #4 / 2 stamps or 2 IRCs

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 6 pgs

Wow. This is a really Herculean effort from Max. Six pages of demo reviews and pictures from local shows. I am amazed that Max has been able to keep this up, reviewing just mountains of hardcore demo tapes. If you're at all interested in the hardcore/grind scene you should get this. Like Max says in the introduction: support the tape trading underground! (SS)

(PO Box 423413 / San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

MOSHABLE #9 / \$3 ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs

Apparently, this is their last issue which is a shame, for this is great! Put quite simply, if you like garage rock, buy this! Good reviews, layout, news, columns and interviews (with the likes of The Registrators, Turbo Negro, The Fumes etc.). I don't really like much garage music, and I like this zine, so there you go. Really good. (NF)

(Frederiksberg Alle 6 / 1820 Frederiksberg C - Denmark)

MY BRAIN HURTS #1 / \$1 ppd, stamps or trades

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs

This is a pretty good first issue for someone who seems so young. It's a 9 page short story of memories that Mike had, most of which are of old girlfriends. The bulk of it is based on a painful breakup with an ex-girlfriend. Mike's writing is rough around the edges, and the zine isn't too substantial (and I would recommend stapling future issues), but it's a promising first effort. (RD)

52 Newport Sq / Thornhill, ON L4J 7N2 / Canada

NINE YEARS AFTER #3 / two stamps

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs

Rick Ta Life from 25 Ta Life and Coming Correct, Billy Milano from SOD, Devoid Of Faith and Since the Fall make this very much the hardcore fanzine. There's nothing in here you haven't seen before, but still, some effort went into it, and it's nice to see bigger names like Rick talking to small zines like this. (SS)

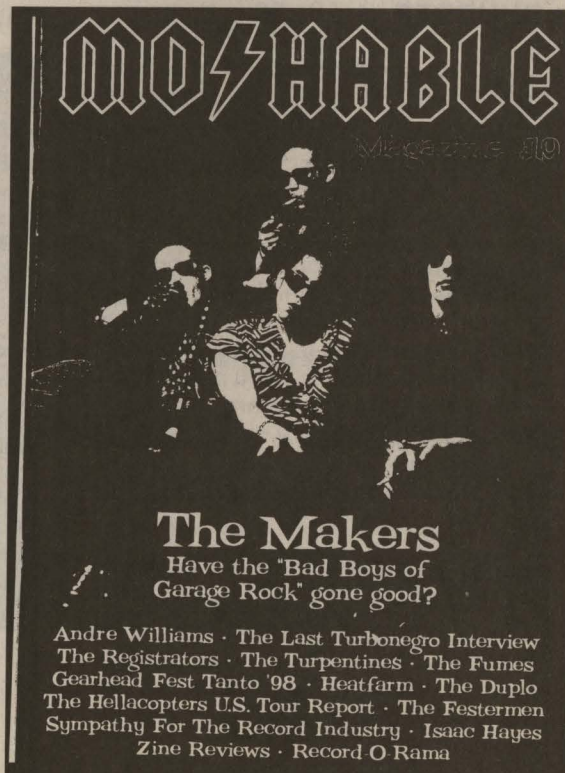
(PO Box 27 / Mohnton, PA 19540)

**PARAFERNALIA DEL SUBSUELO #8 / Free**

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs - Spanish

Interviews with Antiqua and La Contra, columns and top ten lists. A good short zine chronicling the Mexican punk scene. (CR)

MA Valladares / Apdo Postal 1879 / 6400 Monterrey, Mexico

**PARTYZANT #14 / \$1**

8 x 6 - offset - 84 pgs - Polish

Lots of band interviews in this ever better zine from Poland. This issue features Agnostic Front, New Bomb Turks, Swingin' Utters, Cause For Alarm, No Use For A Name, plus many more. There are also plenty of record reviews and some ads. This zine is a great way to check out the Polish scene. (HH)

Grzegorz Kazuro / ul.Rydgiera 20 D m.51 / 87-100 Torun / Poland

PEOPLE CAN'T DRIVE #5 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs

This is really a D.I.Y. literary magazine, with a whole bunch of folks throwing in their contributions. Some poetry, family recollections and some fictionalized reality along with stories. Contributors include Icki, who used to be a coordinator here. It's a little painfully earnest for my taste, but if your preferences run to this, go for it. (MJ)

1004 Rose Ave / Des Moines, IA 50315-3000

POTATOE #4 / \$1 or trade

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs

Liked this a lot. Mostly about a small town in the South. Pretty interesting to learn about. Too bad the photos are so dark, but I liked the typewritten look. (GF)

PO Box 1891 / Fayetteville, AR 72702-1891

PROPER GANDER #6 / \$1

11 x 14 - offset - 20 pgs

Weird comics, weird stories, a review/interview of L7 and an article about the feds cracking down on a pirate radio station. Your dollar. (BC)

PO Box 434 / San Marcos, TX 78667

RETROGRESSION #41-44 / Free

11 x 17 - offset - 8 pgs

This is the print version of a weekly email zine that circulates around the Rhode Island/Massachusetts scene. I guess every month or so they're going to compile the email list in offset format for those without the benefit of computers. As if anyone who can't get to a computer really matters, anyway! Well, it takes the form of several short bursts of information and opinion, as well as a couple of longer stories by a woman who works as an extra in music videos. Very entertaining and the high point of this issue. Not bad at

all, and damn near essential if you're part of this scene, I'd say... (AM)
PO Box 815 / Norton, MA 02766

REVISION #1 / \$1?

4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 100 pgs
I really enjoyed this zine's overall message and content. Visually, this zine was great, created like a little book with clean (minimal) graphics and legible, well-written, dense text, all things I especially appreciate. There is even a table of contents guiding the reader through the stories, essays and poems that brilliantly weave personal anecdotes and struggles with larger political and social dynamics and their meaning for her. One of the best so far. (JL)
2910 Wheeler St #5 / Berkeley, CA 94705



SCANNER #4 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 60 pgs
Another issue of this UK stalwart, fast becoming another Mad Monks or Suspect Device - i.e., an essential UK read. I was always led to believe not much went on in Ipswich, but by jove they're proving me wrong. Lots of interviews with top international rock acts like Brezhnev, Blue Tip and the Headchecks. Also an extensive report on the Japanese scene, which includes Sean Tyler's reports of his five Japanese tours (with the likes of Snuff, Broccoli and Jesse) and interviews with Soon, the Lovemen and Navel. Check it out poppickers. (AM)
6 Chatsworth Dr / Rushmere Park / Ipswich / Suffolk IP4 5XA / UK

SCOUT #1 / \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Scout is a personal zine with stories

and comics by and about Scout herself. It has rants about retail customers and the story of the first car, of course, but also a story about getting bitten by a dachshund. Then there's a story about raising Sea Monkeys, which a friend of course knocked over. I don't understand Sea Monkey chic, really, but I grew up on the Chesapeake Bay (also home to the brine shrimp aka Sea Monkey) and read that the Sea Monkey mogul is also the head of the Maryland chapter of the Aryan Nations. Anyhoo, I liked the fact that Scout recommended books at the end instead of records put out by Fat and Epitaph like a lot of small zines do. Scout is a nice zine, like girl-pop on a sunny day. (BC)
PO Box 48522 / Sarasota, FL 34230-0522

SHAVE DEM BURNS #5 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
What I gleaned from perusal of this issue: Racism is bad, poverty is bad, judging people because they are homeless is bad. The Vandals and Assorted Jellybeans can be mildly humorous in interviews given the appropriate throw-away questions. Not to be too harsh on this, there's some fairly thoughtful writing and an attempt to look beyond the stereotypical punk thinking on some serious topics. (AM)
261 Dunview Ave / Toronto, ON / Canada M2N 4J3

SHUDDER #1 / \$1.50 ppd or trade

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Cool zine about photographers in the punk scene. Some interviews and some written pieces with/by photographers. Tough job, this idea, because you want the photos to reproduce well, but that's real expensive. These look pretty good, but still a little rough. Some photo-speak kinda stuff, and some computer photo geek stuff, which was interesting to me, but I'm a photographer. So if you are interested in photo, check this out. Even if you aren't you may find this interesting, but if you are looking for lotta photos of angry boys pointing at the sky, this ain't it. (GF)
911 Basswood Circle / Bloomington, IN 47403

SKIN ALLEY #2 / \$1 (or trade)

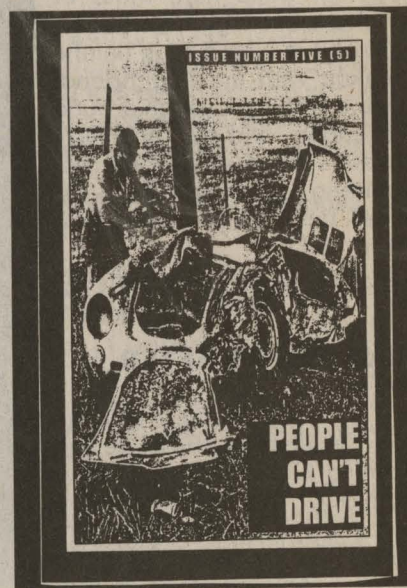
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is mostly anti-corporate columns, but it also has write ups about Kenny Rogers, Eddie Rabbit and the last episode of Who's The Boss episode. Pretty weird. (NF)
5476 Glenville Cr / Virginia Beach VA 23464

SLAVE #3 / \$2

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 104 pgs
This zine peeks out from the typical emo zine stereotype. That means it has the usual "emo-punk" music coverage, including interviews (Refused, Submission Hold) and tons of music reviews. However, it ventures beyond to offer the reader more than I expected. There were cool interviews with one of the residents at Fort Thunder (art/studio/music space in Rhode Island), and Erika Nawabi (a local artist). There was an informative article on forming a labor union, writing on schools and violence, an analysis of capitalism, as well as lengthy book reviews. Plus it has nice photos in it. Cool. Oh yeah, also comes with a Kilara 7". (MD)
PO Box 10093 / Greensboro, NC 27404

SLINGSHOT #65 / free

11 1/2 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs
I will start with the fact that I find Slingshot to be an informative resource, and I appreciate its regularity. It covers what I often believe to be crucial, urgent issues, but my gripes with it are directed more towards the general leftist/wingnut political contingent of S.F., which it seems to be a voice for. This issue contained articles advocating bicycling, the U.S. role in Kosovo, Mission yuppie eradication and genetic engineering. Not to beat a dead



horse, but the "anarcho-robot" allegation rings true as I read Slingshot. I hate to think of being defined by a cause, and I think that the compulsory issues concerning the left do dehumanize and alienate people who don't toe the party line even though

anarchists seem to think they don't have one. This is exemplified by the article on Mission yuppie eradication, presenting two sides of the issue and urging readers to choose the right side-the Slingshot side. Coercive dogma is better left to Christians and fascists and seems out of place in the pages of a so-called alternative newspaper. (JL)

3124 Shattuck Ave Berkeley, CA 94705

SLUG AND LETTUCE #59/ 55¢
12 x 16 - offset - 16 pgs

Chris always produces quality content. And given the volume of issues (and regularity) that is saying a lot. The bulk of *S&L* (if you've never seen it) is reviews of zines and records, but given the frequency, they are fairly new. The quality of review (and the reviewers taste) is a bit more consistent than *MRR*. In this issue there is a nice column about doing the back to land thing and a very nice personal piece about Chris' relationship with her mom. Subscribe! (AR)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SMELL OF DEAD FISH #58 / \$2
ppd

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
This has way too much handwriting, most of which is illegible. The bulk of it is made up of fairly generic on-tour-with-local-band stories. Also an article on logging and one on the death penalty. It comes with a pamphlet on going vegan from a group called Vegan Outreach and mine also came with another issue of this zine, labeled #12, but looks like it came out this spring. If you live in the Pensacola area, you might want to check it out - otherwise I'd skip it. Comes with a *Woodenhorse 7*". (MJ)
PO Box 484 / Pensacola, FL 32593

SO FUCKIN WHAT #6 / \$2

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 38 pgs
I like the fact that this is a product of a group or friends who see the world from a pretty similar place. But that doesn't mean that it's without its humor, for instance I'll quote from Uncle Paulies column. "Ever been handcuffed? Ever beg for mercy, or seen someone beg for mercy...Ever been stabbed in the back by a so-called friend?...get off your asses and plan and train and take back your fucking freedom! *Seek and destroy the enemy!!!*" Sadly the rest of the zine isn't quite so dense with personality. Lots of peace and anarchy (not

that there's anything wrong with that), also interviews with Strong Intention, Police Line, Protest, War Crime (zine) and Double Cross. (AR)

253 Alexander St #322 / Rochester, NY 14607



SOAP AND SPIKES #6/ \$3

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 60 pgs
This mag lives in the past and there's nothing wrong with that. I have found that when I listen to the radio, I listen to an oldies station that plays nothing but eighties classics, and when I want to check out a zine, its gotta be one that talks about bands I actually like. There is an incredible interview (that's very long) with Keith Morris (Black Flag/ Circle Jerks). There's also one with Eerie Von, Raw Power, The Wernt (ex-GBH), Spit (of FEAR) and Joey (of DOA). I think you get the picture that this is a fanzine of an era long gone by. I give it two spikes up. (AR)
431 Burlington Ave #5 / Burlington, ONT L7S 1R3 / Canada

SOCKAMAGEE! #10 / \$1.50 US, \$2 CAN

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
I say 4 out of 5 zines suck. This joins the crowd. Nothing in here was remotely interesting. Wait, I take that back, the artwork here is pretty good. But that's far from saving this. (NF)
2037 Stainsbury Ave / Vancouver BC / VSN 2 M9 / Canada

SORE #8 / \$1 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
Neat, sterile computer layout; ads and reviews. The rest of it is short columns done by a variety of folks. A lot of it is personal writing about work, jealousy,

etc. A little bit of Christian punk debate and being upset cuz a bunch of high school kids got shot near your house. Didn't interest me at all. (JM)

PO Box 68711 / Virginia Beach, VA 23471

SPONGEY MONKEY #8/9 / \$2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs

This is OK, I guess. Interviews with all the regular indie rock interview bands: Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Jets To Brazil and A Minor Forest. There's a reasonably entertaining article on waiting in line for Star Wars, and they have a contributor who goes by the name Pete Rock, though I'm pretty gosh darn sure it isn't the Pete Rock of Pete Rock and CL Smooth fame. This didn't offend me with its idiocy, but I sure can't recommend it. (SS)
416 Jeff Davis St / Waveland, MS 39576-3226

STATUS #9 / \$2?

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 108 pgs
Suddenly, there are all these emo zines that are looking the same to me. This follows that trend. There are a lot of interviews (Fugazi, Jazz June, Jets to Brazil, Rocky Votolato, etc) and reviews. They were a little too inane and chatty for my tastes, but nothing terrible. Too much talk of MTV and how "1999 is the craziest year ever!" (whatever, it's called *media hype!*) Some columns, (10 out of 11 by boys) that just seem...I hate to say it, but *suburban*. Not much for a city chick like me, but if you're down with that music scene, you will probably appreciate the coverage and snazzy look of this zine. (MD)
PO Box 1500 / Thousand Oaks, CA 91358

STORM WARNING #3/ \$2

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs
This mag is a little different. It's by Vietnam Veterans Against the War and Imperialism. Quite a mouthful, and clearly from a world that punk grew from and away from. There is a stock piece against NATO involvement in Yugoslavia, a personal piece from a Marine who was in the Gulf, some anti-militarist news pieces and reviews. Good but you know what to expect. (AR)
PO Box 21604 / Seattle, WA 98111

SUBDRIVE #1 / free

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs
Enclosed in the envelope holding this

zine was this really lame letter describing how *Subdrive* is different from, and therefore better than, other 'small run' zines' due to (and this was in a numbered list) Experience, Variety, Consistency, No ads (although future issues will have ads), [national] Distribution, and Future Plans to have wide distribution. Lame. Another piece of paper listed the qualifications of the zine's editors, education (no one cares if you're working on a Ph.D. in philosophy unless it's integral to the zine), editing the school newspaper, knowledge of role-playing games and being a communications major in college, which at my college are the rich kids who pick the easiest major where they get to make videos and tapes all day, and I get paid minimum wage to show them how to do it. I almost didn't read the zine because of this crap included with it. Then I saw that Pennywise was on the cover, and no one could hold me back! Inside, they claim that they are dedicated to DIY art of all kinds, which is noble, but they also strive to have national distribution (not mail order) quickly, and do reviews of bands like Pennywise, the Teen Idols, Blink 182 and the Clash tribute album, not exactly beacons of DIY. The writing is quite good, but I don't see how they can stay true to the DIY scene with such large commercial ambitions. And the cover letter was really, really lame. (BC)

PO Box 757 / New Hyde Park, NY 11040

TAKE ACTION #1 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs

Very interesting resource with articles on sexually transmitted diseases, domestic violence and diseases spread through I.V. drug use. All of the bands on this tour through which this zine was created are donating their money to various organizations. All of the involved bands have also written brief articles, included are, Fifteen, Scared of Chaka, Against All Authority and the Weakerthans. Good stuff. (CR)

Sub City / PO Box 7495 / Van Nuys, CA 91409

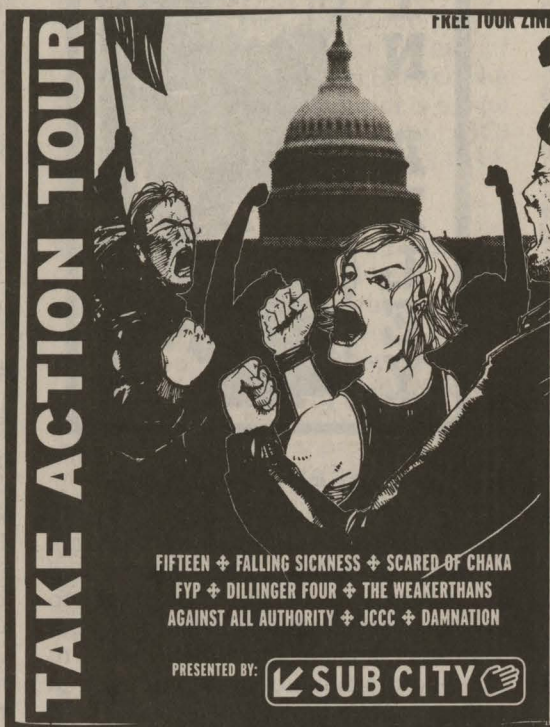
THANKS FOR NOTHING #1 / \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
1 page of reviews, 39 pages of anarcho-punk reprints and 4 pages of rantish content. If you hate society but are lacking ammunition for your

high school debates, this is a beginning. Only a beginning. (AR)
9115 W 129th St / Overland Park, KS 66213

THOUGHTS ON TECHNOLOGY \$3

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 100 pgs
Tons and tons of reading material about technology in this split of *Fucktooth* and *Spectacle* zine. While I found some of the writing on technology to be tedious, I'm always stoked to see zines



taking on serious topics like this. There is also an interview with *MRR*'s own Nathan Berg and a really interesting interview with Tony Wong, an animal rights kid who went on a month long hunger strike. I was expecting his interview to be totally silly, but he was actually a very articulate dude. If you enjoy the more intellectual zines like *Fucktooth* and *ATR* or whatever, then you'd be into this. (SS)

PO Box 251766 / Little Rock, AR 72225

TIPS FOR ZINE GEEKS \$1

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Theo Witsell, the mastermind behind Tree Of Knowledge distro and *Spectacle* zine, has put together this guide to putting out a zine. I know there's plenty of these things out there, but this is the best I've ever seen. Theo explains not only the basics, like stapling and editing, but also slightly more complicated stuff like halftones. I wish I could make this mandatory reading for most of the kids who send their zines into us. Thanks for sending your zine into *MRR*,

before you send another one, please read Theo's zine. Highly recommended to all you young zinesters out there. (SS)

PO Box 251766 / Little Rock, AR 72225

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL

#40 / \$1 + stamps or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
I have a very good memory. If I am in the middle of reading a book then don't pick it up for a year, I can usually remember where I left off down to the correct sentence. I read this zine over three days, and each time I picked it up, I couldn't recall what I had read. I couldn't even remember the title. It just had no spark to it. Had too many show reviews, interviews with No Means No, and with Courtney of the Olympia Zine Library. Just not too memorable of a zine. (DS)

PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

TRUST #75 / 4 DM

8 1/2 x 13 - offset - 70 pgs - German

At the Drive-In has a long, elegant spread including the work of some talented photographer in this April/May issue, which also has interviews with Abhinanda, Transfair, and others. As usual, Trust has a sense of organized completeness, with interviews, a few wee columns, and photos scattered around, both as background and subject. Most of the bands featured are fairly accessible hardcore, but some lesser-known and more divergent bands are carried along for the ride. (AC)

Postfach 11 07 62 / 28207 / Bremen / Germany

TRUST #76 / 4 DM

8 1/2 x 13 - offset - 70 pgs - German
The June/July issue of this long-standing, finely-crafted "new school" zine out of Germany features interviews with My Hero Died Today, Kid Dynamite, Marginal Man, the Makers' and six other bands. I am continually impressed with the quality of their layout, which is subdued, a little arty, but with plenty of respectful emphasis on photos and a familiar hokey cartoon touch. In content they seem to promote mostly visible bands, and the ads are generally run by the fatter cats in the alley, but the writing quality, as much of it as I can discern, is interesting. Back

issues are also available. (AC)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28207 / Bremen
/ Germany

personal gripes with it. Oh, and it
comes with assorted stickers. (JL)
PO Box 90361 / Indianapolis, IN 46240

UNDER THE VOLCANO #50 / \$2 US, \$3 CAN

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 70 pgs

I reviewed one of these a while
back, and I don't know what the fuck
I was talking about! This is a really
good zine. Interviews with Electric
Frankenstein and The Candy Snatch-
ers highlight this issue. Overall, bet-
ter than most and worth buying.
(NF)

PO Box 236 / Nesconset NY 11767

UNDERGROUND SUPPORT PUNK #5 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs

Pretty well put together zine from
Holland that focuses on the more
political/crusty side of punk. Inter-
views with Outcold, Sin Dios Varuk-
ers and Doom. Plus record reviews
and zine reviews that includes a
review of the April fools issue of
MRR. I guess it'll be a little bit of a
surprise for Richard to get this is-
sue in the mail. (SS)

UPS / Plesmanstraat 321 / 3769
HK / Soesterberg / Holland

WORSE THAN QUEER #1 / \$2 ppd

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs

I really appreciated a lot about this
zine while at the same time, much of
it rubbed me the wrong way. The
author, Jeff Subhumyn, shared some provocative,
critical insights into sexual
and gender oppression and
intelligently connected his
personal experience to larger
social and political dy-
namics. He asserts that to
be bisexual is even "worse
than" being a queer-sissy-
fag and I can't stand the
futile comparative oppres-
sions trap where marginal-
ized people argue about
who has it worse. Like much
of the writing and theory
coming from a queer, bi, or
questioning male perspec-
tive, the author did not ad-
dress his own collusion with
patriarchy and his system-
atic privilege as a male, that
he will always have despite
being bi and marginalized
within masculinity. This zine
is interesting and thought
provoking and I definitely
recommend it despite my

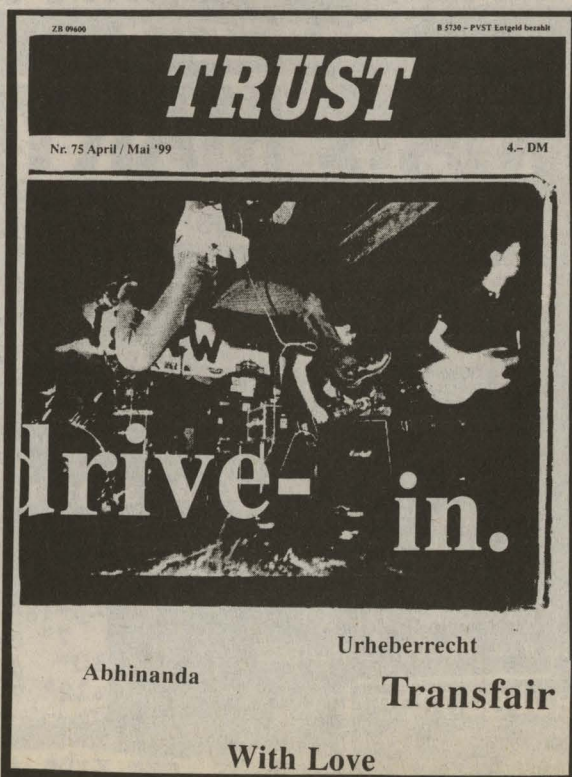


YUKON HO! #1 / a stamp?

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

This is the worst zine I have received
to review this year. Well, hey, no ads,
no reviews, that's a good start. But
then there's the pages that you can't
read; lyric and website reprints; and
the really short, really typical columns.
The address is not even in the zine. It
is just the first issue and should be
easy to improve upon. (JM)

2198 Mokuhan Rd / Wailuku, HI 96720



MORE LISTINGS

AMERICA? #7 / \$1 or trade or stamps

Cool small zine which includes a
story about a librarian that is pretty
right on. Good lengthy interview
with John Porcellino of King Cat
and some other amusing short sto-
ries.

PO Box 13077 / Gainesville, FL
32604-1077

CLAPTRAP #2 / \$2

Overpriced and not much in it. A
story about being in a psych ward, a
few reviews and *really* bad draw-
ings.

17071 SE Wax Road / Kent, WA
98042

NEUS SUBJEX #? / SASE

This is a one-page foldout deal that
focuses on CPR (Cincinnati Punk
Rock). Record and show reviews
leaning towards the sloppier, noisi-
er side of things, all presented in
Squint-O-Vision text.

PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018

REVENGE OF THE NERDS #2 / free (stamps?)

Not nearly as good as the movie.
Atom and His Package, "art", poet-
ry and reviews.

111 Shady Ct / Longwood, FL
32750-2812

SIDESHOW #4 / free (stamps?)

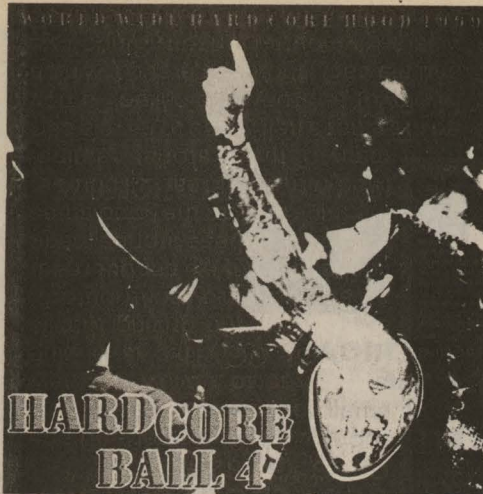
The Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, the Van-
dals, Homegrown, the Malignmen
and lots of reviews.

301 Keri Drive / Garner, NC 27529

TAKE A STAND #1 / \$1 ppd

This is a first issue with a kind of
emo/political stance. Poetry, lofty
theoretical article about rebellion,
random thoughts.

0615 SW Palatine Hill Rd #1074 /
Portland, OR 97219



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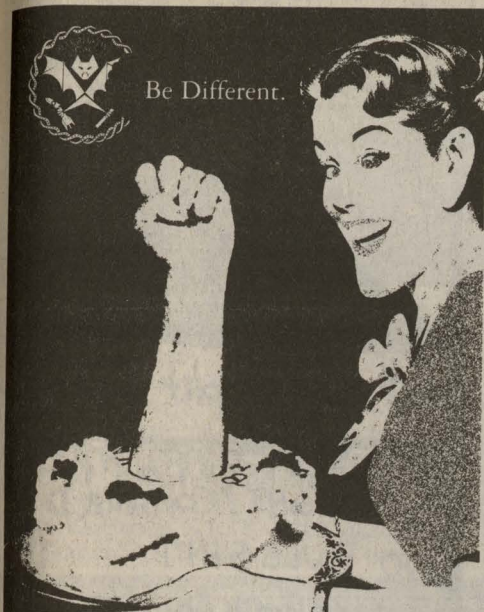
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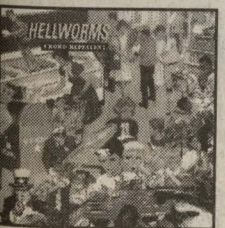


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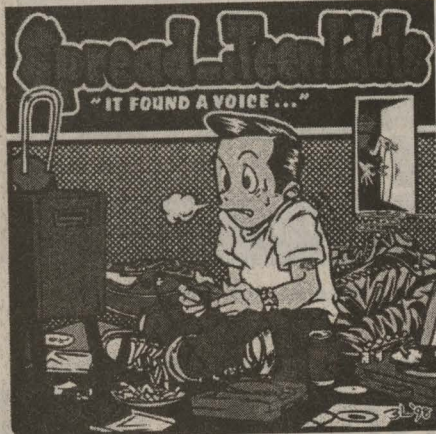
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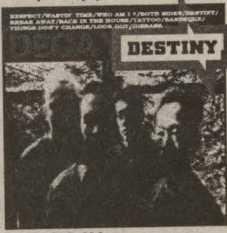
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...But Alive!, Bela B. (Die Ärzte!), Frank Z. (Abwärts) and many more only dealing
about the infamous footie club! 75 minutes length, DoLP has three bonus songs!

Cock Sparrer "Two Monkeys" LP/CD
their latest studio album - great as usual! Available in Northamerica through Rotz
Recordings! Check out: "Run Away", "Guilty As Charged" LP/CD/NC

Coming: Turbonegro "Hot Cars and Spent Idols" LP/CD (1st album)
Available as well: THE MARSHES "Fledgling", "Same" - FLAG OF DEMOCRACY
"Everything Sucks", "Hate Rock", "Schneller", "Down With People" - TONY ADOLESCENT &
ADZ "Piper At The Gates Of Downey" LP/CD, "Where Were You?" - TOXIC REASONS "No
Peace.." CD ROM, "In The House Of God", "Independence" - ALLOY "Eliminate"
"Paper Thin Front" - APT. 3G "New Hope...", "Punk Machine" w/ Dean & Chris from Poison Idea

Send 2 IRC's for a detailed catalogue with cheap offers!
DISTRIBUTORS, WHOLESALERS, SHOPS-get in touch!
<http://www.bitzcore.de> - e-mail: bitzcore@csi.com

BITZ
POSTFACH 304107
D-20324 HAMBURG
FAX: 040 313009

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL *classifieds*

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. I can't tell you how scared I feel when I see an ad that begins "16 year old girl running away from home needs places to crash..."

MUSICIANS WANTED. Radio airplay... chart action. What's the secret? Do it yourself... Call 1-888-diy-prom. www.diypromotions.com

PUNK/MOD RECORDS FOR SALE, +2000 items, '77-'85, European, American, etc... 7"s and Lps, Killed By Death / Back To Front / Bloodstains Across Stuff, oi, hardcore, anarcho, mod, power pop: Guilty Razors, The Kids, Electrochoc, Sema 4, Big Boys, DDT, Bellevue, Raxola, Rude Kids, Nasty Facts...for list: send 2 irc's or 2\$: N.Verbanck, B.P.13, 66320 Marquixanes, France. P.S. trades welcome too...

WORLDWIDE PUNKROCK for sale. 2000 items: 7"/12"/Albums. I've got mega-rare stuff as well as usual stuff. Also got indie/mod/powerpop records. The list is full of Killed By Death, Back To Front, Bloodstains stuff like: Anarchy, Briard, Shit Dogs, Rattus, Eat, Bastards, Victims, Razar, Glueams, Fresh Color, Nabat, Kriminella, Gitarrer, Paraf, Stalin, Friction, Liket Lever, Chain Gang + much more. Trades welcome! Send 3 IRC's or \$2 for complete list to: Ingo Eitelbach, PO Box 1319, 23833 Bad Oldesloe, GERMANY. Fax: +49-4531-67733 (Tel: 67438). Email: 101603.2202@compuserve.com <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/IngoE>

PUNK CORE RECORDS - all the worst in punk rock since 1989! Check out our online catalog at: <http://www.punkcore.com> or send a stamp/SASE for our full catalog of punk and Oi! records, cd's videos and t-shirts!!! Punk Core PO Box 916 Middle Island, NY 11953 USA

KILL YOUR RADIO! Punk, Pop, Hardcore, Indie, Emo, and Ska from the finest independent bands and labels. Write for free catalog and stickers: Skatterbrain Records POB 68082, Schaumburg, IL 60168. www.skatterbrain.com

WANTED: NIRVANA. Will pay: 'love buzz' 7" \$200. 'molly's lips' 7" \$40. 'Bleach' lp (color vinyl) \$40. 'Bleach' lp (aussie color vinyl) \$50. 'here she comes' 7" \$30. 'Bleach' (us lp + poster) \$60. Many more, please offer any rare nirvana item!! Will give higher prices in trade! 2 IRC's / 2 US\$ for list. 1500+ rare punk / KBD, hardcore items. N. Verbanck / BP 13 / 66320 Marquixanes / France (sale/trade).

SALE/TRADE LIST available for hundreds of punk/hardcore/garage 7" records from around the world. Please write for large free list to: Warren Bidlock/ PO Box 61050/ Edmonton, AB/T5E 6J6, Canada

TOO NORTH RECORDS, old & new school punk, oi!, alternative & metal. Imports, new releases and loads of collectibles. Check out online catalog at www.mts.net/~toonorth or send 2 IRCs to POB 184, 905 Corydon, Winnipeg, Mb R3M 3S7 Canada.

PUNK RECORDS SET SALE - 1800+ worldwide 7"/Lp. Oi, anarcho, hardcore, Killed By Death, BTF stuff...Red Rage, Sema 4, Electrochoc, Big Boys, Starshooter, Dogs, Conflict, Business, Directions...Send 2 IRC / \$2 for list: Verbanck, BP 13, 66320, Marquixanes, France. Trades welcome too. KBD / BTF stuff and Nirvana wanted. Trade - value given: 7" "Love Buzz" \$300. "Bleach" Lp (color vinyl) \$60. "Molly's Lips" 7" \$50. Etc...

WANT: S. AMERICAN HC/PUNK Comando Suicida, Massacre 68, Colera, Xenofobia, Armagedon, Violadores, etc, want to buy/trade. If you have anything please write me: Tomoaki/ 81-17-103 Yuge,Tatsuta, Kumamoto 862-8002 Japan

VIDEOS!! Madball, AF, S.O.I.A., Skarhead, Crown of Thornz, Slapshot, Rest in Pieces, Sheer Terror, Underdog, Murphy's Law, Snapcase, Warzone, Killing Time, Breakdown, Burn, Hatebreed, Biohazard, Wrecking Crew, H2O, Bruisers, Into Another, Die 116, Cromags, Nausea, Turmoil, 7 Seconds, Token Entry, Vision, Bad Brains, C.O.C., Buzzoven, Mucho Mas! \$1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

GOSPEL ART AND AUDIO visions. 1 dollar for the adventure. Contact: Anthony the Baptist / 1324 Burdsal Pkwy. / Indianapolis, IN 46208

VIDEOS!! Neurosis, Zorn, Helmet, Melvins, Silverfish, Jesus Lizard, Big Black, Rapeman, Shellac, Pain Teens, Unsane, Cop Shoot Cop, Helios Creed, Tar, Surgery, Cows, Hammerhead, Foetus, Wiseblood, Distorted Pony, Babyland, Railroad Jerk, Lubricated Goat, Laughing Hyenas, Didjits, Oxbow, Butthole Surfers, King Carcass, Boss Hog, Mule, Swans, Mucho Mas! \$1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

VIDEOS!! Nick Cave, Babes in Toyland, Antiseen, Tortoise, Skinny Puppy, Blast, Quicksand, Fugazi, Minor Threat, Nashville Pussy, Verbal Assault, Rollins, Samhain, Misfits, Mudhoney, Rancid, Operation Ivy, SNFU, Suicidal Tendencies, Alice Donut, Tool, Gorilla Biscuits, Sepultura, Napalm Death, Slayer, Prong, Born Against, Jane's Addiction, Beastie Boys, Mucho Mas! \$1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417, Mt. Prospect IL 60056

NOISE GUITAR TAPES by Dan Hintz available for five dollars post-paid worldwide. Post-ambient trance punk loops. Dan Hintz, 608 O'Farrell St #62, San Francisco CA 94109. email: cactusd@hotmail.com

JAPANESE HARDCORE/POWER violence fastcore bands—we're interested in doing split 7"s with Aussie h/c bands—please send tapes or 7"s for trade (see other classified). Distro in Japan needed—stores/labels get in touch for trades/wholesale of Aussie h/c. Spiral Objective PO Box 126 Oaklands Park South Australia 5046. e: veganabbis@hotmail.com

AUSTRALIAN HARDCORE—Gacy's Place 7", Keeth 7", Yokel 7", V/A East Timor Benefit 7", Red Stain 7", Unit 1174 7", Fallout 7", Yokel/Pisspoor 7", Gacy's Place/7 Foot Spleen 7", Unit 1174/FMD (USA) 7", Swallowing Shit 7" (Canada), Remission (USA) 7"—\$6 US ppd, world, write for trades/wholesale—Spiral Objective, PO Box 126, Oaklands Park, South Australia 5046. e: veganabbis@hotmail.com

FOR TRADE (all originals, no bullshit!): maggots - Tammy Wynette 7", Absentees - Tryin' To Mess With Me 7", Fresh Color - Source 7" and Punk Partout 12", Drones - Be My Baby 7", Bastards - Danger 7", Rocks - You're So Boring 7", Checkmate - Only Fools 7", Paere Punk Lp, Stalin - Satanism 7", Brulbajz - Dodens Apostlar 7", Electrochoc - 3 Minutes 7", etc. Tons more all around the world!!! I trade or sell. (Catalogue with +4,000 punk items for \$2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimäki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

CHEAP VIDEOS over 200 such as Aus Rotten, Gwar, USS, Young Pioneers, Peechees, Asshole Parade, Make-up, Nausea, 25 Ta Life, Joy Division, and lots more. Send SASE to: Puro Amor 1019 N. Anza, El Cajon, CA 92021. Also offer printing, silkscreening, \$1 buttons. Send anything. Gonna be releasing 7", 10", 12", or possibly cd.

"PUNKS, DRUNKS, AND Other Junk" 10 song comp. featuring: Jakkpot, Nobody's Heroes, the Commies, the Dimwits, Belligerent 86, the Chumps, del Bombers, Ignorance Park, the Zillionaires, the FirstDowns. Now available on BHB Records for \$7 ppd. 7 Spinnaker St. / Sandwich, MA 02563. Cash only please. Also Nobody's Heroes 7" still available for \$4 ppd. SASE for mail order catalogue.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL *classifieds*

LOOKING FOR PEOPLE to trade records with. Got for trade: Attentat, Swankers, Bristles, Absurd, Rattus, Massmedia, Lost Kids, Existenz, City X, Huvudtvatt, Lama, Reig, Reklamation, GBG Sound, Ebba Gron, Strebers, Brats, Dream Police, VI, Problems?, etc etc. Send trade/want lists to: Fredrik Ljung, Sodra Parkgatan 31, 214 22 Malmo, Sweden or Johnny Christiansen, Mollevang storget 5 C, 214 24 Malmo, Sweden. Email: johnny@nx.net

PUNK FLYERS Do you collect them? So do I. Have huge collection and looking to trade. All eras/styles punk hardcore. Send have/want list or send a bunch and get a bunch back. P. Ward 333 Hurley St., Cambridge, MA 02141.

TRADE: Youth of Today - Break LP (orig), Melvins - 1st 7", Infest 1st 7" (orig), Raid - Words of War 7", Bacteria Sour Vol. 2 2x7", VA Nardcore LP, Cro-Mags - Best Wishes LP, Rotting Christ / Sound Pollution 7". Neil / 335 Mullen Ave. / San Francisco, CA 94110.

NEED: Systematic Death flexi, John Holmez vinyl, Outo - Half Wit 7", OAC - Zoom Trags, So What flexi, Colored Rice Men LP, David Stormer - Limit 7", Judgement Disorderly - Low Power 7". Neil / 335 Mullen Ave. / San Francisco, CA 94110

MEGA-RARE Finnish punk rock obscurities for sale or trade: Briard - all 7's & Lp, Destro - Saoja 7", Rattus - Khomeini Rock 7", Stalin - Chaos 7", Neuroosi - Rock Against Seija Isonsaari 7" (Rarest European punk single, 10 exist!!!), Kasvain - Onko Suomi Usatnut 7", Nauta - Onko Suomi Vapaa Maa 7", 000 - Oodeja Simasuille 7" & Lp, Taavi & Rytmyryhma - Aanilevyko 7" etc...almost all early Finnpunk wonders available so check my wants ad and offer trade (prefer) or send serious money offers!!! (Massive catalogue for \$2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimaki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

NEED: Tenfold - Vegan Justice 7", Chokehold / Left for Dead - LP, Outlast - Inside Front 7", Release split 7", Voivod - Too Scared 12", Agothocles / Punisher 7", Sedicion - all vinyl, 16 - Door Prize. Neil / 335 Mullen Ave. / San Francisco, CA 94110.

'DESTROY' GLOSSY FORTY PAGE punk mag/zine from the UK #2. Features Extinct Government/Restarts/Rawside/Gerge Marshall/Watlyer/ Poison Idea? Misery and more. #3 has Slade/Varukers/ Major Accident/ Templars/ Disclose/ Last Years Youth/ Spazz and much more. \$4 each worldwide including postage from PO Box 1122 Bristol BS99 2HX Bristol UK.

PUNK VIDEO COLLECTION FOR SALE R+M Video is back!!! But this time our head is on the auction block. We have over 600 different titles from old-school to new punk, ska, hardcore, straight-edge, and industrial. These videos were collected in a 9 year period and about 50 of the shows we filmed. This is a kick-balls collection which could be a private collection or can be a business. \$900.00 or best offer. For a list of videos, email: (rsaenz@ molly.hsc.unt.edu), for questions call 817-924-1115. ask for Rocky.

AUSTRALIA: We are going there in September. Looking for information about people, places, zines, bands = under, or are someone down under, who would like to hang out with funny-crazy Americans please write to: P.O. Box 190054, San Francisco, CA 94119. Attention Sara & Paul.

VIDEOS-PAL (UK etc.) & NTSC (USA etc.) Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Jockney Rejects, Propagandhi, Business, Screaching Weasel, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict, GG, Dickies, Descendants, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Snuff, Gin Goblins. SAE (UK) 2 IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list: Dave, 50a Great King St, Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

VIDEOS FOR SALE: 99 Bad Brains reunion (NY): \$20ppd, the Damned '98 (NY): \$20. Plus other HC, punk and metal live vids. List \$2. PO Box 236, Colonia, NJ 07067-0236

\$10,000 TO FIGHT SATAN Help us fight hopelessness. We're not asking for an arm or a leg. Pro Abortion Church needs you. At least send \$4 for THE PIMPS "My Dad Smokes Crack" 7" or \$6 for 11 song tape to CNF POB 9152 VA Beach VA 23450.

COMPLETE CONTROL 'ZINE Issues 2 and 3 now available. #2 features the people's history of my neighborhood Oregon Hill, while #3 chronicles the past year of my life on the road, in the struggle and fighting "the Man." Either issue for \$0.55 or both for \$1.00 to: PO Box 5021, Richmond, VA 23220

POETS: submissions wanted for an upcoming poetry zine from claptrap. Contributors will be given free issues and other stuff. Send submissions to: Nick Simonsen, 17071 SE Wax Road, Kent, WA 98042

KERSPLEBEDEB SAYS: Fuck shit up or fuck right off-check out our radical butt-kicking boot-stomping cop-hating rapist-killing collection of buttons abd t-shirts at www.kersplebedeb.com. Email: info@kersplebedeb.com or write for a catalog: Kersplebedeb, CP 63560, CCCP Van Horne, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3W 3H8.

"RUMORS FROM The Air-conditioned Tiger Pit" 13 band, 26 song punk rock compilation CD. With Piss Shivers, Christian Science A.D., Bomb Squadron, & more. \$5 (ppd) Payable to Cedric Couch, c/o Spine Punch Distro, PO Box 163, Barto, PA, 19504.

PENPALS IN BANDS wanted to exchange audio and video tapes. Trying to start an underground network worldwide just dealing with tapes. Christian, 2729 Hastings Ave., Lower Burrell, PA, 15068, USA.

IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY you can hear that every band in America sounds the same! Records companies have as much to do with communism as Vietnam. Alternative has lost all meaning. Musical style is irrelevant to us. What's important is the difference between you and the majority. Send music/write for free stuff. Brian Records, POB 25345, Milwaukee, WI 53225.

OMEGA SOCIETY ZINE- for the first 3 issues of "Omega Society" send \$1 to - OSM, PO Box 3066, Greensburg, PA 15601. Omega Society cares about individual and recognizes freedom is the last great unfulfilled ideal.

MY BOSS IS A SATANIC Plumber T-Shirts 100% cotton L or XL. Only \$8 includes shipping. You got an idea? We print t-shirts for dirt cheap! simple goat p.o. box 27 Wrightsville Beach NC 28480 simplegoat@bigfoot.com

WANTED (Original 1st pressings only, m-/m- condition preferred): Nubs - I Don't Need 7" (wp \$200), Hollywood Squares - Hillside Strangler 7" (wp \$250), Tapeworm - Break My Face (wp \$300), Helen Keller Band - Surfin' With Steve 7" (wp \$150), Child Molesters - Wholesale Murder 7" (wp \$200), Horrorcomic - I Don't Mind 7" (wp \$150), Antisocial - Traffic Lights 7" (wp \$400), Nothing - Scream And Cry 7" (wp \$250), Revenge - Our Generation 7" (wp \$250), etc. 70's and early 80's punk rock obscurities from around the world!!! I buy or trade so write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihimaki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

MUSIK WANTED for tape compilation. Must believe in the do-it-yourself ethic. Mostly interested in obscure musik that refuses to be boring. (grind, lofi pop, noise, punk, power violence, sludge, rockabilly etc.) contributors get copy to reproduce and distribute. Send: cd/tape, lyrics, art, photos, and contact info: umbilical records 3615 royce ct. Somerville NJ 08876 questions? Email: brother james848@hotmail.com

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL *classifieds*

SUB-AMERICA MAIL ORDER distributes the best of peruvian punk, hardcore, garage, alternative, psicodelia, ska. Discover G-3 (review in MRR193), El Ghetto, Metadona, Radio Criminal and others! US \$2 for catalog, info and stickers. Trades accepted. Mundano Records, PO Box 27-0100, Lima-Peru. mundanorec@hotmail.com

SOUNDS OF SUBTERRANIA - mailorder is selling 1. + 2.Hd. - vinyl from the worldwide world. Punk Rock, Garage Punk, Power Pop, and Hardcore stuff. Also tons of 70s-Punk- Originals, KBD/BTF/Bloodstains stuff etc. Get our huge list with more than 1000 titles for \$2 overseas, or \$1 Europe, or send some IRCs. Bands/labels/distros please get in contact for further collaborations. Thanks! S.O.S., c/o Stefan Barke, Westring 61, 34127 Kassel, Germany. Tel/Fax: ++49 561 8900267

GUITARIST INTO HARDCORE punk (Discharge, Poison Idea, or similar) seek people to play/record with. To record & have fun. Write to: Bob, PO Box 70287, West Valley City, Utah 84170-0287.

CHECK OUT THE BIGGEST Punk Rock mailorder catalog in the world! Over 76 pages full of rare and out of print Punk records from: The Adicts, Dickies, Blitz, Crass, Partisans, Dead Kennedys, Misfits, Subhumans, Dils, and thousands more. Everything from 1977 to present. Also hundreds of patches, shirts, stickers, and buttons to choose from. (all for cheap, too!) For the newest catalog, send 3 stamps or \$1 to: Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701 USA. Or check out the web page at www.drstrange.com And when in Southern California check out the new store. 2300 square feet of pure punk rock! Records, cd's, creepers, bondage pants, studs, and more...(909) 944-1778

FRED PERRY shirts for sale. In good shape. Size XL. Some made in England, some made in the third world. Email: hultgren@ecentral.com or SASE for list to PO Box 22640, Denver CO 80222

GRIEF/13 SPLIT 7" Re-release of this Sludge classic. Fuck off to collector prices. \$4 US/ \$6 World to Game Two Records/ PO Box 22640/ Denver, CO 80222. Check our site at www.ecentral.com/members/hultgren

START YOUR OWN punk Dollar Store. Closeout and wholesale prices for 1000's of crazy products from 100's of small companies. This is a 125 page tabloid. Send \$8 (cash only please). Mountain Press Dept. MRNR, PO Box 8266, Ann Arbor Mich. 48107-8266

FREAKS, PUNKS, QUEENS, wierdos: Dressed Up To Mess Up is now out. Inspiration for hair color junkies and makeup whores. How to's, recipes, instruction from a cosmetologist. Features the examples set by Exene, Siouxsie, Penelope Houston, Sue Catwoman, Debbie Harry, Jayne County, Gaye Advert, & more! \$7 cash/m.o. to Shonda Honkanen PO Box 162585 Sacramento CA 95816-2585

TATTOO ON A CHAIN. "Old school flash" full color, under 2" acrylic and silvertone "picture frame" on 18" silver ball chain necklace. Handmade. Choose: "pin-up" pirate, devil girl, cowgirl, hula girl, liberty girl, girl in half moon, mermaid, or lucky 13 skull, dagger through rose. \$12ea, 2/\$20 Cash/M.O. to Shonda Honkanen, PO Box 162585 Sacramento CA 95816-2585.

"HOW'D THEY DO that to their hair?" I know. Dressed Up To Mess Up, a zine/ book is everything I've learned as a wierdo, and cosmetologist over 10 years. Hair coloring/ styling, make up, DIY tips, ideas. Features the women of early punk/ new wave who started it. \$7 cash/M.O. Shonda Honkanen PO Box 162585 Sacramento, CA 95816-2585

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: twff@juno.com or via the web: <http://pw1.netcom.com/~mykelb/twffhome.html>

WANTED: MR. T EXPERIENCE - "Gun Crazy" 7" on Lookout Records, "Blame and Burn" Flush Records, "Strum and Bang" Munster Records. Preferred condition m/m-. Also looking for any MTX promo stuff like flyswatter from Love Is Dead tours. Email: Betls4ever@aol.com / fax: 949-248-7466 / or write: Nikki 25332 Staysail Dr., Dana Point, CA 92629.

SYKOSIS #2 OUT NOW! "Goldilocks and the Three Crackpipes", a lady that ran over her own leg with a car, orgasms, butt fetishes, weird dreams, art, private parts word find, and lots more. \$1: 2989 Franklin BLVD., Sacramento, CA, 95818.

HUGE EMAIL HARDCORE & PUNK catalog: CDs, LPs, 7"s from around the world at outrageously cheap prices. Free postage for orders over \$20. 2 7"s for \$5 ppd. 3 7"s for \$7 ppd in North America; 2 7"s for \$8, 3 for \$11 ppd world. Cheaper in quantity. Wholesale and retail. Email: mooocow@itis.com. Moo Cow (fax 608 280 0987).

HAVE TO TRADE/SALE: Guilty Razors, Oliverstein, La Jouris Delginues 1st, Ox (drugs), Electric Garbage, Blitz, Depression, V/A "125q de 33 tois" LP, Mickeystein, Check mate, Gloines Locales, Fuzz, Soggy, Stalag, Sexe A Pile, Stillers, Feles, Ras, Rotters, Cambouis, Bloodsucker, Un Va Wed etc.... Write: Philippe Pouget 2 Rue Franklin, 66000 Nantes France. Email: Filou70@infonie.fr

THE X-RAYS "Going Postal" new LP now available. Vinyl \$12 (U.S.) CD \$12 (well hidden cash) incl. p+p. Saddletramp Records / P.O. Box 5412 / Nottingham / NG1 6HT / U.K. Also available: Shake Appeal (Denmark) "Mean Machine" 10" \$10, The X-Rays "Whores Are Cool" 7", Cellophane Suckers "Schweinhund" 7", the Chargers "Don't Mind..." 7". All 7"s \$5 incl. p+p.

FREE PUBLICITY? Yes! Upcoming public access show in the Buffalo, NY area needs ways to stretch a half-hour. Bands, labels, independent businesses (no Corp), girls, bands, punks, skins, and normal folk send CD's vinyl, merchandise, photos, etc. for reviewing to: Mangled Airwaves / 500 Prospect Avenue / Buffalo, NY 14201. We will review ANYTHING sent. What ever happened to the man with \$13 descramblers?

NOISE BAND. MY AREA Code Is 410, the original experimental noise band from Columbia, MD. Send \$3.50 (cash only) for cassette to Twang & Bang Records 5210 Windmill Lane Columbia, MD 21044. R.I.P. Ian Moore 1996.

THE STILLBORNS CD-19 songs, \$6 ppd. & tape-21 songs, \$3 ppd. Live Fast, Die Young LP+Better Off Dead EP. Money orders or well hidden cash to: Charles Martin, PO Box 666 Greensburg, IN 47240-0666.

THE DINKS: New CD out now! 16 tunes! Includes poster, stickers, and a catalog. Only Five Dollars US Postpaid anywhere in the world. Meathead Records, Box 29024, Thunder Bay Ontario, P7B-6P9, Canada.

86 BANDS! Special limited 3 CD set. Punk, Hardcore, SKA, Garage, etc. Only Five Dollars US Postpaid anywhere in the world. Meathead Records, Box 29024, Thunder Bay Ontario, P7B-6P9, Canada.

KERSPLEBEDEB SAYS: Fuck shit up or fuck right off- check out our radical butt-kicking boot-stomping cop-hating rapist-killing collection of buttons abd t-shirts at www.kersplebedeb.com. Email: info@kersplebedeb.com or write for a catalog: Kersplebedeb, CP 63560, CCCP Van Horne, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3W 3H8.

The Lance Hahn Vanity label...
HONEY BEAR RECORDS

Here's a little bit of new stuff...

J CHURCH/RESTOS FOSILES split 7" \$4
 (Argentina, 300 only)
CILANTRO 7" \$3 (J Church acoustic, sorta)
KILLED BY EPITAPH 2xLP \$10 (early Dutch
 punk w/The Ex, Rondos, IvyGreen, Panic, etc.)
HANG 10 CD \$8 (w/J Church, Cub, Man Or
 Astroman, Queens, etc.)
HOW 2B PUNK CD \$8 (w/J Church, Discount)
BATTLE OF THE BANDS 7" \$3.50
 (w/Rondelles and Skinned Teen)
BIS "Kid Cut" 7" \$4.50 (1,000 only)
BIS vs. LUGWORM 7" \$3
REFUSED "New Noise Theology" CDEP \$6
 (un-released and remixes off of final LP)
YOUNG GINNS CD \$11 (members of
 Unwound, Nation Of Ulysses.)
UNWOUND CD \$11 (first album)
PUNJAB ROVERS 7" \$3 (Cornershop and
 Mambo Taxi people)
J CHURCH "Asshole" 7" \$3.50 (300 only
 mailorder single. I just found a few more.)
REGISTRATORS "For Vibrate" 7" (only a
 few left, forever...) \$6
GIRLFREND "Get Ready To Be..." 7" \$4.50
LUNG LEG "Negative Delinquent" 7" \$4.50
LUNG LEG "Shagg The Tiger" 7" \$4.50
FAYE WONG "Di Dar" TP \$4
FAYE WONG "Ingratiate Oneself" TP \$4
FAYE WONG "Sky" TP \$4
KESKIDEEZ VOL. 1 7" \$3 (J Church, Rhythm
 Collision, etc.)

...And for a limited time only...

END OF THE CENTURY SALE!!!

J CHURCH "The Dramatic History Of A
 Boring Town" 7" \$2.50 (100 only with button
 and postcards, UK)
J CHURCH "The Undisputed King Of Nothing"
 7" \$3 (UK)
J CHURCH "The Drama Of Alienation" LP \$8
J CHURCH/LESS THAN JAKE 7" \$2.50
J CHURCH "Your Shirt" 7" \$2.50
J CHURCH "Analysis" 10" \$5 (pic disc)
J CHURCH "You Think You're Cool" CD \$8
 (Japan only singles collection)
J CHURCH/DISCOUNT 7" \$2.50
J CHURCH/WATTYLER 7" \$3 (tour single)
J CHURCH "VMLive" 7" \$2.50

COMING UP...

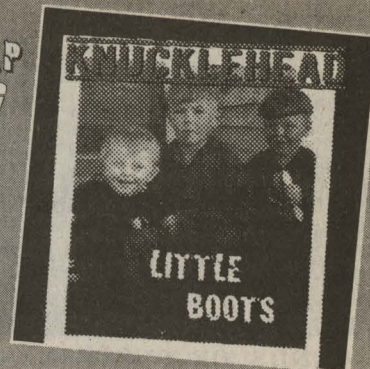
The long awaited Cigaretteman 7" is next!
 Maybe new stuff with J CHURCH... Who
 knows?

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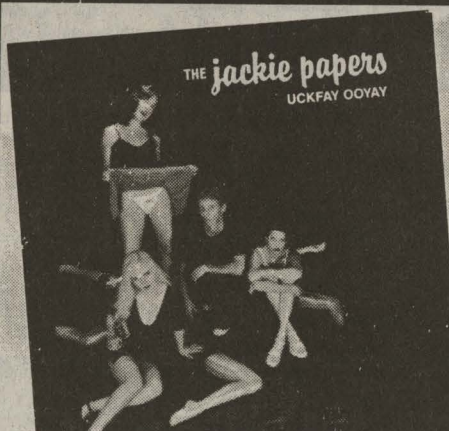
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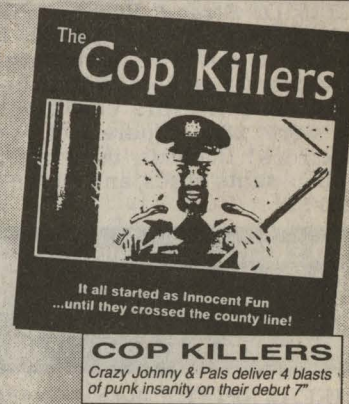
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THE LOCUST

Self-titled CD (GSL) 8.00

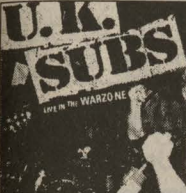
EX-STRUGGLE, SWING KIDS, CATTLE DECAPITATION, etc. The long-awaited digital version of their sci-fi-grind masterpiece 12"! Also includes 4 re-recorded tracks from the 7" and a brand new one. See the packaging to believe it!

DYSTOPIA

"The Aftermath" CD

(Life is Abuse) 9.00

12-track compilation of tracks from their out of print (or at least hard to find) splits with SKAVEN, SUFFERING LUNA, and WELLINGTON, plus their "Backstabber" 7". Menacing, leadweight California hardcore.



U.K. SUBS

"Live in the Warzone" CD

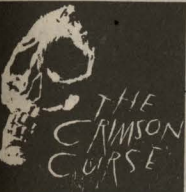
(Rejected, Ireland) 13.00

22 tracks recorded live in Belfast in March of 1998. Includes "Stranglehold", "Barbie's Dead", "New York State Police", "New Barbarians", etc. Great energy and live sound.

MINUTE MANIFESTO / SHANK

Split 7" EP (Enslaved, UK) 4.50

UK hardcore double header. MM rip through 6 tracks, comparable to ASSHOLE PARADE, CHARLES BRONSON, etc. SHANK is ex-EBOLA and SCATHA, but their heads are stuck in NEGATIVE APPROACH territory!



THE CRIMSON CURSE

"Greatest Hits" CD

(Three One G) 8.00

San Diego's resurrected masters of fiendish hardcore mayhem. Includes the 12", their half of the split with FESTIVAL OF DEAD DEER, and some new stuff. Enhanced C.D. will make your P.C. go R.I.P.

THE RAPTURE

"Mirror" LP/CD

(Gravity) 7.50/10.00

California post-hardcore-post-punk, sort of. Gravity breaks new territory as usual, this time with the desperate, haunting SUICIDE/CURE/CHRISTIAN DEATH-inspired sounds of THE RAPTURE.



VARIOUS

"Reproach" 7" EP

(Ugly Pop, Canada) 3.50

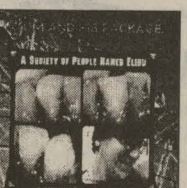
8 of the most severe hardcore bands in recent memory pay tribute to NEGATIVE APPROACH!! Includes SPAZZ, DROP DEAD, MAN IS THE BASTARD, RUPTURE, UNION OF URANUS, VOORHEES, and more!

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(XMist / Mountain) 8.50(v)/6.50

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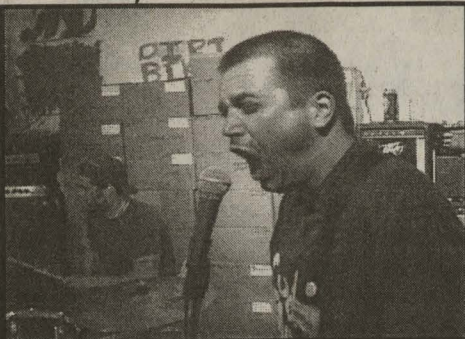
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Above: DICK ARMY played along with DIRT BIKE ANNIE, IN CROWD AND KUNG FU MONKEYS at a show at Vital's office celebrating the release of Dizzy Records' "Day Dreaming with an Empty Station Wagon" comp. with 23 tracks. It's a CD but it's packed in a 7" bag and it's only \$5.00 postpaid (\$6.00 outside US). I feel bad because I forgot to add it to the last catalog so buy up and erase some of my guilt! (Thanks to Bill Florio for the Dick Army photo).

VITAL MUSIC HOLDS OPEN HOUSES ON THE FIRST SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH

If you live in or are visiting the NYC area Vital holds open houses once a month where we pull all the records, zines, shirts patches, buttons etc out and turn the office into a store. We usually have live performances in the afternoon. Other events scheduled for June. Call, write or email for times and location.

Below is a small sampling of band and zine titles starting with K, L and M from our catalog of 5000+ records, CDs, patches, buttons, T-shirts, zines and more. Visit our website or write, e-mail or call for our paper catalog. Next up: N, O &.....(you got it!).P.

KARP KEROSENE 454 KEVORKIAN
KID DYNAMITE KILL THE MAN WHO
QUESTIONS KITTY BADASS KOREA
GIRL KRIGSHOT KUNG FU MONKEYS
LARD LARRY BRRRDS LEAP FROG
SOCIETY LES TURDZ LESS THAN
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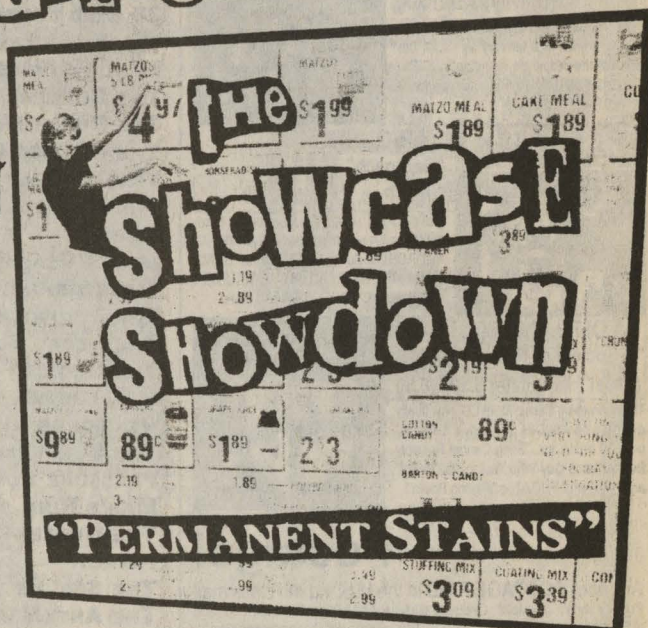
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Guyana Punch Line on tour

September 1999

9/1- Nashville, TN	9/19- Eureka, CA
9/2-Memphis, TN	9/20-Eugene, OR ?
9/3-Fayetteville, AR?	9/21- Portland, OR ?
9/4-Oklahoma City, OK	9/22- Olympia/Tacoma
9/5-Dallas, TX	9/23-Seattle, WA
9/6-Austin, TX	9/24-Great falls, MT
9/7-San Antonio, TX ?	9/25- Rapid City, SD
9/8-El Paso, TX ?	9/26-Sioux Falls, SD
9/9-Albuquerque, NM ?	9/27- Minneapolis, MN
9/10-Flagstaff, AZ	9/28-Chicago -Fireside
9/11- Phoenix, AZ ?	9/29- Indianapolis?
9/12-Las Vegas, NV	9/30-Cincinnati, OH
9/13-San Diego, CA ?	10/1-Boston, MA ?
9/14-Los Angeles, CA	10/2-Vermont
9/15- Bakersfield, CA	10 /3 NYC - ABC NO RIO?
9/16-Merced,CA?	10/4-New Jersey?
9/17- San Jose , CA	10/5-PA?
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8/6-?	8/22-23=OFF
8/7, 8/8-Old Barn Fest	8/24-Savannah, GA
8/9-Milwaukee, WI	8/25-?
8/10-Chicago, IL	8/26-Atlanta, GA
8/11- Battle Creek, MI	8/27-New Orleans, LA
8/12- Cleveland, OH	8/28-Houston, TX
8/13-Albany, NY	8/29-Austin, TX
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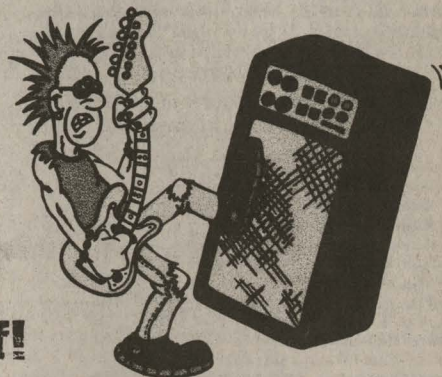
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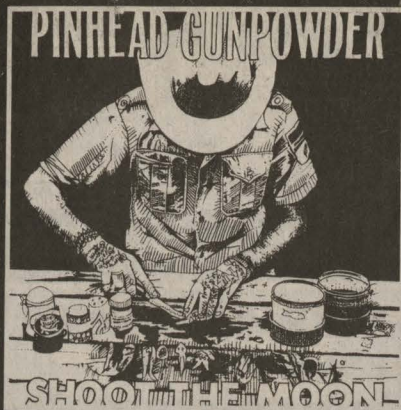
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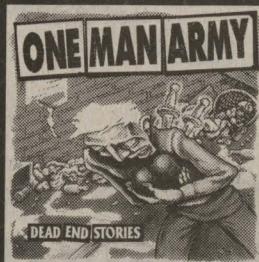
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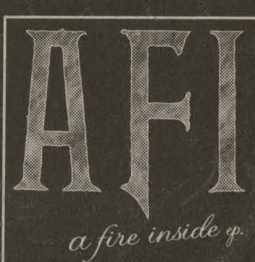
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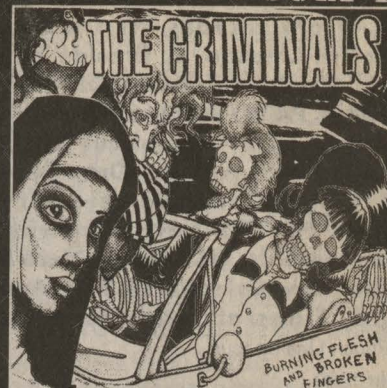


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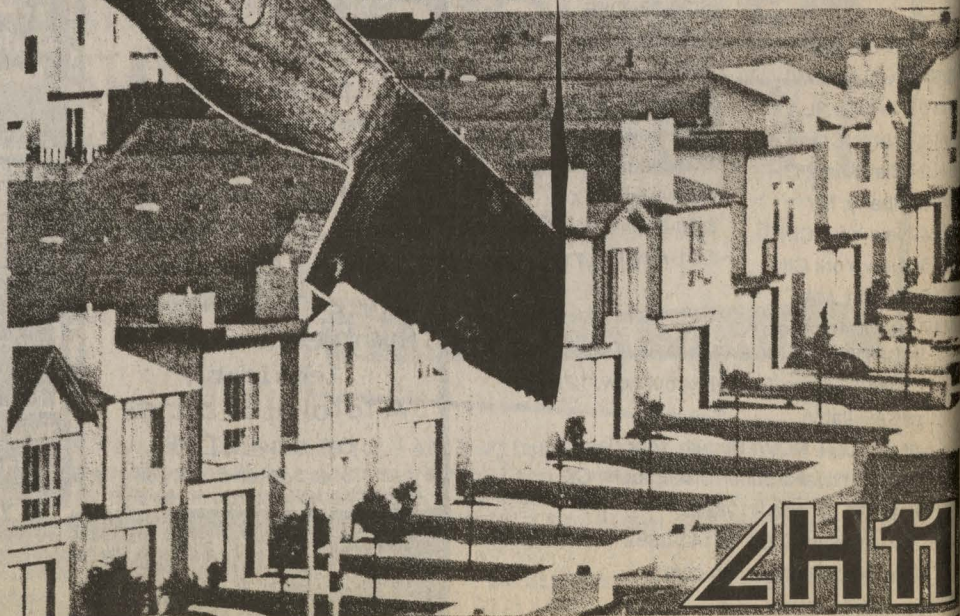
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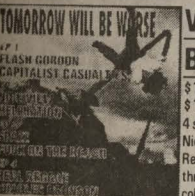
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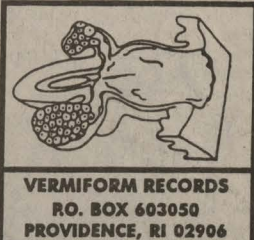
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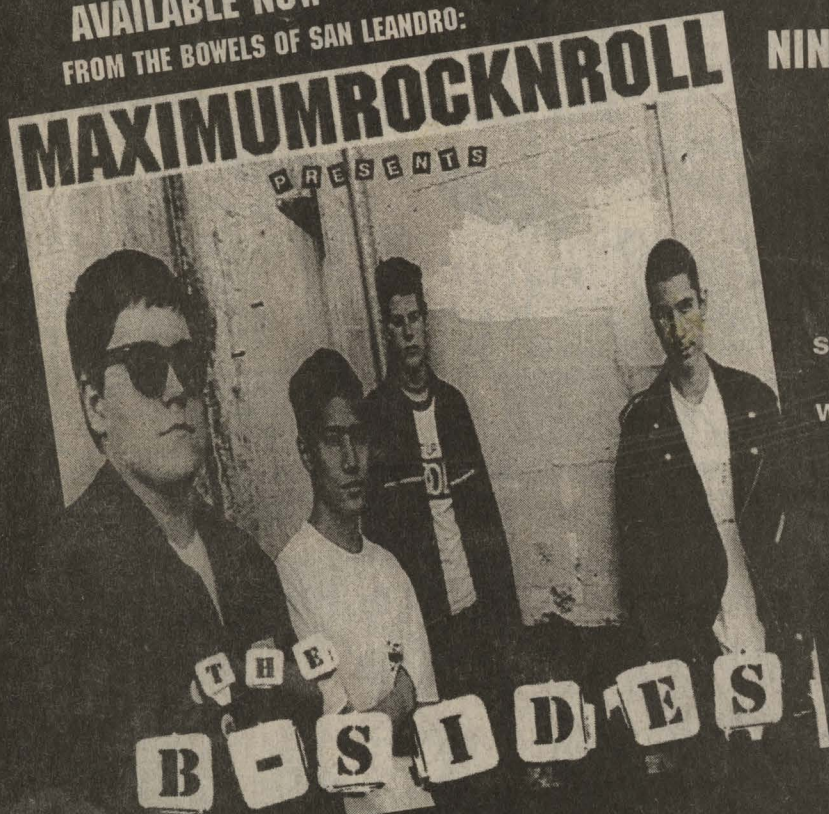
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B-SIDES - LP

Once I figured out this was played on 45, not 33 as the record says, this record sounded a lot better. Of course, it wouldn't be Maximum without a little misinformation. The B-SIDES play snotty, sloppy, fun-filled punk rock similar to Wimpy-era QUEERS stuff. This release is way better than the last couple of MRR releases, that's for sure. (JF)

AND IN OCTOBER
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